CELEBRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND

JOHN. D. ROSS.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES

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CELEBRATED

SONGS OF SCOTLAND,

FROM KING JAMES V. TO HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

Edited with Memoirs and Notes,

BY

JOHN D. ROSS,

Oh sing to me auld Scotland's sangs, I lo'e them best o' a'!
Oh sing them, for my heart belangs to Scotland far awa'!
They breathe the sweets o' field an' fell,
Where bloom the thistle an' bluebell,
While tales o' glorious deeds they tell, an' loyal hearts reca'.

* * * * * * * * *

I care nae for their foreign trills, they ha'e nae pith to me;
They speak nae o' the heather hills, nor burnies gushin' free:
They're cauld an' tuneless to my ear,
They canna draw the burnin' tear
Like Scottish lays I lo'e sae dear, an' shall dae till I dee.
—*Dalrymple.*

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While this work was in course of compilation, special permission was received from the late General Grant, to insert the following dedication in it when completed:

"To

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT,

Ex-President of the United States of America.

This Collection of Songs from the land of his forefathers,

is respectfully and with permission

Dedicated."

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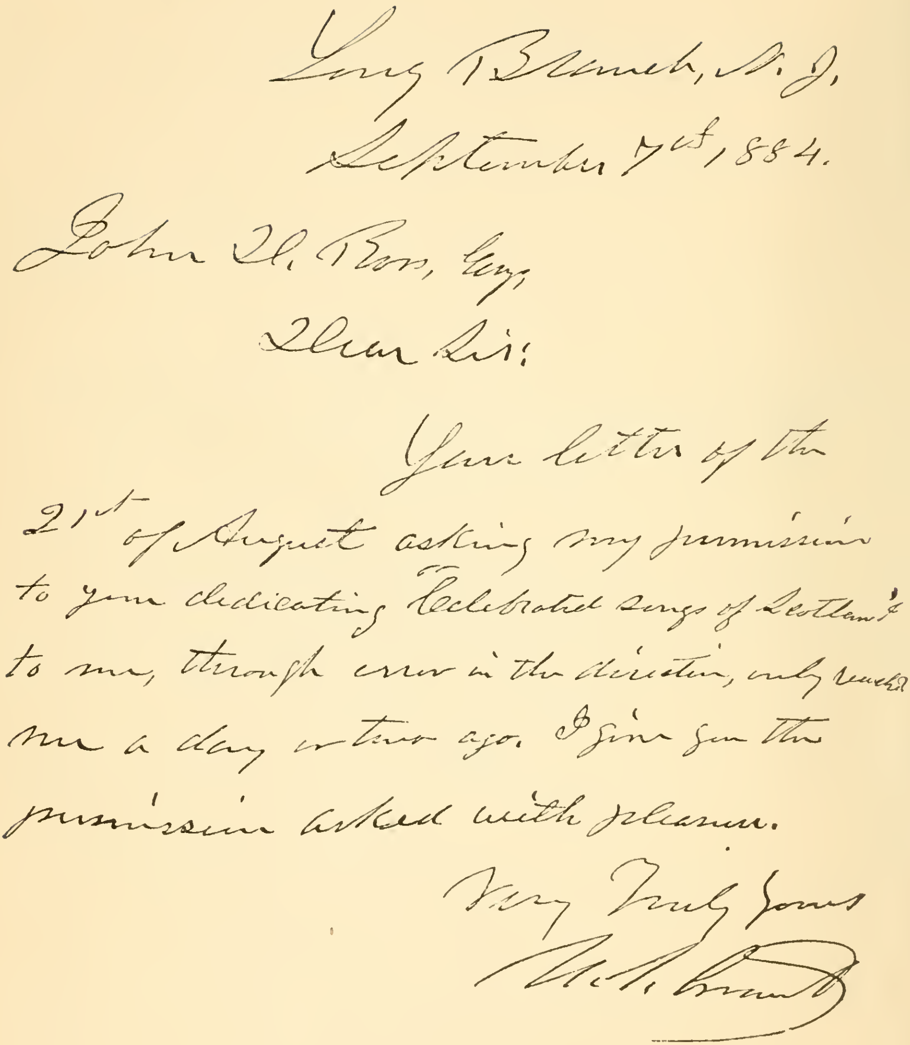

Long Branch, N. J.
September 7th, 1884.

John H. Ross, Esq.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 21st of August asking my permission to you dedicating "Celebrated songs of Scotland" to me, through error in the direction, only reached me a day or two ago. I give you the permission asked with pleasure.

Very Truly Yours
U. S. Grant

CELEBRATED
SONGS OF SCOTLAND,

FROM KING JAMES V TO HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The authorship of this humorous old song is generally ascribed to King James V. He was born at Linlithgow Palace on April 10, 1512, the year previous to that in which his father, King James IV, was slain at Flodden. The Scottish nation did not recover for many years from the effects of the terrible defeat which they suffered on this memorable battlefield, and, consequently, the reign of James V extended over a very gloomy and discontented period of their history. He is known to have traveled about the country in disguise, listening to the complaints of his subjects, and in not a few instances is credited with having engaged in exploits somewhat similar to the one described in the song. He died at Falkirk Palace on December 13, 1542, a few days after the birth of his daughter, the famous Mary Queen of Scots. The "Gaberlunzie Man," which means an old beggar, or pedlar, appeared in the "Tea Table Miscellany." It contains a number of excellent old Scottish words.

The pawkie auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
Saying gudewife, for your courtesie,
  Will you lodge a silly puir man ?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
My daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
  And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be !
  And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain:
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slie twa together were say'ng,
  When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, and ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
  And awa' wi' me thou should gang.
And O! quo' she, an' I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw and lady like,
  And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot:
They raise awee afore the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
  And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
  To speer for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay!
  For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!
  I have lodged a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,

Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to the gudewife 'gan say,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traytors again;
For she's be burn't, and he's be slain.
The wearifu, gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit.
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But aye she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time, far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang—
The priving was good, it pleased them baith,
To lo'e her for aye, he ga'e her his aith,
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-far'dly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a puir man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'e nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me fra town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' caulk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

ASCRIBED TO KING JAMES V.

"It is certainly a composition of considerable antiquity, probably from style and structure of verse by the author of the 'Gaberlunzie Man.'"—*Chambers.*

"This lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times, when thieves were rife, and the lads went a-wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or lances."—*Burns.*

First printed in the "Tea Table Miscellany," and afterwards with the music in the "Orpheus Caledonius."

Harken, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he crys, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee;
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win;
I care no for making meikle din,
What answer gi' ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On sick a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
  I scorn to tell a lie:
Besides, I had frae the great laird
A peat pat, and a lang-kail-yard,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town
I wat on him she didna gloom,
  But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear,
And for mysel' ye needna fear,
  Trowth try me when ye like,
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
He dightit his gab, and he prie'd her mou',
    With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
  As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he gied her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na
But to yoursel' she has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;
  Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no meikle,
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three soums of sheep, twa good mild ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
  Troth I dow do no mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't;
I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
With mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
  Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens, were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
  And blinkit bonnilie;
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanc'd in our ladses' e'en,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ,
The minstrels they did never blin,
  Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their lips together met,
    With a fal, dal, &c.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

ASCRIBED TO FRANCIS SEMPLE OF BELTREES.

"This old song," says Burns, "so pregnant with Scottish *naivete* and energy, is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions. Its language is a precious model of imitation—sly, sprightly, and forcibly expressive. Maggie's tongue wags out the nicknames of Rob the Piper with all the careless lightsomeness of unrestrained gaiety." The authorship of Maggie Lauder has for many years been a subject of great dispute among song and ballad authorities. It is generally ascribed to Francis Semple of Beltrees in Renfrewshire, who was born about the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it is certainly very strange, if the song really dates so far back as this, that Ramsay did not give it a place in the "Tea-Table Miscellany." There are a few other disputed points in connection with the song, such as whether Maggie Lauder was a real or imaginary person, and again, whether it was she or the piper or both that were "gaun to Fife" when they met and indulged in the memorable scene which followed. These are questions of minor importance, however, and it makes very little difference whether they are ever satisfactorily settled or not. Semple died about the year 1682. An excellent sequel to this song was written by Charles Gray. It begins:

"The Cantie Spring scarce rear'd her head."

Wha wadna be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;—
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone you hallanshaker!
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie quo' he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer the;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;
Weel bobbed! quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I ha'e sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin' ye should come to Anster fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

THE BLYTHESOME BRIDAL.

ASCRIBED TO FRANCIS SEMPLE, OF BELTREES.

The authorship has also been claimed for Sir William Scott, of Thirlestane who died in 1725. It first appeared in "Watson's Collection" and afterwards in the "Tea-Table Miscellany." "This song," says Burns, "has humor and a felicity of expression worthy of Ramsay, with even more than his wonted broadness and sprightly language. The Witty Catalogue of Names, with their Historical Epithets, are done in the true Lowland Scottish taste of an age ago, when every householder was nicknamed either from some prominent part of his character, person, or lands and housen, which he rented. Thus — '*Skape fitted Rob.*' '*Thrawn-mou'd Rab o' the Dubs.*' '*Roarin Jock i' the Swair.*' '*Slaverin' Simmie o' Todshaw.*' '*Souple Kate o' Irongray,*' &c. &c."

Fy, let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be liltin' there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there'll be langkale and parridge,
And bannocks o' barley meal;
And there'll be guid saut herrin'
To relish a cog o' guid ale.
Fy, let us a', &c.

And there'll be Sandie the souter,
And Will wi' the mickle mou';
And there'll be Tam the bluter,
And Andrew the tinkler, I trow.
And there'll be bow-leggit Robbie,
Wi' thumless Katie's gudeman;
And there'll be blue-cheekit Dobbie,
And Lawrie, they laird o' the land.

And there'll be sow-libber Patie,
And plookie-fac'd Wat o' the mill;
Capper-nosed Francie, and Gibbie,
That wins in the howe o' the hill.
And there'll be Alaster Sibbie,
That in wi' black Bessie did mool,
Wi' sneevlin' Lillie, and Tibbie,
The lass that sits aft on the stool.

And there'll be Judan Maclowrie,
And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg;
Wi' flae-luggit shairnie-faced Lawrie,
And shangie-mou'd haluket Meg.
And there'll be happer-hipp'd Nancie,
And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,
Muck Maudie, and fat-luggit Grizzie,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there'll be Girnagain Gibbie,
And his glaikit wife Jenny Bell;
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsell,
There lads and lasses in pearlings
Will feast in the heart o' the ha',
On Sybows, and reefarts, and carlins,
That are baith sodden and raw.

And there'll be fadges and brachen,
And fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate,
Powsondie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And caller nowt-feet on a plate:
And there'll be partens and buckies,
And whytens and speldins enew,
And singit sheep-heads and a haggis,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there'll be gude lapper-milk kebbucks,
And sowens, and farles, and baps,
Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,
And brandy in stoups and in caups;
And there'll be meal-kail and kustocks,
Wi' skink to sup till ye rive;
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flouks that were taken alive.

Scrapped haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,
And a mill o' good sneeshin' to prie;
When weary wi' eatin' and drinkin',
We'll rise up and dance till we dee.
Fy, let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be liltin' there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

THE MILLER.

SIR JOHN CLARK, BART.

The first stanza belongs to an old song. Sir John Clark, Bart. of Pennycuick was born about the year 1680, and died in 1755. For nearly fifty years he held the honorable appointment of a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland. He was an accomplished scholar and an excellent authority on antiquities.

Merry may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day or fair day
He's aye bringing till her;
Has aye a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper;
And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling:
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling.
Though I was shy, yet I could spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
And in the kist was plenty
O' good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standin' in the byre;
Whilst lazy puss with mealy mou's
Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak' the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's aye bringing till her;
For meal and maut he does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearthstane
Before a rousing fire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fu nappy:
Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy?

WERE NA MY HEART LICHT.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

This is one of the finest of the old Scottish Songs. It was written about the year 1693. Lady Grizzel Home was a daughter of Sir Patrick Home, afterwards Earl of Marchmont. She was born at Redbraes Castle, in 1665, and was married in 1692 to George Baillie, of Jerviswood, Lanarkshire. Their union proved a long and happy one, as we may judge from the following note which Lady Baillie, towards the close of her life, inserted in her memorandum book: "The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us." "Were na my heart licht," was printed in the "Orpheus Caledonius" in 1725, and later on in the "Tea Table Miscellany." Since that time it has, with few exceptions, been given a prominent place in all of the various collections which have been published. It was a favorite song with Burns, and many will recollect the following incident which Lockhart relates in his interesting biography of the poet, in connection with the latter portion of it: "A gentleman has often told me that he was seldom more grieved than when, riding into Dumfries one fine summer evening about this time to attend a country ball, he saw Burns alone on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognize him. The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to cross the street, said: "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now; and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow," &c.

Lady Baillie spent the greater portion of her married life in London, and died there in 1746, aged 81 years.

There was ance a maid, and she lo'ed na men;
She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen,
But now she cries dool, and well-a-day:
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings an' monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be;
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee.
She main'd and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
'Said, what had he to do wi' the like of me ?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he let's 't wear ony gait it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes;
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes,
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee as I ha'e been
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on yon lillie-white lea;
And vow ! gin I were but young for thee !

LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Allan Ramsay, frequently called "The Restorer of Scottish Poetry," was born at Leadhills in Lanarkshire on the 15th of October, 1686. He was educated at the village district school until he had reached his fifteenth year, at which age his father took him to Edinburgh, and apprenticed him to a wigmaker in that city. Here he worked diligently until he had saved sufficient money to enable him to start in a similar business on his own account. In 1712 he married Christian Ross, the daughter of a legal practitioner in Edinburgh, and an excellent women in every respect.

Hitherto he had not shown any special liking for poetical literature, and it was not until he had reached his thirty-sixth year that he first began to exercise his talent in this way. He had become a member of a social or debating society, composed of a number of young gentlemen, and he undertook one day, for their amusement, to write a few verses of a comical nature, which pleased the members so highly on being read to them, that they unanimously proclaimed him Poet Laureate of the society during the remainder of his life. Shortly after this he greatly extended his reputation by writing a continuation to King James' "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and from that time until he was forty-five years of age his muse was never idle. He composed a great number of songs and ballads, which he issued almost daily in little penny sheets, and it became a common thing, we are informed, for mothers in Edinburgh to give their children a penny, and tell them to "run and bring in Allan Ramsay's last piece."

About 1718 his literary fame had increased so much that he concluded to give up the business of a wig-maker, and enter upon that of a bookseller and publisher. He established himself—as the imprints of his early publications show us—"at the Sign of the Mercury, opposite the head of Niddry's Wind." From this place he issued, in 1724, his famous *Tea Table Miscellany*, a collection of Scottish Songs, dedicated to

> "Ilka lovely British lass
> Frae ladies Charlotte, Ann, and Jean,
> Down to ilk bonnie singing lass
> Wha dances barefoot on the green,"

and from which he is said to have realized the magnificent sum of nearly six hundred pounds profit. For the part which he took in this really important Scottish work, Ramsay has been very much praised and censured. Many eminent critics boldly accuse him of taking too much liberty in changing verse after verse of those old songs to suit his own fancy, while other critics as loudly extol and uphold him for the very able manner in which he both purified and beautified nearly all of those grand memorials of a by-gone age in Scotland.

"Allan Ramsay's fame as a song writer has faded since the time of Burns;" says a modern critic, "but we must not forget that no small share of Burns's inspiration, and love of Scottish song, was fostered by admiration for Ramsay and his works, and that the *Tea Table Miscellany*, gathered by him, has been the means of preserving many an early gem, which, but for his care, might have been lost. As an editor he has been blamed for tampering with the original versions, but this was generally done to cover some loose and immoral language; and no one who is at all acquainted with the originals of some of our most popular songs, will be inclined to concur in this censure when they recollect that the *Tea Table Miscellany* was dedicated to the ladies of Great Britain."

In 1724 Ramsay published another work of great value at the time, but of no real importance now, namely *The Evergreen*, a collection of old Scottish Poetry. But the greatest of all Ramsay's publications was *The Gentle Shepherd*, a Scottish drama written by himself, the first volume of which was issued in 1724. "His *Gentle Shepherd*," says Doctor Robert Chambers, "is the work which has given him a permanent place in the list of Scottish poets. The story of this drama is interesting, without being in the least extravagant; the characters are genuine representatives of the Scottish peasantry of the time. It contains beautiful poetical descriptions, fine sense, and elevated sentiment; and a healthy, natural cheerfulness pervades the whole composition. Taken in parts, or as a whole, it is alike excellent, and it perhaps makes as near an approach to a perfect work as any composition of equal length in any form of our language."

In 1726 Ramsay removed his business from the head of Niddry's Wind to another part of the High Street, and also exchanged his sign of the Mercury for one composed of the heads of Ben Jonson and William Drummond. By this time he had become a very popular person, not only in Scotland, but also throughout England and Ireland. He enjoyed the friendship of many of the nobility, and was in regular correspondence with Alexander Pope, and other celebrated literary men of the period. In 1736 we find him writing to a friend in this homely and contented style.—

"Half a century has now rowed o'er my pow, that begins to be lyart; yet, thanks to my Author, I eat, drink, and sleep as sound as I did twenty years syne. Yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to employ that faculty on as ever. My good auld wife is still my bed-fellow. I have three daughters, one of seventeen, one of sixteen, and one of twelve years old, and no wally-draigle among them; all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have not written a line of poetry. I e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy, that attends advanced years, should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

"Frae twenty-five to five and forty
My muse was neither sweir nor dorty;
My Pegasus would break his tether,
E'en at the shaking o' a feather,
And though ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the lift.
Then, then my soul was in a low,
That gart my numbers eithly row!
But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
Lay by your sangs and learn to pray.

"Tho' born to no ae inch of ground,
I keep my conscience white and sound;
And though I ne'er was a rich keeper,
To make that up I live the cheaper;
By this ae knack I 've made a shift
To drive ambitious care adrift;
And now in years and sense grown auld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.

"Debts I abhor, and plan to be
From shackling trade and dangers free:
That I may, loosed frae care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life:
And when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily into my grave."

In 1745 he retired from his book business, and settled down in a neat little villa which he had built for himself on the Castle Hill, to enjoy the remaining years of his life in peace and quietness. Here, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, he died on the 7th of January, 1758, at the age of seventy-two. He was buried in the old Gray Friars churchyard, Edinburgh, and a monument was erected to his memory on the inside wall of the church. A life-size statue of him has also been placed in Princes Street opposite the house in which he died. His son Allan became portrait-painter to George the III and his Queen. Ramsay was undoubtedly possessed of great genius and had Burns not been born he would certainly have ranked to-day as the last great poet which Scotland had produced.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to
my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony
a day been;
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber
no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no
more.
These tears that I shed, they're a' for
my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on
weir,
Though borne on rough seas to a far
bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no
more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise
every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in
my mind;
Though loudest of thunders on louder
waves roar,
There's naething like leavin' my love
on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is
sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame
can be gain'd:
And beauty and love's the reward of
the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can
crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead
my excuse;
Since honor commands me, how can
I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for
thee;
And losing thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and
fame;
And if I should chance to come
glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love
running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber
no more.

BESSIE BELL, AND MARY GRAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two neighboring country gentlemen, in the vicinity of Perth. They are reported to have been both very handsome, and were united in terms of the closest friendship. Bessie Bell, daughter of the laird of Kinnaird, or Kinvaid, was on a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lyndoch, in the year 1666, when the plague broke out. In the hope of avoiding the contagion, they built a small cottage or bower in a retired spot called the 'Burn-braes,' a short distance from Lyndoch House, receiving occasional visits from a young gentleman, a mutual admirer, from whom it is said they caught the infection, and here they both died. Their remains were interred in a place called Dronach Haugh, upon the banks of the Almond."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

O, Bessie Bell, and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-
brae,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.
Fair Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thocht I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May mornin',
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adornin';
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty,
With ilka grace she can command:
Her lips, O, wow! they're denty.

An' Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and
braw;

She kills whene'er she dances.
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;
O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Dear Bessie Bell, and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
To ane by law we're stentit;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contentit.

OLD LONGSYNE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The following is Ramsay's version of this grand old song. An older version is to be found in Watson's collection of Scots Poems, Part III published in 1716.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slavery great,
While bounded like a ball:
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may pursue the chace,
And, after a blythe bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleased with the sweet air,
And signs of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the powers above.
Next day, with consent and glad haste,
They approach'd the sacred shrine,
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

GI'E ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Composed by Ramsay to the air of "The Lass wi' the Lump o' Land." It appeared in the second volume of the *Tea Table Miscellany*

GI'E me a lass with a lump o' land,
And we for life shall gang thegither;
Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane 's nae worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her's killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes; but there's my hand.
I hate with poortith, though bonnie, to meddle:

Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in bands and bags;
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty and wit and virtue, in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows;
And naething can catch our modern sparks,
But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"The name of the Scotch air called, 'There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee,' has relation to the old rude ceremony of pressing thumbs, but the original words to the tune are supposed to be lost."—*Whitelaw.*

My sweetest May, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonnie,
Receive it, then, with a kiss and smily;
There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin',
O gin I had thee on a mountain!
Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry howes I daunder,
Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll daute thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin',
To haud thy wooer up niff-naffin';
That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely;
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"The old town of Edinburgh now so degraded but formerly a place of highest fashion is the locality of this fine song, of which the first verse contains a picture of certain customs which obtained a century ago in the capital of Scotland but are now totally forgotten by all except the antiquary. A young country gentleman, walking up the High Street in the evening encounters his mistress, no doubt a young lady of good birth as well as breeding and recognizes her even under the tartan garment, then used by all sorts of women as a veil and against which, as affording peculiar facilities for intrigue the whole vengence of the town-council and the kirk-session had been directed in vain. He solicits her to walk with him up to the *hill*,—the abbreviated popular phrase for the esplanade in front of the Edinburgh castle, which was then the only promenade—at the command of the citizens, and a favorite place among lovers for nocturnal assignations. In their walk along the Castle Hill he takes advantage of the situation to depict the delights of a summer residence in the country, which, in all its poetical and sunshine beauty, may be supposed to have contrasted strongly with the darksomeness and din of the city beneath and therefore to have disposed the young lady very favorably to his suit." —*Chambers*.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
  Coming down the street, my joe?
My mistress, in her tartan screen,
  Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my joe!
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the nicth
  That never wish'd a lover ill,
Sin' ye're out o' your mither's sicht,
  Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

Oh, Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
  And leave the dinsome toun a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
  And a' the simmer's gaun to smile.
The mavis, nichtingale, and lark,
  The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green shaw and park,
  Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Sune as the clear gudeman o' day
  Does bend his morning draught o' dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
  And gather flouirs to busk your brow.
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
  The lucken-gowans frae the bog;
Between hands, now and then, we'll lean
  And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's, up into a pleasant glen,
  A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft, and flowery den,
  Which circling birks have form'd a bower.
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
  We'll to the caller shade remove;
There will I lock thee in my arm,
  And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My mither's aye glowrin' ower me,
Though she did the same before me;
  I canna get leave
  To look at my love,
Or else she'd be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak' your offer,
Sweet sir—but I'll tyne my tocher;
  Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
  And wyte your puir Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of silver, and plenishing dainty,
  Yet he's unco sweir
  To twine wi' his gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
  Brag weel o' your land,
  And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

TIBBY HAS A STORE O' CHARMS.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Tibby has a store o' charms
Her genty shape our fancy warms;
How strangely can her sma' white arms
  Fetter the lad who looks but at her;
Fra'er ancle to her slender waste,
  These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
  Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawsy, saft and gay,
Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey,
  She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
  And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;

Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When these twa stars appear thegither.
O love! why does thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our spacious sauls immense desires,
And aye be in a hankerin' swither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine:
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect *plano* and fruition.

THE LAST TIME I CAM' OWRE THE MUIR.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

One of our oldest melodies is attached to this song. Burns thought the words unworthy of the air but declined to change them. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, he says, "Ramsay, as every other poet, has not been always equally happy in his pieces; still, I cannot approve of taking such liberties with an author, as Mr. W. proposes doing with 'The last time I came o'er the muir.' Let a poet, if he chooses, take up the idea of another and work it into a piece of his own; but to mangle the works of a poor bard, whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house—by Heaven! 'twould be sacrilege. I grant that Mr. W.'s version is an improvement; but let him mend the song as the Highlander mended his gun,—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel!"

The last time I cam' owre the muir,
I left my love behind me:
Ye powers, what pains do I endure
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wand'ring stream,
And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;
Until the sun's last setting beam
Was in the ocean glowing.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even kings, when she was nigh me,
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang ower the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me;
Then Hyman's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

MARY SCOTT THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Mary Scott, here celebrated is said to have been a daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, in Selkirkshire. She was married to Walter Scott, of Harden, one of the most notorious and daring Border free booters in the reign of Queen Mary.

Happy's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heaven, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's to heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile;
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish.
With success crown'd I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky:
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

OWER BOGIE

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The first four lines of this song are old. "Ower Bogie" was a term applied to runaway marriages.

I will awa' wi' my love,
  I will awa' wi' her,
Though a' my kin had sworn and said,
  I'll ower Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her consent,
  I dinna care a strae;
Though ilka ane be discontent,
  Awa' wi' her I'll gae.

For now she's mistress o' my heart,
  And worthy o' my hand;
And, weel I wat, we shanna part
  For siller or for land.
Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
  And beaux admire fine lace;
But my chief pleasure is to blink
  On Betty's bonnie face.

There a' the beauties do combine,
  Of color, treats, and air;
The saul that sparkles in her een
  Makes her a jewel rare;
Her flowin' wit gives shining life
  To a' her other charms;
How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
  And lock'd up in my arms!

There blythely will I rant and sing,
  While o'er her sweets I'll range;
I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
  Shame fa' them that wad change.
A kiss of Betty, and a smile
  A beit ye wad lay down,
The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,
  And offer me yer crown.

THE LASS OF BRANKSOME.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"Near Branksholm Castle, the ancient seat of the Buccleugh family, on the banks of the Teviot, and about two miles from Hawick, is a small collection of cottages, one of which, like Branksholm itself, has a poetical history. It was the residence, upwards of a century ago, of a woman named Jean the Ranter, who sold ale, and had, among other children, one daughter of especial beauty. One day, while this bonny lass of Branksholm, as she was called, was spreading clothes upon the banks of the Teviot, she was seen by a young military officer named Maitland, who immediately fell so deeply in love with her, that he was induced to make her his wife. By this alliance, which was considered so extraordinary in those days as to be partly attributed to witchcraft on the part of her mother, the bonny lass became the progenitrix of a family of gentry in Mid-Lothian. The story was put into verse by Allan Ramsay, who states, that, when first seen by her lover,

> 'Ae little coat, and bodice white,
> Was sum o' a' her claithing.'"

Ramsay's Poetical Works,
Edinburgh, 1880.

As I came in by Teviot side,
And by the braes of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonnie bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;
Her skin was safter than the down,
And white as alabaster;
Her hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpast her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising;
Nae silken hose with gushets fine;
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg forbad to shine,
Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum o' a' her claithing;—
Even these o'er mickle—mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naething.
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my saul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And but designing, charm'd me.
Hurried by love, close to my breast
I grasp'd this fund of blisses;
Wha smil'd, and said, "Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses."

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I couldna want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of hers pled, I should grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and troth,
And a young lady made her.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;
How much unlike the gracefu' mien
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome, charming, Highland laddie;
May heaven still guard, and love reward,
The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak' young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compared to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in 's tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush in 's Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonnie, &c.

I'LL OWRE THE MUIR TO MAGGY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

And I'll owre the muir to Maggy,
Her wit and sweetness call me;
There to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befall me:
If she loves mirth, I'll learn to sing
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
And invocate Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
I'll sheathe my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclined,
With gayest airs I'll charm her;
If she love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favor in my prince's sight,
And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
Where wit is corresponding,
And bravest men know best to please,
With complaisance abounding.
My bonnie Maggy love can turn,
Me to what shape she pleases,
If in her breast that flame shall burn,
Which in my bosom bleezes.

O WHA'S THAT AT MY CHAMBER-DOOR?

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Ramsay called this song "The Auld Man's Best Argument."

O wha's that at my chamber-door?
" Fair widow, are ye waking?"
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
Your love lyes a' in tawking.
Gi'e me the lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight,
And bosom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in?
I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
And come of a right gentle kin;
I'm little more than fifty."
Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What signifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
That powerfully plead clinkan,
And if they fail my mouth I'll steek,
And nae mair love will think on."
These court indeed, I maun confess,
I think they make you young, sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection, than your tongue, sir.

THE WIDOW CAN BAKE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

An old song re-modelled by Ramsay.

The widow can bake, an' the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, an' the widow can sew,

An' mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her, baith early and late,
To kiss her an' clap her ye maunna be blate:
Speak well, an' do better; for that's the best gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
The waur of the wearing, and has a good shair
Of everything lovely; she's witty and fair,
An' has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
With, naething but—draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport with the widow my laddie!

Then till her, and kill her with courtesie dead,
Though stark love and kindness be all you can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
With the bonnie gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'ts het, if ye'd have it to wald;
For fortune aye favors the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, who had it from the last John Earl of Loudoun. The then Earl of Loudoun, father to Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudoun, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New Mills, at a place called Patie's Mill, they were struck by the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His Lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudoun Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song."—*Burns.*

The lass o' Patie's Mill,
Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
In spite of a' my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When teddin' out the hay,
Bareheaded on the green,
Love mid her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spak' or smiled:
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I a' the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insured lang life and health,
And pleasure at my will,
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That nane but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's Mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

BONNIE CHIRSTY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

This was one of Ramsay's favorite songs. He placed it first in the *Tea Table Miscellany.*

How sweetly smells the simmer green;
Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:

But finest colors, fruits and flowers,
And wine, though I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd wi' those of Chirsty.

When wandring o'er the flow'ry park,
No natural beauty wanting;
How lightsome is't to hear the lark
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts wi' ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman:
But, dubious o' my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
Wi' secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chirsty did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But, ere he wist, drew near him.
She spak' her favor wi' a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chirsty! witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising!
I wish this may na be a dream
O love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for tauk,
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on kisses.

THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"The first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. The old words began thus:

'The collier has a dochter, and O! she's wonder bonnie!
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.
She wad na hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady,
But she wad hae a collier, the color o' her daddie.'"

—*Burns.*

The collier has a daughter,
And, O! she's wonderous bonnie.
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
The tutors watched the motion
Of this young honest lover:
But love is like the ocean;
Wha can its depths discover!

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel but unaffected.
The collier's bonnie lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lilie,
Aye sweet, and never saucy,
Secured the heart o' Willie.

He loved, beyond expression,
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession;
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her;
In saftest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus telled her:

My bonnie collier's daughter,
Let naething discompose ye;
It's no your scanty tocher,
Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I have gear in plenty;
And love says, it's my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

An thou were my ain thing,
I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I lo'e thee!

I would clasp thee in my arms,
I'd secure thee from all harms;
For above mortal thou hast charms:
How dearly do I lo'e thee!
An thou were, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee,
So I must still presumptuous be,
To show how much I lo'e thee,
An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O, for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I lo'e, and, for your sake,
What man can more, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

(*A continuation of the preceding song.*)

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou',
And gar the gods envy me.
And thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
She moves a goddess o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but mysel' aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Ha'e there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"It is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses, which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature; and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:

'Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae,
An' gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.'"

—*Burns.*

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twa-fauld ower a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time:
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the saft minutes o' delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, layin' a' the wyte
On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill-bred, she'll smilin' say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark neuk.
Her lauch will lead ye to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want;
And plainly tell ye to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,
And sweitly tuilyie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As taiken o' a future bliss.
These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, wheesht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whinin' cant!

HAP ME WI' THY PETTICOAT.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

O Bell, thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel thou decline
Those pleasures, which alone can cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fall, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.
Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my chains and set me free
From every charm of thine.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"Polwort is a small, primitive-looking parish-village in the centre of Berwickshire, with a green, in the centre of which three thorns grow within a little enclosure. These trees are the successors of one aged thorn, which, after keeping its place there for centuries, was blown down some years ago. It was formerly the custom of the villagers, who are a simple race, and were formerly vassals to the Earl of Marchmont, whose seat is in the neighborhood, to dance round this venerable tree at weddings, which they are said to have done in consequence of a romantic incident in the history of the noble family just mentioned."—*Chambers.*

At Polwart on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do conveen
To dance about the thorn,

A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
As long as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the snaw
While inwardly they bleeze;

But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Among the new mawn hay,
Wi' sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The air and the first two lines of this song are very old.

This is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robbie's bride
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
And please me with the trigging o't.

Then fareweel to my father's house,
I gang whare love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robbie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,
True love shall be at hand aye,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command aye;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That mak's ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band aye.

THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

"'The wauking o' the fauld' alludes to the old pastoral practice of watching the sheepfolds at night, during the weaning of the lambs, on which occasion the shepherd was generally favored with the company of his sweetheart."—*Blackie's Book of Scottish Song.*

My Peggie is a young thing;
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare:
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best;
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY. FROM "THE GENTLE SHEPHERD."

"Corn-Riggs" is the name of a very old air. It was adopted by Gay for one of his songs in his opera entitled "Polly."

My Patie is a lover gay;
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay;
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome middle size;
He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bank,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lo'ed me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry Pate;
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
When corn-riggs are bonny.

CROMLET'S LILT.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

This old song is founded on the following tradition. About the year 1580 Miss Helen Murray, a daughter of William Stirling, and known as "Fair Helen of Ardoch," was beloved by Sir James Chisholm of Cromlet, and he being obliged to repair to France for a time entrusted a friend to convey his letters, etc., to his young and beautiful mistress. This man, however, proved false to his trust, and instead of delivering the letters, destroyed them, and in other ways so misrepresented Chisholm to Helen that she soon lost all confidence in her lover and at length became engaged to his rival. It was on learning of her engagement that Chisholm is said to have composed the following song, after which he immediately set sail for Scotland. He arrived home on the night of the marriage, killed his rival, proved to the satisfaction of Helen that he had always been faithful, and in due time led her to the altar, where she willingly became his bride.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair;
Into some wilderness
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
Oh, cruel fair!

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree
In yonder spreading grove,
Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had.
Into that hollow cave
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring;
Cold earth shall be my seat;
For covering,
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
No tears nor sighs;
No grave do I require,
Nor obsequies;
The courteous red-breast, he,
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
Oh, thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee!

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

No one can doubt the antiquity of this famous song, as the fourth stanza, slightly altered, is quoted by Shakespeare in his tragedy of "Othello," published in 1611. The name Robert is there changed to that of the English king Stephen. It was one of the principal songs called for at every "merry gathering" that occurred throughout the Lowlands of Scotland in ancient times, and yet it is as fresh and enjoyable a song as we could possibly wish to hear at the present day. Nothing can be said of its author, as there is not a scrap of information in existence about him, and it is probable that it was the composition of one of the many strolling minstrels who used to wander about from town to town singing their own songs and ballads, and thereby gaining a living, sometimes good and sometimes bad. There is an English version of the song given by Dr. Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," but he admits that the song originally belonged to Scotland.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill;
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me richt hastilie,
Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usfu' cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairn's mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines i' the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end;
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear:
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thretty year;
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll dee;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a croun;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon;
He was the king that wore a croun,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
It's pride puts a' the country doun;
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the world is a' gane wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklin' i' the ase?—
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
And we ha'e had atween us twa
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
If you would prove a gude husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she would guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:
Nought's to be gain'd at woman's hand
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

BARBARA ALLAN.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

"I remember," says Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "that the peasantry of Annandale sang many more verses of this ballad than have appeared in print, but they were of no merit—containing various magnificent offers from the lover to his mistress—and, amongst others some ships, in sight, which may strengthen the belief that this song was composed near the shores of the Solway." —*Additional Illustrations to Stenhouse.*

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,
Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwellin'.
Oh, haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

Oh, hooly, hooly, rase she up
To the place where he was lyin',
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,
And its a' for Barbara Allan.
Oh, the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's bluid were a-spillin'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slichtit Barbara Allan ?

He turned his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealin':
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
And every jow that the diad-bell gied,
It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed,
And mak' it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

GENERAL LESLIE'S MARCH.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

"It seems to have been written by some sneering cavalier as a quiz upon the Scottish army, which marched to join the English parliamentary forces, 1644, in terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, and which was so instrumental in winning for that party the decisive battle of Long-marston Moor."—*Chambers.*

March, march, why the diel do ye na march ?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order ;
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English border.
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True gospel to maintain ;
The Parliament['s] blyth to see us a coming.
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae Popish relicks, and a' sic innovations,
That all the warld may see,
There's nane i' the right, but we
Of the auld Scottish nation.
Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the sark of God ;

And the kist fou of whistles,
That make sic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw
Shall hae them a'
Whate'er come on it.
Busk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in a glen,
And she had dochters nine or ten,
That sought the house baith butt and ben
To find their mam a snishing.
The auld wife ayont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
For I maun ha'e a young gudeman,
Shall furnish me wi' snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if you wi' a younker wald,
He'll waste away your snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
O mother dear ! your teeth's a' out,
Besides half blind, ye ha'e the gout,
Your mill can haud nae snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
Mother, if ye can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That ye shall have a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat :
She powerfully began to crack,
To win hersel' a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And aye she cursed poor stumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeeze,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neeze,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack o' snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice weel this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark o' mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts o' snishing.
Else, like this wife ayont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire ;
Nor will you get, unless you hire,
A young man with your snishing.

THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWS.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

The air of this song can be traced back as far as the year 1548, but the set of words which then belonged to it have been lost, with the exception of the chorus, which ran thus :

> "O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
> The broom of the Cowdenknows,
> I wish I were at hame again,
> Milking my daddy's ewes."

Gay, in his "Beggars' Opera," which was produced in 1728, adopted the same air for his song beginning, "The miser thus a shilling sees." One of the songs mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland," published in 1548, is the "Brume, Brume on Hil," of which Mr. Ritson quotes the following lines, taken from a very old authority:

> "Brome, brome on hil,
> The gentil brome on hil, hil,
> Brome, brome on hiue hil,
> The gentil brome on hiue hil,
> The brome stands on hiue hil."

The present set of words to the air, however, are very beautiful, and are certainly destined to hold a permanent place among the finest of our old Scottish songs. Many of the verses breathe the true spirit of poetry, while all of them are overflowing with love and affection. The Cowdenknows are two small hills situated in Lauderdale, Berwickshire. They are now under cultivation.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill!
He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will.

O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknows!
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe, and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.

O, the broom, &c.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd wi' his melody.

O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.

O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O, the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidie, brooch, and crooked stick,
Maun now lie useless by.

O, the broom, &c.

Adieu! ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Farewell a' pleasures there!
Ye gods! restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.

O, the broom, &c.

THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWS.

SECOND SET.

The following verses on the same subject also appeared in the *Tea Table Miscellany*. They are by Robert Crawford, the author of "The Bush aboon Traquair" We insert his verses here, as the two sets have generally been given together in all the collections of Scottish songs which have appeared subsequent to the publication of the *Tea Table Miscellany.*

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom,
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
Oh! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks in flowery May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en amang the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowdenknows.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

"'Dumbarton's Drums' were the drums belonging to a British regiment, which took its name from the officer who first commanded it, to wit, the Earl of Dumbarton. This nobleman was a cadet of the family of Douglas, and being commander of the Royal Forces in Scotland, during the reigns of Charles II and James II, he bears a distinguished figure in the dark and blood-stained history of Scotland during that period."—*Chambers.*

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O;
How happie am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O;
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.
A soldier has honor and bravery, O;
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O,
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king;
For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,
They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie, O;
How happy shall I be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O.

MY JO JANET.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

A very favorite old song, and evidently written by some one who possessed a well educated mind. The language is choice and the versification faultless. Doctor

Chambers says that as "expressive of Scottish economy and moral philosophy—the saving of all avoidable expenses, and the taking down of youthful vanity and extravagance, the piece is beyond all praise." In the Skene MS. (1630), the air is called "Long, or ony old Man."

Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keekin' glass, then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
There ye'll see your bonnie sell,
My jo Janet.

Keekin' in the draw-well clear,
What if I fa' in, sir?
Then a' my kin' will say and swear
I droun'd mysell for sin, sir.
Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo Janet.

Gude sir, for your courtesie,
Comin' through Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.
Clout the auld—the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,
My jo Janet.

But, what if, dancin' on the green,
And skippin' like a maukin,
They should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be taukin.
Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacin' horse, then.
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs richt aft my hand, sir.
Mak' the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

"This blythsome song, so full of Scottish humour and convivial merriment, is an intimate favorite at bridal trystes and house heatings. It contains a spirited picture of a country alehouse, touched off with all the lightsome gayety so peculiar to the rural muse of Scotland. . . 'Andro and his Cutty Gun' is the work of a master."—*Burns.*

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben;
And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

She took me in, and set me down,
And hecht to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birl my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
Wha started in, to heeze our hope,
But Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,

Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the swats gae glibber down

We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jeed our bum,
And aye the cleanest drinker out,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

MOTHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fallows, and wale o' auld men;
He has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mother, and let that abee;
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.

Haud your tongue, dochter, and lay by your pride,
For he is the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride;
He shall lie by your side, and kiss you too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel,
His back sticks out like ony peat-creel;
He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass will buy you a new pan;
Then, dochter, ye should na be sae ill to shoe,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I ne'er will ha'e,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray;
I had rather die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair o' Rob Morris I never will hear.

JOHN HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

Attributed to Allan Ramsay, and said to have been written in honor of one of the daughters of the first Marquis of Tweedale.

BY smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cried he, Oh, hey! maun I still live pining
Mysel' thus away, and daurna discover
To my bonnie Hay, that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good morrow:
The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead, when twined of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invite her,
The fountains run clear, and the flowers smell the sweeter.
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing;
Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye;
For a' my desires is John Hay's bonnie lassie.

KATH'RINE OGIE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

Can be traced as far back as the time of Charles II, before whom it is said to have been frequently sung by one John Abell of the Chapel Royal. Burns thought the words unworthy of the air and composed his "Highland Mary" to it.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely,
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd tho' it was foggie:
I ask'd her name: Kind sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately:
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly:
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like a lily in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee;
Thy mind sure, as thine eyes do look,
Above each clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My bonnie Kath'rine Ogie.

O! if I were some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
And gang with thee alang the plain;
At buchtin to abide thee.
More rich and happy I could be
Wi' Kate, and crook, and dogie,
Than he that does his thousands see,
My winsome Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations,
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations,
Might I caress, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie,
For they're but toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear for me is not decreed
So fair, so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed

All other works of nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark, and foggie;
Pity my case, ye Powers above!
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

THE AULD GOODMAN.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

Ramsay marks this song as an old one in his day. The "Auld Goodman" means the "first husband."

LATE in an evening forth I went,
A little before the sun gade down,
And there I chanc'd by accident
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife was fa'in' in a strife,
I canna well tell ye how it began;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, Alake my auld goodman!

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
For he did spend, and make an end
Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winsome John:
His blinkan eye, and gate sae free,
Was naething like thee, thou dosend drone;
His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withall,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
Of household stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of siclike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret mysell,
To think on these blythe days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a well-made bed.
But now I sigh, and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy color wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
And gane was a' the light of day;
The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer stay:
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trowe the wife the day she wan,
And ay the o'erword of the fray
Was ever, Alake my auld goodman!

THE EWE-BUCHTS, MARION.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

A very old song, with additions and corrections by Ramsay. "I am not sure," says Burns, "if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland. There is a song apparently as ancient as 'Ewe-Bughts, Marion,' which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North. It begins thus :

'The Lord o' Gordon had three dochters,
Mary, Marget and Jean,
They wad na stay at bonnie Castle Gordon,
But awa to Aberdeen.'"

Will ye gae to the ewe-buchts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half so sweet as thee.

O, Marion's a bonnie lass;
And the blythe blink 's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en, when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glower wi' their e'e;
At kirk when they see my Marion,
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal-day.

And ye'se get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London broun;
And wow but ye'se be vap'rin'
Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And, as sune as my chin has nae hair on,
I will come west, and see ye.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

"A tradition is mentioned in the *Bee*," says Burns, "that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say that if he were going to be hanged, nothing could sooth his mind so much by the way as to hear 'Clout the Caldron.'"

Have ye any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant of siller as of grace;
Disbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron,
Fa, adrie, diddle, diddle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment;
And dinna care a single flie
For any man's resentment;
For, lady fair, though I appear
To every ane a tinker,
Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd for his loved Leda;
He like a bull ower meadows ran,
To carry off Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argus blinker,
And win your love like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinker?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man;
But this fine plot you'll fail in;
For there is neither pot nor pan,
Of mine, you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron;
For I've a tinker under tack,
That's used to clout my ca'dron.

O WALY, WALY UP THE BANK.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

Supposed to refer to Lady Barbara Erskine, who was married in 1670 to John, second Marquis of Douglas, but "owing, there can be little doubt, to his lordship's unworthy conduct, the alliance was productive of misery to the lady. She had even to bewail that her own honor was brought into question, chiefly, it would appear, through the influence of a chamberlain over her husband's mind. At length, a separation, with a suitable provision, left her in the worst kind of widowhood, after she had brought the Marquis one son (subsequently first commander of the Cameronian regiment, and who fell at the battle of Steenkirk)."—*Songs of Scotland prior to Burns.*

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burnside,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time, while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
For a maid again I never shall be.

TODLIN' HAME.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

Another very old song, "perhaps," says Burns, "the first bottle song that ever was composed."

WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom,
Then I get credit in ilka toun;
But aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by:
Oh, poverty parts gude company!
Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
Cauldna my loove come todlin' hame.

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale!
She gi'es us white bannocks to relish her ale;
Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',
We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlin' hame, Todlin' hame,
As round as a neep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
Wi' twa pint stoups at our bed's feet;
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry:—

What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?
Todlin' butt, and todlin' ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlin' hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin' dow,
Ye're aye sae gude-humour'd when weetin' your mou'!
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blythe nicht to the bairns and me,
When todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
When, round as a neep, ye come todlin' hame.

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

Ramsay calls this simply "an old song." The air, which is very popular in Scotland even to the present day, was published in *Playford's Dancing Master*, 1657.

O, COME awa, come awa,
Come awa wi' me, Jenny!
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,
Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought shall alter me, Jenny;
For you're the mistress of my mind,
What'er you think of me, Jenny!

First when your sweets enslaved my heart,
You seem'd to favor me, Jenny;
But now, alas! you act a part
That speaks inconstancie, Jenny.
Inconstancie is sic of vice,
It's not befitting thee, Jenny;
It suits not with your virtue nice,
To carry sae to me, Jenny.

JENNY.

O, haud awa, bide awa,
Haud awa frae me, Donald!
Your heart is made ower large for ane—
It is not meet for me, Donald.
Some fickle mistress you may find
Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
To ilka swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such;
'Tis fill'd wi' honestie, Donald.
I'll ne'er love mony; I'll love much;
I hate all levitie, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, wi' art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For words of falsehood ill defend
A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
I frankly favor'd you, Donald;
Apparent worth and fair renown
Made me believe you true, Donald:
Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
But now the mask's faun aff, I scorn
To ware a thocht on thee, Donald,

And now for ever haud awa,
Haud awa frae me, Donald!
Sae, seek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald:
For I'll reserve mysell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald.
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm the man, and fause report
Has only tauld a lie, Jenny;
To try thy truth, and make us sport,
The tale was raised by me, Jenny.

JENNV.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come awa to me, Donald!
I'm weel content ne'er to repent
That I hae smiled on thee, Donald!

TARRY WOO.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

This was one of Sir Walter Scott's favorite songs. "A very pretty song," says Burns, "but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words."

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it weil, card it weil,
Card it weil, ere ye begin.
When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is haflins done;
But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Sing my bonnie harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly, as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No by half sae useful are:
Frae kings, to him that hauds the plou',
All are obliged to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip;
Ower the hills and valleys trip;
Sing up the praise of tarry woo;
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame;
Keep us warm and hearty fou—
Leeze me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife!
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae;
No such music to his ear!
Of thief or fox he has no fear:
Sturdy kent, and collie true,
Weil defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none:
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
Has such pleasant holidays.
Who'd be king, can only tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

"The 'Bush aboon Traquair,'" says Doctor Robert Chambers, "was a small grove of birches that formerly adorned the west bank of the Quair water, in Peeblesshire, about a mile from Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. But only a few spectral-looking remains now (1838) denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Leafless even in summer, and scarcely to be observed upon the bleak hill-side, they form a truly melancholy memorial of what must have once been an object of great pastoral beauty, as well as the scene of many such fond attachments as that delineated in the following verses." Robert Crawford was born in 1695, and as he spent the greater portion of his life abroad very little is known of his personal history. He was on friendly terms with Allan Ramsay and contributed a number of pieces to the *Tea Table Miscellany*. Many of his songs still retain their popularity, "Down the burn, Davie, love," "My dearie if thou dee," "Tweedside," and the "Bush aboon Traquair" being especially familiar to lovers of Scottish song. His compositions are all marked by a tone of tenderness, and contain many pleasing passages of a homely and pastoral description. He is said to have died while on a voyage from France to his native country, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonnie bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad
So sweetly there to find her;
I tried to soothe my am'rous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame—
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shows disdain—
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May;
Its sweets I'll e'er remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair;
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Was first printed in the *Tea Table Miscellany*. The third stanza is given as altered by Burns.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burnside;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white;
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flow'ry dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.
With, Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And aye will follow you.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DEE.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

"My dearie an' thou dee" is the title of an old song, the words of which have been lost. The present song was contributed by Crawford to the *Tea Table Miscellany*.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggie, if thou dee.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me;
Without thee I shall never live,
My dearie, if thou dee.

If faith shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggie, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And, when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggie let me dee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasures share,
Ye who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggie's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh, never rob them from those arms—
I'm lost if Peggie dee.

TWEEDSIDE.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

First appeared in the *Tea Table Miscellany* and afterwards with the music in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. The air is said to have been composed by David Rizzio, but we can find no authority for this assertion.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead;
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulgin' my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

AYE WAUKIN', O!

"This song," says Allan Cunningham, "is the work of several hands, and though some of it is very ancient, it has been so often touched and re-touched, that it is not easy to show where the old ends or the new commences. Most of the chorus is certainly old, and part of the second verse." We have selected the following verses for this work, as in our opinion they form the best version of the song.

O I'M wet, wet,
O I'm wet and weary!
Yet fain wad I rise and rin,
If I thought I would meet my deary.
Ay wauking, O!
Wauking aye, and weary,
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking o' my deary.

Simmer's a pleasant time,
Flowers of every color,
The water rins ower the heugh—
And I lang for my true lover
Ay wauking, &c.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;

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Sleep I can get nane
  For thinking o' my deary.
    Ay wauking, &c.

Lanely night comes on;
  A' the lave are sleeping;
I think on my love,
  And blear my een wi' greeting.
    Ay wauking, &c.

Feather-beds are soft,
  Painted rooms are bonnie;
But a kiss o' my dear lover
  Is better far than ony.
    Ay wauking, &c.

THE SPININ' O'T.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

Alexander Ross was parish schoolmaster for nearly fifty years of Lochee in Angus. He was born at Torphins in Aberdeenshire in 1699, and was educated at the Marischael College in Aberdeen, from whence he graduated in 1718. Although the author of many respectable poetical pieces in early life, it was not until he attained his seventieth year that he ventured to publish his great pastoral poem, "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess." This work is well known to all readers of Scottish literature. It has frequently been printed, both at home and abroad, and can readily be obtained in a variety of forms. Ross died in 1784.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
  And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't;
She louted her doun, and her rock took a-low,
  And that was a bad beginnin' o't.
She sat and she grat, and she flat and she flang,
  And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled and wrang,
And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,
  Alas, for the dreary beginnin' o't.

I'v wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,
  And this was to be the beginnin' o't;
But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
  Or ever I try the spinnin' o't.
For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me
  Did sic a mishap and mischanter befa' me;
But ye shall hae leave baith tae hang and tae draw me,
  The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.

I hae keepit my house now these threescore years,
  And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't;
But how I was sarkit, foul fa' them that speirs,
  For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.
But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw,
That ilk ane maun hae a sark, and some hae twa—
The warlds were better where ne'er ane ava
Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.

In the days they ca' yore, gin auld fouks had but won
  To a surcoat, hough-syde, for the winnin' o't,
Of coat-raips weel cut by the cast o' their bum,
  They never socht mair o' the spinnin' o't.
A pair o' grey hoggers weel cluikit benew,
Of nae ither lit but the hue of the ewe,
With a pair o' rough mullions to scuff through the dew,
  Was the fee they socht at the beginnin' o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,
  And how get we that but by spinnin' o't?

How can we hae face for to seek a great fee,
Except we can help at the winnin' o't?
And we maun hae pearlins, and mabbies, and cocks,
And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks;
And how get we that, gin we tak' na our rocks,
And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't?

'Tis needless for us to mak' our remarks,
Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't,
She never kenn'd ocht o' the guid o' the sarks,
Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.
Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht
By our auld-warld bodies, and that bude be bought;
For in ilka town siccan things wasna wrocht—
Sae little they kenn'd o' the spinnin' o't!

THE BRIDAL O'T.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
For he grows brawer ilka day;
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't:
For yesternight, nae farther gane,
The back-house at the side-wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen;
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto good luck,
Although there might betide ill o't,
For bridal days are merry times,
And young folk like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers play the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't,
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Although that they should guide ill o't.
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turn'd up into the inmost o't;
The end that held the keeks sae clean,
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day's a clashing o't:
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for another o't,
And ere he want to clear his shot,
His sark'll pay the tother o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't:
Fan thick and three-fauld they convene
Ilka ane envies the tother o't,
And wishes nane but him alane
May ever see another o't.

Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the beatin o't:
He dances best that dances fast,
And loups at ilka reesing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the feezings o't.

PINKIE HOUSE.

JOHN MITCHELL.

John Mitchell published two volumes of poems in 1729. He was also the author of a tragedy called "Fatal Extravagance" and an opera called the "Highland Fair." He was born in 1684 and died in 1738.

By Pinkie House oft let me walk,
And muse o'er Nelly's charms!
Her placid air, her winning talk,
Even envy's self disarms.
O let me, ever fond, behold
Those graces void of art—
Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold,
In willing chains, my heart!

O come, my love! and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulness of air in you
By nature's hand designed.
These, lovely as the blushing rose,
First lighted up this flame,
Which, like the sun, for ever glows
Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquettes! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How seldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my Nelly's charms
That sweet, that graceful ease,
That blushing modesty that warms,
That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O, come along!
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inspirer of my song!
Oh, fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms so bright as thine,
So heavenly fair, both please the eye,
And fill the soul divine!

THE FOUR MARIES.

Founded on the old ballad of "Mary Hamilton."

Last nicht there were four Maries,
This nicht there'll be but three,
There was Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seaton,
An' Mary Carmichael an' me.

Oh little did my mither think
When first she cradled me,
That I would dee sae far frae hame,
Or hang on a gallows-tree.

They'll tie a napkin round my e'en,
An' they'll no let me see to dee,
An' they'll ne'er let on to my father an' mither,
But I'm awa' o'er the sea.

I wish I could lie in our ain kirkyard
Aneath the auld yew tree,
Where we pu'd the gowans, an' thread, the rowans,
My brothers, my sisters, an' me.

But little care I for a nameless grave,
If I've hope for eternity,
So I'll pray that the faith o' the deein' thief
May be granted thro' grace unto me.

HEY BONNIE LASSIE, BLINK OVER THE BURN.

"This popular song has hitherto appeared in all the collections as an anonymous production, but we have the authority of a highly esteemed correspondent for saying that it was written by the Rev. James Honeyman, minister of Kinneff, in Kincardinshire, who died at an advanced age, in or about the year 1779. Mr. Honeyman wrote other poetical pieces, but none of them came before the public except this song."—*Blackie's Book of Scottish Song.*

Hie, bonnie lassie, blink over the burn,
And if your sheep wander I'll gi'e them a turn;
Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A yowe and twa lammies are a' my haill stock,
But I'll sell a lammie out of my wee flock,
To buy thee a head-piece, sae bonnie and braid,
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e a wee whittle made me a trout creel,
And, oh, that wee whittle I likit it weel;
But I'll gi'e't to my lassie, and mair if I had,
If she'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e little silver, but ae hauf-year's fee,
But if ye will tak' it, I'll gi'e't a' to thee;
And then we'll be married, and lie in ae bed,
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF BANGOR.

The first four lines of this song belong to an old ballad. William Hamilton, of Bangor, is supposed to have been born in 1704. He became a warm supporter of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and after the battle of Culloden, made his escape to France. He returned to Scotland in 1749 and died in 1754. The present song was first published in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, and professes to have been written "in imitation of the ancient manner."

A. "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

B. "Where get ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where get ye that winsome marrow?"
A. "I gat her whare I daurna weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

B. "Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weip thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

A. "Lang maun she weip, lang maun she weip,
Lang maun she weip wi' dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver deir,
Her luver deir, the cause of sorrow;
And I ha'e slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids,
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow?
'Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters, sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weip around in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,
The fatal speir that pierced his briest,
His comely briest on the braes of Yarrow!

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow!

Sweit smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweit the wave of Yarrow flowen!

Flows Yarrow sweit? as sweit, as sweit flows Tweed;
As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
As sweit smells on its braes the birk;
The apple from its rocks as mellow!

Fair was thy love, fair, fair, indeed, thy love!
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.

Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

C. "How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?

How can I lo'e him on the banks o' Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

Oh, Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned,
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow:
But, ere the too-fa' of the nicht,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced, that waefu', waefu' day;
I sang, my voice the words returning;
But, lang ere nicht, the spear was flown,
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me;
My luver's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing—
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threat'ning words, to muve me;
My luver's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve!
With bridal-sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!
Let in th' expected husband-lover!

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my briests,—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

Pale, pale, indeed, oh lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lie all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

A. "Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
Return and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy luver heids nocht of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow"

ON GALLIA'S SHORE.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOR.

On Gallia's shore we sat and wept,
When Scotland we thought on,
Robbed of her bravest sons, and all
Her ancient spirit gone.

Revenge! the sons of Gallia said,
Revenge your native land;
Already your insulting foes
Crowd the Batavian strand.

How shall the sons of freedom e'er
For foreign conquest fight;
For power, how wield the sword unsheath'd,
For liberty and right?

If thee, oh Scotland, I forget,
Even with my latest breath,
May foul dishonor stain my name,
And bring a coward's death.

May sad remorse of fancied guilt
My future days employ,
If all thy sacred rights are not
Above my chiefest joy.

Remember England's children, Lord,
Who on Drummossie day,
Deaf to the voice of kindred love,
Raze, raze it quite, did say.

And thou, proud Gallia, faithless friend,
Whose ruin is not far,
Just Heaven, on thy devoted head,
Pour all the woes of war.

When thou thy slaughter'd little ones,
And ravish'd dames shall see,
Such help, such pity, may'st thou have,
As Scotland had from thee.

ALLOA HOUSE.

REV. DR. A. WEBSTER.

The Reverend Doctor A. Webster was a celebrated Edinburgh minister. He was born at Edinburgh in 1707 and died there in 1784.

The spring time returns, and clothes the green plains,
And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighboring swains,
Sing merrily around me wherever I stray:
But Sandy nae mair returns to my view;
Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can charm;
He's gane! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!
Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa house! how much art thou chang'd!
How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alane I here wander where ance we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my Sandy ance strove!
Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,
Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung;

Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cauld?
Or, foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;
For fate, at that moment, brought back her dear swain,
Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly addrest:
My Nelly! my fair, I come, O my love!
Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her saft frame;
And will you, my love! be true? she replied:
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind:
Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu to a' sorrow; what soul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

OH, HOW COULD I VENTURE.

REV. DR. A. WEBSTER.

"There is a tradition that Doctor Webster wrote this song in early life in consequence of a lady of superior rank, whom he was engaged to woo for another, condescending to betray a passion for him."—*Chambers.*

The lady in question is said to have been the daughter of Colonel Erskine, of Alva, and to whom Doctor Webster was eventually married.

Oh, how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me,
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi' disdain,
And knew I was naething, yet pitied my pain?
You said, while they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes

Oh, how shall I fauld thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
Till, fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms;
Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
Till, sinking together, together we'er lost!
Oh, where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
(Too nice for expression,) what only we feel:
In a' that ye do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
When I see you, I love you; when hearing, adore;
I wonder and think you a woman no more:

Till, mad wi' admiring, I canna contain,
And, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom how can I despair?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa' care;
I'll ask thy advice, when with troubles opprest,
Which never displeases, but always is best.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire:
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

O LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

GEORGE HALKET.

This favorite song was first published in *Johnson's Museum* and for many years was ascribed to Lady Ann Barnard, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." It has now, however, been proven beyond any doubt that it was the work of George Halket, a schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire. Doctor Patrick Buchan said that Halket composed the song in 1736, and Alexander Whitelaw not only corroborates this opinion, but also states, that "The Logie mentioned is situated in Crimond, a parish adjoining the one where Halket resided, and the hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at the place of Logie." Nothing is known now of Halket's early life. He was a loyal Jacobite, and on account of a pasquil which he wrote on George the II, the Duke of Cumberland offered a reward of one hundred pounds for his apprehension. The reward, however, tempting as it must have been to many people at the time, was never claimed. Halket is also known to have written a number of Jacobite songs. He died in 1756.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe, and the viol sae sma';
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';
He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';
The simmer is come, and the winter's awa',
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has owsen and siller, and kye;
A house and a hadden, and a' things forbye:
Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' the houses and land.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
But daddie and minnie altho' that they be,
There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on my Jamie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gade awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is come, and the winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

JOHNNIE COPE.

ADAM SKERVING.

On the rising of the clans throughout Scotland in 1745, in support of the cause of Prince Charles, Sir John Cope, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal forces there, was directed to immediately assemble his troops and march with all possible speed against the rebels. He left Stirling for Fort Augustus on August 24, but finding that his march through the Highlands was beset by dangers and delays, he decided on making Inverness his headquarters, and arrived there on the 29th of the same month. From Inverness his troops embarked for Dunbar, and thence proceeded to march on Edinburgh. Meanwhile Prince Charles had entered Perth on the 3d September, and had been proclaimed Regent. Pushing forward, he entered Edinburgh on the 18th, and at the old Cross was proclaimed King. The rival forces met at Prestonpans on the morning of the 21st, and the easy victory which the Highlanders gained over the Royal forces placed Prince Charles for the time being in full possession of Scotland. The disgraceful flight of Sir John Cope and his dragoons is well known to every reader of history. He was met at Berwick by Lord M. Ker, who is reported to have remarked that "he was the first General in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat." There are a number of versions of this popular song in existence, but the one here given is the original version, and is certainly superior in every respect to any of the others. It was written by Adam Skirving, a farmer, at Garleton in Haddingtonshire. He was born in 1719, and is said to have been a very athletic man, and distinguished for his skill in all manly sports and exercises. He died in 1803, and was interred in the Athelstaneford churchyard.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
" Come, Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
An' I'll teach you the art o' war,
If ye'll meet wi' me i' the mornin'."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
If ye were waukin' I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the mornin'.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
" Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the mornin'."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come, let us try baith fire an' sword,
An' dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the mornin'.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' i' the mornin'.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Fly now, Johnnie, get up an' rin;
The Highland bagpipes make a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie mornin'.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, " Where's a' your men?"
" The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the mornin'."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the mornin'.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg,
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again deil break my legs!
So I wish you a very gude mornin'."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

SIR H. ERSKINE, BART., M.P.

This famous song first appeared in *The Lark* (1765.) Sir H. Erskine, Bart. was born about 1720. He was appointed commander of the "Royal Scots" Regiment in 1762 and died at York in 1765. The air was composed by General John Reid, the founder of the chair of music in the University of Edinburgh.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;
Where the Romans endeavor'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's cause:
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honor and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
And our hearts still the old Scottish valor retain.
Such is our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
Ev'n Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such is our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of foes with our thundering strokes.
Such is our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their numbers fondly boasted, till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.
Such is our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause;
That they, like their ancestors bold, for honor and applause,
May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

DR. BLACKLOCK.

Dr. Blacklock was born at Annan in 1721. He lost his sight when very young, but studied for the Ministry and was duly licensed to preach. He was the author of the Letter to Burns which caused the Poet to give up his idea of going to Jamaica. He died at Edinburgh in 1791.

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain
Ae evening reclined to discover his pain;
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountain to flow;
Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could survey;
Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than they.
Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fire burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.
But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

THE WEDDING DAY.

DR. BLACKLOCK.

One night as young Colin lay musing in bed,
With a heart full of love and a vaporish head;
To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding day:
"What would I give for a wedding day!
Who would not wish for a wedding day!
Wealth and ambition, I'd toss ye away,
With all ye can boast, for a wedding day.

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom implore
One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,
For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone I would pray,
And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day!
Blessed be the approach of my wedding day!
Hail, my dear nymph and my wedding day!
Earth smiles more verdant, and heaven shine more gay!
For happiness dawns with my wedding day."

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides
O'er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,
Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife's mind:
O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!
"Why was I born to a wedding day!
Cursed, ever cursed be my wedding day."
Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,
And dates all his plagues from his wedding day.

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,
Be tought from your freedom to measure your bliss,
Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
And blast all your joys on your wedding day.
Horns are the gift of a wedding day;
Want and a scold crown a wedding day;
Happy and gallant, who, wise when he may
Prefers a stout rope to a wedding day!

ABSENCE.

DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ye rivers so limpid and clear,
Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
All the beauties that vary the year,
All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!
How blest on your banks could I dwell,
Were Marg'ret the pleasures to share,
And teach your sweet echoes to tell
With what fondness I doat on the fair!

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze
As far as the view can extend!
Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend!
Your landscape what joy to survey,
Were Marg'ret with me to admire!
Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,
How majestic the mountains aspire.

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
Or catch as it swells from the grove,
The music that floats on the gale:
Alas! the delusion how vain!
Nor odors nor harmony please
A heart agonizing with pain,
Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
Or the languor of absence to cheer,
Her breath I would catch in the rose,
Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
To cheat my despair of its prey,
What objects her charms can assume!
How harsh is the nightingale's lay
How insipid the rose's perfume!

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
Ye sunbeams around her that play,
Does her sympathy dwell on my care?
Does she number the hour of my stay?
First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear,
Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more
This desolate bosom surprise?
Ye fates! the blest moments restore
When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes;
When with sweet emulation of heart,
Our kindness we struggled to show;
But the more that we strove to impart
We felt it more ardently glow.

TULLOCHGORUM.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

Tullochgorum, pronounced by Burns to be "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw," was written by the Rev. John Skinner, at the house of Mrs. Montgomery in Elion. With a number of friends he had been paying a visit one day to this lady, when a political dispute arose among the guests as to the different merits of the Whigs and Tories. To end the discussion, which had become more personal than polite, the hostess called upon Mr. Skinner to change the subject, by suggesting some appropriate words to the famous tune—"The Reel of Tullochgorum." Mr. Skinner at once proceeded to comply with her request, and in a short time produced the song which has since become so popular everywhere, and which received from Burns the highest praise ever bestowed by him on any song. Tullochgorum was first printed in the *Scots Weekly Magazine*, for April, 1776. The name of the composer of the tune is unknown. Mr. Stenhouse says "it is derived from an old Scottish song tune, printed in *Craig's Collection* in 1730," and nothing further has been learned concerning it. It makes very little difference, however, who composed the tune, as it is the words of the song which has made it so great a favorite with the people, and it will undoubtedly continue to be a favorite for centuries to come. The name of the Rev. John Skinner is held in high esteem in many lands beyond Scotland wherein his countrymen have settled. He was born at Balfour, near Aberdeen, on October 3, 1721, and officiated as pastor of the Episcopal Chapel at Longside for upwards of sixty-five years. He kept up a regular correspondence with Burns for some years, and in one of his letters to the poet, when he had reached the age of sixty-six, we find him writing on the subject of Scottish song: "While I was young I dabbled a good deal in these things; but on getting the black gown I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favorite tunes, and so extorted these effusions which have made a public appearance, beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intents; at the same time, I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I always wish to see respected." Shortly after the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745–6, Mr. Skinner, not having subscribed to the oath of allegiance, was imprisoned for six months in Aberdeen for preaching to more than four persons at a time. Besides his songs and poems, Mr. Skinner was the author of an "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," in two large volumes, and a number of theological tracts and essays. These were all published in a complete form a short time after his death, which took place at Aberdeen, on June 16, 1807. He had reached the venerable age of eighty-six, and had realized his wish of "once more seeing his children's grandchildren and peace upon Israel." His remains were interred at Longside, where a handsome monument has since been erected to his memory.

Come, gie 's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what was done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum 's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
And mak' a happy quorum;
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath tae draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?

I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them;
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like old philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessing aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane sae, Wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum!

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

"These verses," says Mr. Stenhouse, "are adapted to a lively Highland reel of considerable antiquity, which received its name from a ewie of a very different breed—namely, the whisky-still, with its crooked or rather spiral apparatus."

O, WERE I able to rehearse,
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn!
A' that kenn'd her would hae sworn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upon hip or heel;
Her crookit hornie did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man need e'er ha'e wish'd;
For, silly thing, she never miss'd
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock;
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I ga'e to Jean; and now
The bairn's sae braw, has faulds sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her;
Ance she lay an ouk and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kale for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But teezed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,
Lest mishanter should come ower her,
Or the foumart micht devour her,
Gin the beastie bide awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can tell o't without greeting?)
A villain cam', when I was sleeping.
Staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,
And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
There I fand her crookit horn,
But my ewie was awa'.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
I ha'e sworn as weel as said it,
Although the laird himsell forbid it,
I sall gi'e his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn:
At e'en I had baith ewe and horn,
Safe steekit up; but, 'gain the morn,
Baith ewe and horn were stown awa'.

A' the claes that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and hers sae aft was shorn;
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa'.

O, had she died o' croup or cauld.
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It hadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o' us a'.

But thus, puir thing, to loose her life,
Beneath a bluidy villain's knife;
In troth, I fear that our gudewife
Will never get abune 't ava.

O, all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Frae us stown, and fell'd and a'!

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

When I began the world first,
It was not as 'tis now,
For all was plain and simple then,
And friends were kind and true.

O! the times, the weary, weary times,
The times that I now see,
I think the world's all gone wrong,
From what it used to be.

There were not then high capering heads,
Prick'd up from ear to ear,
And cloak, and caps were rarities
For gentle folks to wear.

O! the times, &c.

There's not an upstart mushroom now,
But what sets up for taste,
And not a lass in all the land
But must be lady-drest.

O! the times, &c.

Our young men married then for love,
So did our lasses too,
And children loved their parents dear
As children ought to do.

O! the times, &c.

For O! the times are sadly chang'd,
A heavy change indeed!
For truth and friendship are no more,
And honesty is fled.

O! the times, &c.

There's nothing now prevails but pride
Among both high and low,
And strife, and greed, and vanity,
Is all that's minded now.

O! the times, &c.

When I look through the world wide,
How times and fashions go,
It draws the tears from both my eyes,
And fills my heart with woe.

O! the times, the weary, weary times,
The times that I now see,
I wish the world were at an end,
For it will not mend for me.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the marquis' reel discreetly,
Here we are a band completely
Fitted to be jolly.
Come, my boys, blythe and gawcie,
Every youngster choose his lassie,
Dance wi' life and be not saucy,
Shy nor melancholy.
Come, my boys, &c.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumlie faces,
Look about and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted:
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
Time enough to come camsterry,
When we're auld and doited.
Now's the season, &c.

Butler, put about the claret,
Through us a' divide and share it,
Gordon Castle weel can spare it,
It has claret plenty:
Wine's the true inspiring liquor,
Draffy drink may please the vicar,
When he grasps the foaming bicker,
Vicars are not dainty.
Wine's the true inspiring liquor, &c.

We'll extol our noble master,
Sprung from many a brave ancestor,—
Heaven preserve him from disaster,
So we pray in duty.
Prosper, too, our pretty duchess,
Safe from all distressful touches,
Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
Long in health and beauty.
Prosper, too, our pretty duchess, &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,
Sturdy, like the heir of Troy,
Stout and brisk and healthy.
Pallas grant him every blessing,
Wit and strength, and size increasing,
Plutus, what's in thy possessing,
Make him rich and wealthy.
Pallas grant him every blessing, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
In refined and worthy measure:
Merit gain him choicest treasure,
From the Royal donor:
Famous may he be in story,
Full of days and full of glory;
To the grave, when old and hoary,
May he go with honor!
Famous may he be in story, &c.

Gordons, join our hearty praises,
Honest, though in homely phrases,
Love our cheerful spirit raises,
Lofty as the lark is:
Echo, waft our wishes daily,
Through the grove and through the alley
Sound o'er every hill and valley,
Blessings on our Marquis.
Echo, waft our wishes, &c.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

DAVID MALLET,

"Invermay is a small woody glen, watered by the rivulet May, which there joins the river Earn. It is about five miles above the bridge of Earn, and nearly nine from Perth. The seat of Mr. Belsches, the proprietor of this poetical region, and who takes from it his territorial designation, stands at the bottom of the glen. Both sides of the little vale are completely wooded, chiefly with birches; and it is altogether, in point of natural loveliness, a scene worthy of the attention of the amatory muse. The course of the May is so sunk among rocks, that it cannot be seen, but it can easily be traced in its progress by another sense. The peculiar sound which it makes in rushing through one particular part of its narrow, rugged, and tortuous channel, has occasioned the descriptive appellation of the *Humble-Bumble* to be attached to that quarter of the vale. Invermay may be at once and correctly described as the fairest possible little miniature specimen of cascade scenery."—*Chambers.*

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

THE LAWLANDS OF HOLLAND

ANNONYMOUS.

Said to have been composed by a young widow in Galloway whose husband was drowned while on a voyage to Holland about the year 1700.

The luve that I had chosen,
  I'll therewith be content,
The saut sea will be frozen
  Before that I repent;
Repent it will I never
  Until the day I dee,
Tho' the lawlands o' Holland
  Ha'e twined my luve and me.

My luve lies in the salt sea,
  And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart
  Wha lately was a bride;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,
  And pleasure in her e'e;
But the lawlands o' Holland
  Ha'e twined my luve and me.

My luve he built a bonnie ship,
  And sent her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
  To bear her companie;
Threescore gaed to the bottom,
  And threescore died at sea,
And the lawlands o' Holland
  Ha'e twined my luve and me.

My luve has built anither ship,
  And sent her to the main,
He had but twenty mariners,
  And a' to bring her hame;
The stormy clouds did roar again,
  The raging waves did rout,
And my luve, and his bonnie ship,
  Turn'd widdershins about!

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
  Nae comb come in my hair,
Neither shall coal or candle light
  Shine in my bowit mair;
Nor shall I ha'e anither luve,
  Until the day I dee,
I never lo'ed a luve but ane,
  And he's drown'd in the sea.

O, haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
  Be still and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway,
  Ye need nae sair lament.
O! there is nane in Galloway,
  There 's nane at a' for me,
For I never lov'd a lad but ane,
  And he's drown'd in the sea.

ETTRICK BANKS.

From Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, published in 1725.

On Ettrick banks, ae simmer's night,
At gloamin', when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane.
My heart grew light;—I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck.
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na monie feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye gang
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig o' Earn:
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
There's gear to win ye never saw.

A' day when we ha'e wrought eneugh,
When winter frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my simmer shiel.
Then, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

JOHN LAPRAIK.

"This song," writes Burns, "was the work of a very worthy, facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell, in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, The Ayr Bank." Lapraik was born in 1727, and was well known for many years throughout Ayrshire as a poet of no inconsiderable ability. His fame in this respect, however, became suddenly eclipsed when the poems of Burns began to make their appearance. He composed his one celebrated song "When I upon thy bosom lean," while he was confined in the debtor's prison at Ayr. It was addressed to his wife, and is certainly a very affectionate little piece of lyrical poetry. It happened to be sung at a country "gathering" or "rocking" one day while Burns was present, and he was so enraptured with the sweetness of it, and so anxious to become personally acquainted with its author, that he immediately addressed an epistle to Lapraik, in which he says:

> "On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin'
> To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
> And there was muckle fun and jokin',
> Ye need nae doubt;
> At length we had a hearty yokin'
> At sang about.
>
> There was ae sang, amang the rest,
> Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
> That some kind husband had addrest
> To some sweet wife:
> It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
> A' to the life."

The two poets met soon afterwards and continued the best of friends until the death of Burns in 1796. Lapraik published at Kilmarnock, in 1788, a small volume of his poems and songs, and this volume has now become very scarce. He was appointed post-master for the village of Muirkirk when he was well up in years, and died while still holding that position in the eightieth year of his age.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain.

A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin' kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? it's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please.
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye, when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
And, if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

DR. AUSTIN.

"These words were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician at Edinburgh. He had courted a lady to whom he was shortly to be married; but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage which were accepted of, and she jilted the doctor."—*Burns.*

For lack of gold she has left me, O,
And of all that's dear she's bereft me, O;
She me forsook for Athole's duke,
And to endless woe she has left me, O.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part—
For glittering show she has left me, O.
No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me, O.
Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessing be her share,
Though she has ever left me, O.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MISS JANE ELLIOT.

"The Forest" alluded to in the song was a large tract of land situated on the borders of Selkirkshire, Peeblesshire and Lanarkshire, and was for many years the favorite resort of a body of young and skillful archers, the majority of whom bravely met their death with James IV, at the battle of Flodden, A.D. 1513. Hence the name "The Flowers of the Forest." Miss Elliot as authoress of this truely pathetic and pure old Scottish song has earned for herself a name which will be revered as long as the language in which it is written is understood. When it first appeared in the public prints it was looked upon by many people as a ballad of very ancient date, and Sir Walter Scott in introducing it to the readers of his "Minstrelsy" says, "The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the editor that the song was of modern date."

Miss Elliot was a daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. She was born in 1727 and died in 1805.

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting, before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;

Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbin',
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are rinkled and lyart and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae to the order, sent our lads to the border!
The English, for ance, by guile won the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MRS. COCKBURN.

This is a more popular version of this celebrated song and is better known by the title of "I've Seen The Smiling." Mrs. Cockburn was the wife of a well known Edinburgh advocate. She was born in 1712 and figured conspicuously for many years as one of the brightest ornaments in Edinburgh society. Her song, although similar in many respects to Miss Elliot's, does not, however, refer to the heroes who fell at Flodden, but to a financial difficulty in which a number of Selkirk gentlemen at one time became involved. Mrs. Cockburn died in 1794, having survived her husband for over forty years.

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its pleasures and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorn the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning,
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, BART.

Sir Gilbert Elliot was M. P. at one time for Roxburghshire. He was born in 1729 and died in 1777. He was a brother of Miss Jane Elliot, the authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest."

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
Oh, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Oh, what, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

Oh, what, &c.

THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

David Herd was born in 1732, at Cyrus, in Kincardineshire. From his earliest years he was an enthusiastic admirer of old Scottish songs, and was careful to note down any which he heard sung, but could not obtain in a printed form. The *Tea Table Miscellany*, originally published in 1724, became to his mind one of the most valuable books which had ever been compiled, and he pored over it at all hours. In 1769 he published his own collection of "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc." in one volume. This was afterwards enlarged and published in 1776. "The rough, the polished, the rude, the courtly, the pure, the gross, the imperfect and the complete," says Allan Cunningham, "were all welcome to honest and undiscriminating David — he loved them all and he published them all. He seemed to have an art of his own in finding curious old songs; he was not a poet, and could not create them; he was no wizard, and could not evoke them from the dust; yet he had the good fortune to find them and courage to publish them without mitigation or abatement. Whatever contained a vivid picture of old manners, whatever presented a lively image of other days, and whatever atoned for its freedom by its humor, or for its indelicacy by its well-flavored wit, was dear to the good old Scotchman." Herd was for many years a clerk in an accountant's office in Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott says "he was generally esteemed for his shrewd, manly common-sense and antiquarian science." He died in June, 1810, at the age of seventy-eight years. From a notice of his death which appeared in the *Scots' Magazine* for the succeeding month we quote the following sketch: "He was a most active investigator of Scottish literature and antiquities, and enjoyed the friendship of nearly all the eminent artists and men of letters who have flourished in Edinburgh these fifty years. Runciman, the painter, was one of his most intimate friends, and with Ruddiman, Gilbert Stuart, Fergusson and Robert Burns he was well acquainted. His information regarding the history of Scotland was extensive. Many of his remarks have appeared in periodical publications, and the notes appended to several popular works are enriched by materials of his own collecting. He was a man truly of the old school, inoffensive, modest and unambitious, and in an extraordinary degree forming in all these respects a striking contrast to the forward, puffing and ostentatious disposition of the present age."

THERE cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door;
There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
Cam' seeking me to woe.
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
Cam' seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gied him a scone,
To thowe his frozen mou'.

I set him in aside the bink;
I ga'e him bread and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fu'.

Gae, get you gone, you cauldrife wooer,
Ye sour-looking, cauldrife wooer!
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
And there fell he, I trow!

Out cam' the gudeman, and high he shouted;
Out cam' the guidwife, and laigh she louted;
And a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it;
And there lay he I trow!

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd;
Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' befyled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' beguiled;
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!

HERE AWA' THERE AWA', WANDERING WILLIE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

A fragment of an old song.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame!
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my Willie again!

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie;
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame:
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame!
Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

MY WIFE HAD TA'EN THE GEE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
And he would ha'e me down
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
In the neist burrows town.
But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
Sae far the waur for me;
For lang or e'er that I came hame
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I'll tell to you,
That ere the middle o' the night,
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits at the fire-side,
And the tears blind aye her e'e,
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake,
But monie a sad and sour look,
And aye her head she'd shake.
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me?
I'll never do the like again,
If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And, poor wee thing, she grat.
If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'se be the wife
That's never tak' the gee.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Founded on a much older song, called "Johnny Blunt," which appears in the fourth volume of *Johnson's Museum.* "It is a curious circumstance," says Mr. G. F. Graham, "that this song furnished Prince Hoare with the incident of his principal scene in his musical entertainment of 'No Song, No Supper,' acted at Drury Lane, London, 1790 (the music by Storace), and since at all the theaters of the United Kingdom, with great success. It still continues (1854) a favorite on the acting list " The word "huss'fskap," which appears in the third verse, is a contraction for "husswifskep," a very ancient and now obsolete term. A "husswif" was a small bag carried at the side of each woman, containing her needles, thread, thimble and other articles of a similar nature, all ready to be used at a moment's notice; but a "husswifskip" was a small kind of basket used for the purpose of holding oatmeal, and frequently for kneading the same into cakes, etc. We can, therefore, see how the gudewife became so very indignant and emphatic in her refusal to "Get up and bar the door" when she was busy mixing the ingredients in her "husswifskip" for the puddings she was making.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than, O!
When our gudewife got puddings to mak',
And she boil'd them in the pan, O!

The wind blew cauld frae north to south,
And blew in to the floor, O!
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door, O!"

"My hand is in my husswyfskip,
Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
An' it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me, O!"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O!
Whaever spak' the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o' clock at night, O!

And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O!

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black, O!
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

Then said the ane unto the other—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then, O?"
"What ails you at the puddin' broo
That boils into the pan, O?"

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my e'en,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O!"

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

There are four versions of this old song, or ballad, in existence, each differing very slightly from the other. The following version is probably the oldest and the best known.

As I was a walking all alone,
Between a water and a wa',
O there I spied a wee, wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.
His legs were scarce a stathmont's length,
And thick and thimber were his thighs;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a muckle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I could na lift it to my knee.
O wee, wee man, but thou be strong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be;
My dwelling's down at yon bonnie bower,
O will ye go with me and see?

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we cam' to yon bonnie green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.
Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might ha'e been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we cam' to yon bonnie ha';
Where the roof was o' the beaten gowd,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
When we cam' to the stairfoot,
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma';
But in the twinkling of an e'e,
My wee, wee man was clean awa'.

O SAW YE MY FAITHER.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Both the air and the words of this song are very old.

O SAW ye my faither, or saw ye my mither,
Or saw ye my true love John ?

I saw nae your faither, I saw nae your
mither,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars
gi'e nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dang,
He's met wi' some delay that causes
him to stay,
But he will be here ere lang.

The surly auld carle did naething but
snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red,
Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a
word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnny rose, and to the
door he goes,
And gently tirled at the pin,
The lassie taking tent unto the door
she went,
And she open'd and lat him in.

And are ye come at last! and do I
hold you fast!
And is my Johnny true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's
I like mysel',
Sae lang sall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie
beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock proved false, and untrue he
was,
For he crew an hour owre soon:
The lassie thought it day when she
sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

ROBIN IS MY ONLY JO.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Robin is my only jo,
Robin has the art to lo'e,
So to his suit I mean to bow,
Because I ken he lo'es me.
Happy, happy was the shower,
That led me to his birken bower,
Whare first of love I fand the power,
And kend that Robin lo'ed me.

They spake of napkins, spake of rings,
Spake of gloves and kissing strings,
And name a thousand bonnie things,
And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
But I prefer a smack of Rob,
Sporting on the velvet fog,
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me,
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me,
My titty, Mary, said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I or lang be made to see,
That Robin did na lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O sae keen
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly, ye lazy hours away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When "join your hands," Mess John
shall say,
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let every chance unite,
To weigh our love, and fix delight,
And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
Who doubt that Robin lo'es me.
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

The chorus, which Burns characterizes as "truly pathetic," belongs to an old song.

A lass that was laden'd with care,
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I listen'd a while for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn.
Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the day's we ha'e seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
My dear, he would oft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Oh ! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee ?

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Are merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him.

AS I WAS A-WALKING.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

As I was a walking ae May morning,
The fiddlers an' youngsters were making their game,
And their I saw my faithless lover,
And a' my sorrows returned again.
Well since he is gane, joy gang wi' him,
It's ne'er be he shall gar me complain;
I'll cheer up my heart, and I will get anither;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I could na get sleeping yestreen for weeping,
The tears ran down like showers o' rain;
An' had na I got greiting my heart wad a broken;
And O! but love's a tormenting pain.
But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him;
It's never be he that shall gar me complain;
I'll cheer up my heart, and I will get anither;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

When I gade into my mither's new house,
I took my wheel and sat down to spin,
'Twas there I first began my thrift;
And a' the wooers came linking in.
It was gear he was seeking, but gear he'll na get;
And its never be he that shall gar me complain:
For I'll cheer up my heart, and I'll soon get anither;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

A very old song.

In Scotland there lived a humble beggar,
He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,

But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,
And they ga'e him sunkets to rax his wame.

A nivefu' of meal, a handfu' of groats,
A daad of bannock, or herring brie,
Cauld parridge, or the lickings of plates
Wad mak' him as blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
The feint a bit of pride had he,
He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker,
Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
In as good order as wallets could be,
And a lang kail-gooly hang down by his side,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warse,
It happen'd sae that he did die;
And wha do you think was at his late-wake,
But lads and lasses of a high degree.

Some were blythe and some were sad,
And some they play'd at Blind Harrie;
But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
I redd ye, good folks, tak' tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
Vow kimmer, and how do ye?
Up he gat, and ca't her limmer,
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
E'en far frae the companie:
But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
He dunted on the kist the boards did flee:
And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cried, I'm cauld I'm unco cauld;
Fu' fast ran the fock, and fu' fast ran he:
But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie

THE LOVE O' SILLER.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

'Tis na very lang sinsyne,
That I had a lad o' my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
The lass he is courting has siller,
And I ha'e nane at a',
And 'tis nought but the love o' the tocher
That's tane my lad awa'

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad,
Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't mysel',
That should nae say't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife
He'll ne'er ha'e occasion to rue.

I gang aye fu' clean and fu' tosh,
As a' the neighbors can tell,
Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
But sic as I spin mysel';
And when I'm clad in my curtsey,
I think mysel' as braw
As Susie, wi' her pearling,
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd thegither,
And may they live happy for life;
Though Willie now slights me, an's left me,
The chiel he deserves a gude wife.
But, O! I am blythe that I miss'd him,
As blythe as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller,
Would never agree wi' me.

But the truth is, I am aye hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scrant;
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak' use o't,
And there's nane about me shall want:
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld,
I ken when to haud and to gi'e;
But whinging and cringing for siller
Would never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
And he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wad cast up,
To mak' me his partner for life,
If the chiel has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

PATIE'S WEDDIN'.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Nothing is known about the author of this once popular song. It is undoubtedly of an earlier date than *Herd's Collection.* The air used to be sung to some silly verses beginning :

"We'll put the sheep's head in the pat,
Horns and a' thegether," etc.

As Patie cam' up frae the glen,
Drivin' his wedders before him,
He met bonnie Meg ganging hame—
Her beauty was like for to smoore him.
O Maggie, lass, dinna ye ken
That you and I's gaun to be married ?
I had rather had broken my leg,
Before sic a bargain miscarried.

O Patie, lad, wha tell'd ye that ?
I think o' news they've been scanty.
I'm nae to be married the year,
Though I should be courted by twenty!
Now, Maggie, what gars ye to taunt?
Is 't 'cause that I ha'ena a mailen?
The lad that has gear needna want
For neither a half nor a haill ane.

My dad has a gude grey meare,
And yours has twa cows and a filly;
And that will be plenty o' gear:
Sae, Maggie, be na sae ill-willy.
Weel, Patie, lad, I dinna ken;
But first ye maun speir at my daddie;
You're quite as weel born as Ben,
And I canna say but I'm ready.

We ha'e walth o' yarn in clews,
To mak' me a coat and a jimpey,
And plaidin' eneuch to be trews—
Gif I get ye, I shanna scrimp ye!
Now fair fa' ye, my bonnie Meg!
I'se e'en let a smackie fa' on ye:
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband unto ye!

Sae gang your ways hame e'en now;
Mak' ready gin this day fifteen days,
And tell your father fra me,
I'll be his gude-son in great kindness.
Maggie's as blythe as a wran,
Bodin' the blast o' ill weather,
And a' the gaite singin' she ran,
To tell the news to her father.

But aye the auld man cried out,
He'll no be of that mind on Sunday.
There's nae fear o' that quo' Meg;
For I gat a kiss on the bounty.

And what was the matter o' that?
It was naething out o' his pocket,
I wish the news were true,
And we had him fairly bookit.

A very wee while after that,
Wha cam' to our biggin but Patie
Dress'd up in a braw new coat,
And wow but he thocht himsel' pretty!
His bonnet was little frae new,
And in it a loop and a slittie,
To draw in a ribbon sae blue,
To bab at the neck o' his coatie.

Then Patie cam' in wi' a stend;
Cried, Peace be under the biggin!
You're welcome, quo' William, Come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the riggin'!
Now draw in your seat, and sit doun,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry:
And haste ye, Meg, and be dune,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is nae thrang;
Yestreen I was wi' his honor;
I've ta'en three rigs o' braw land,
And bound myself under a bonor;
And, now, my errand to you,
Is for Maggie to help me to labor;
But I'm fear'd we'll need your best cow,
Because that our haddin's but sober.

Quoth William, To harl ye through,
I'll be at the cost o' the bridal,
I'se cut the craig o' the ewe,
That had amaist dee'd o' the side-ill:
And that'll be plenty o' bree,
Sae lang as our well is na reested,
To a' the neebors and you;
Sae I think we'll be nae that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do well,
And I'll gie you your brose i' the mornin',
O' kail that was made yestreen,
For I like them best i' the forenoon.
Sae Tam, the piper, did play;
And ilka ane danced that was willin';
And a' the lave they rankit through;
And they held the wee stoupie aye fillin'.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd;
And when that the carles grew nappy,
They danced as well as they dow'd
Wi' a crack o' their thooms and a happie.
The lad that wore the white band,
I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,
He took the bride by the hand,
And cried to play up Maggie Lauder.

OUR GOODMAN CAME HAME AT E'EN.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

There are various versions of this old and very humorous song in existence. Mr. Stenhouse says: "Johnson, the publisher of the *Museum*, after several unavailing researches, was at length informed that an old man of the name of Geikie, a hairdresser in the Candlemaker's Row, Edinburgh, sang the verses charmingly and that the tune was uncommonly fine. Accordingly, he and his friend Mr. Clarke took a step to Geikie's lodgings, and invited him to an inn to crack a bottle with them. They soon made him very merry, and on being requested to favor them with the song, he readily complied and sang it with great glee. Mr. Clarke took down the notes, and arranged the song for the *Museum*, in which work the words and music first appeared together in print." It still remains one of the most popular songs in our national collection.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he;
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where nae horse should be.

How came this horse here ?
  How can this be ?
How came this horse here
  Without the leave o' me?

    A horse ! quo' she:
    Ay, a horse, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
  Blind mat ye be,
'Tis naething but a bonny milk cow,
  My minnie sent to me.

    A milk cow! quo' he:
    Ay, a milk cow, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
  And meikle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a cow's back
  Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
  And hame came he;
He spy'd a pair of jackboots,
  Where nae boots should be.

What's this now, goodwife ?
  What's this I see ?
How came these boots there
  Without the leave o' me ?

    Boots! quo' she:
    Ay, boots, quo' he.
Shame fa' your cuckold face,
  And ill mat ye see,
It's but a pair of water stoups
  The cooper sent to me.

    Water stoups! quo' he:
    Ay, water stoups, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
  And farer hae I gane,
But siller spurs on water stoups
  Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
  And hame came he;
And then he saw a siller sword,
  Where a sword should nae be:

What's this now, goodwife ?
  What's this I see ?
O how came this sword here
  Without the leave o' me ?

    A sword! quo' she:
    Ay, a sword, quo' he.
Shame fa' your cuckold face,
  And ill mat ye see,
It's but a parridge spurtle
  My minnie sent to me.

    A parridge spurtle! quo' he:
    Ay, a parridge, spurtle, quo' she.
Weil, far hae I ridden,
  And muckle hae I seen;
But siller-handed spurtles
  Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
  And hame came he;
There he spy'd a powder'd wig,
  Where nae wig should be.

What's this now, goodwife ?
  What's this I see ?
How came this wig here
  Without the leave o' me ?

    A wig! quo' she:
    Ay, a wig quo' he.
Shame fa' your cuckold face,
  And ill mat you see,
'Tis naething but a clocken hen
  My minnie sent to me.

    A clocken hen! quo' he:
    Ay, a clocken hen, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
  And muckle hae I seen,
But powder on a clocken-hen
  Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
  And hame came he;
And there he saw a muckle coat,
  Where nae coat shou'd be.

O how came this coat here?
How can this be ?
How came this coat here
Without the leave o' me ?

A coat! quo' she:
Ay, a coat, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
Blind mat ye be,
It's but a pair of blankets
My minnie sent to me.

Blankets! quo' he:
Ay, blankets, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane.

Ben went our goodman,
And ben went he;
And there he spy'd a sturdy man,
Where nae man should be.

How came this man here?
How can this be ?
How came this man here
Without the leave o' me ?

A man ! quo' she:
Ay, a man, quo' he.
Poor blind body,
And blinder mat ye be,
It's a new milking maid,
My mither sent to me.

A maid! quo' he:
Ay, a maid, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded maidens
I saw never nane.

THE DECEIVER.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

With tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young Watty wan my heart;
A blyther lad ye couldna see,
All beauty without art.
His winning tale
Did soon prevail
To gain my fond belief;
But soon the swain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

Though Colin courts with tuneful sang,
Yet few regard his name;
The lasses a' round Watty thrang,
While Colin's left alane:
In Aberdeen
Was never seen
A lad that gave sic pain;
He daily wooes,
And still pursues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiss,
To silly me undone:
Bonnie Katy,
Maggy, Beaty,
Avoid the roving swain,
His wyly tongue
Be-sure to shun,
Or you like me, or you like me,
Like me will be undone.

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Although this song first appeared in *Herd's Collection* (1776), it is of much older date, as it was known and sung in different parts of Scotland long before the time of Allan Ramsay. Many authorities ascribe it to Alexander Ross, the author of "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," but we can find no proof tending in any way to confirm the report that he was the author of it. We think therefore, that the name of the author is yet to be discovered. As a song it is equal to any of our old favorites, especially our humorous ones. The air is also very popular, and different songs have been written for it, the best of these being "Donald Macdonald," by James Hogg.

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,
And, O, as she dighted her cheeks!
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And have neither blankets nor sheets;
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right muckle ado.
Woo'd, and married, and a',
Married, and woo'd, and a'!
And was she nae very weel off,
That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the pleugh,
O, haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye'se get gear eneugh;
The stirk stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' bawsint yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn—
What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Out spake the bride's mither,
What deil needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.

What's the matter, quo' Willie;
Though we be scant o' claes,
We'll creep the closer thegither,
And we'll smoor a' the fleas;
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get taits o' woo;
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kie;
Poor Willie had ne'er a' ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For you're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise never tak ane i' my life.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire:
But we poor fo'k maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I could get but a man.

FEE HIM, FATHER, FEE HIM, QUO' SHE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

The fine air of "Fee him, father," was a favorite of Burns. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated September, 1793, he says, "I inclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact, he makes it the language of despair. Were it possible in singing to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song."

SAW ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin';
Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin';
Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin';
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,
And his doggie rinnin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;

For he is gallant lad,
  And a weel-doin';
And a' the work about the house,
  Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she
  Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he,
  What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
  And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.
I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
  And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk o' mair fee,
  Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
  Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
  Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
  Weel do I lo'e him.
O, fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
  Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the
    barn,
  And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
  And crack wi' me at e'en.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

"This charming song is much older, and, indeed superior, to Ramsay's verses, 'The Toast,' as he calls them. The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows — a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear:

'Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
  Linkin o'er the lea?

High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
  Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
  That ane may ken her *be? (by)*,'

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song, yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fireside circle of our peasantry, while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection."—*Burns.*

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
  Coming ower the lea?

Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was formed by Nature,
So complete each feature,
  So divine is she!

O! how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me;
  Lest she lo'e nae me.

Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over:
Nature bids me love her;
  That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
  Till I happy be.

For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
  Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her;
Could I but obtain he,
  Happy would I be!

I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
  Till she pity me.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Roslin Castle is situated a few miles southwest from Edinburgh. It stands on an isolated, precipitous rock overlooking the River Esk, and is supposed to have been built about the end of the 11th Century. It is now a mouldering mass of ruins about two hundred feet long and ninety feet broad. The air of the song is undoubtedly very old. It is to be found in *M'Gibbon's Collection of Scotch Tunes*, where it is called "The House of Glamas." The words of the original song have been lost. The present set were probably written after Ramsay's time.

From Roslin castle's echoing walls
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls,
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleasing flame I feel,
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again;
Where lurks my songster? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating, as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.
Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

BIDE YE YET.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Gin I had a wee hoose an' a canty wee fire,
And a bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,
Wi' a bonnie wee yairdie aside a wee burn—
Farewell to the bodies that yaumer and mourn.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang afield an' come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,
Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That 'll cry papa or daddy to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
A difference atween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humor, altho' she be teased,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

The first two verses appeared in *Herd's Collection*, the rest appears in *Johnson's Museum*.

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
She winna be guided by me.

She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She play'd the loon ere she was married,

She play'd the loon ere she was married;
She'll do't again ere she die!

She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
She row'd hersel in a blanket;
She winna be guided by me.

She mind't na when I forbade her,
She mind't na when I forbade her;
I took a rung and I claw'd her,
And a braw guid bairn was she!

THE PLOUGHMAN.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
And a' his wark's at leisure,
And when that he comes hame at e'en,
He kisses me wi' pleasure.

Then up wi't now, my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman;
Of a' the lads that I do fee,
Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming Spring comes on,
He takes his yoking early,
And whistling o'er the furrowed land,
He goes to fallow clearly.

Then up wi't now, &c.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie.

Then up wi't now, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will wash his o'erlay:
I will mak' my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

Merry butt, and merry ben,
Merry is my ploughman,
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
Plough your faugh and fallow,
Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,
Is but a dirty fellow.
Merry butt, and &c.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

From *Herd's MS.* It was also printed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

O GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.

O my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie;
My love's bonnie and fair to see:
Whene'er I look on her well-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysel' a bonnie wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.

O my love's bonnie, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.

O my love's bonnie, &c.

GALA WATER.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

The earliest known version of this very beautiful song.

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
O! braw lads of Gala Water;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her een, and cheerie,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

Ower yon bank, and ower yon brae,
Ower yon moss amang the heather,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom sae drearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood
That gart her greet till she was wearie.

FARE YE WELL MY AULD WIFE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

A fragment of an old song.

And fare ye weel, my auld wife;
Sing bum, bee, berry, bum;
Fare ye weel, my auld wife;
Sing bum, bum, bum.
Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
The steerer up o' sturt and strife,
The maut 's abune the meal the nicht,
Wi' some, some, some.

And fare ye weel, my pike-staff;
Sing bum, bee, berry, bum;
Fare ye weel, my pike-staff;
Sing bum, bum, bum.
Fare ye weel, my pike-staff,
Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff;
The maut 's abune the meal the nicht,
Wi' some, some, some.

OLD KING COUL.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

Old King Coul, according to tradition, flourished in the 5th Century. He was ruler over Coila (Ayrshire).

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
And old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in fiddlers three;
And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,
And a very good fiddler was he:
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,
Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in pipers three:
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle went the pipers three:
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' the land,
Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in harpers three:

Twingle - twangle, twingle - twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the pipers;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' the land,
Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in trumpeters three:
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle - twangle, twingle - twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the pipers;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,
Compared to sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in drummers three:
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers;
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle - twangle, twingle - twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the pipers;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three;
And there's no a lass in a' the land,
Compared to sweet Marjorie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

The Bogie is a stream running through the Valley of Strathbogie, in Aberdeenshire.

According to Doctor Robert Chambers, "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen" does not refer to any "mess connected with the ancient city, but a metaphorical allusion to the faded love-fervors of an aged nobleman who, in spite of years, was presuming to pay his addresses to a young lady."

Cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Strathbogie,
But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,
And never warm the cogie.
The lasses about Bogie gicht,
Their limbs they are sae clean and tight,
That if they were but girded right,
They'll dance the reel o' Bogie.

Wow, Aberdeen, what did you mean,
Sae young a maid to woo, sir?
I'm sure it was nae joke to her,
Whate'er it was to you, sir.
For lasses now are no sae blate
But they ken auld folk's out o' date,
And better playfare can they get
Than custocks in Strathbogie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

The following convivial version of this popular song is alluded to by Burns as an "old song." The name of the author is unknown.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Stra'bogie,
Where ilka lad maun ha'e his lass,
But I maun ha'e my cogie.

For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I widna gi'e my three-gir'd cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie:
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd dook her in a bogie.

For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gi'e my three-gir'd cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa three todlin' weans they ha'e,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses aye his cogie;
Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!
Oh! wae betide the cogie!
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;
And, what the maist did laugh at,
She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gouff'd his haffet,
Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!
Oh, wae betide the cogie,
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie.

Yet here's to ilka honest soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie,
And for ilk silly whinging fool,
We'll dook him in a bogie.
For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gi'e my three-gir'd cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

ALEXANDER, FOURTH DUKE OF GORDON.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Stra'bogie,
Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light:
Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillions the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well;
Mynheer an allemande prances:
In foursome reels the Scots delight;
At threesome's they dance wondrous light,
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blythesome rogie:
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae clean and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun ha'e their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a-while and tak' a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass,
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

DR. A. GEDDES.

The present song has always been a special favorite in Scotland on account of the excellent humor which it displays. Dr. A. Geddes was a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church. He was born at Banff in 1737 and died at London in 1802. He was the author of numerous Theological works, besides a translation of the Sacred Scriptures.

There was a wee bit wifukie, was comin' frae the fair,
Had got a wee bit drappukie, that bred her meikle care,
It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,
O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.
I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,
Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;
But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before that I gae in.
Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.
Wi' a little pack quo' she, wi' a little pack,
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang;
He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa' he ran:
And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee;
Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me,
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee!
And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi' me:
But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunyie be:—
There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is nae me.
This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housukie, but and a kinkly man;
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie; if this be me he'll fawn;
And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly welcome gi'e,
And a' the bairns on the flour-head will dance if this be me.
This is nae me, &c.

The night was late, and dang out weet, and oh but it was dark,
The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark,
Oh when she heard the doggie bark, and keenin' it was he,
Oh weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me
This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran;
Is that you Bessukie?—Wow na, man!
Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be;
And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,
I've gotten sic a fright, Sir, I fear I'll never mend.
My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most piteously,
Oh fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,
How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear, or see!

But things that happen hereabout, so strangely alter'd be,
That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor she,
Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,
Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she.

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and oh! but he was fain,
To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.
He got her sittin on a stool, wi' Tibbuck on her knee:
Oh, come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to me.
For I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and this is now me.
This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,
I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie and this is now me.

LEWIS GORDON.

DR. A. GEDDES.

Lewis Gordon was the third son of the Duke of Gordon. He declared for Prince Charles in 1745, and afterwards escaped to France, where he died in 1754.

OH! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa!
Och hon! my Highland man,
Och, my bonny Highland man;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
Och hon! etc.

The princely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak' him for the god of war.
Och hon! etc.

Oh to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year!
Och hon! etc.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

JOHN EWEN.

John Ewen was born at Montrose in the year 1741. He began business at an early age as a hardware merchant in Aberdeen, and by living in a very moderate style, and marrying a rich woman, he was soon in possession of a large fortune. He died on October 21, 1821, and left a will by which he bequeathed the sum of fifteen thousand pounds towards the building of a hospital or home at Montrose for destitute or poor boys. This will, however, was challenged by his only child, a daughter for whom he had made no provision; and the House of Lords, on various grounds, set it aside in her favor. It is not known at what date or under what circumstances Ewen composed his widely popular and beautiful song "The Boatie Rows." Joanna Baillie wrote some verses of a similar nature for Thomson's collection, but they do not equal the verses by Ewen. They begin:

> "O swiftly glides the bonnie boat
> Just parted from the shore;
> And to the fisher's chorus note
> Soft moves the dripping oar."

Burns says in reference to "The Boatie Rows:" "It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to "There's nae Luck about the House.'"

O WEEL may the boatie row,
And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread!

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
  And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
  And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wishes her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row,
  That fills a heavy creel,
And cleeds us a' frae head to feet,
  And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
  And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
  He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade,
  When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
  And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
  When Jamie gaed awa';
But weel may the boatie row,
  And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
  That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
  Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
  And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
  The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
  And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm
  As we did them before:
Then, weel may the boatie row,
  That wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wish the boat to speed!

BESS THE GAWKIE.

REV. DR. MUIRHEAD.

This was an exceedingly popular song many years ago throughout Scotland. It first appeared anonymously in *Herd's Collection* in 1776. Burns characterized it as "a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scot's taste;" and Allan Cunningham pronounced it "a song of original merit, lively without extravagance, and gay without grossness—the simplicity elegant, and the *naivette* scarcely rivalled." It is certainly a very humorous picture of pastoral life courtship in former days, and in many respects equals and even surpasses a number of Ramsay's best songs on the same subject. The Rev. Dr. Muirhead was minister of the parish of Urr, in Galloway, for over thirty-six years. He was born in 1742 and died in 1806.

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Whare flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
  And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, lass! I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak' a care,
Nor about Jamie tak' a care,
  For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blytheness in his face
  Out owre the muir to Maggie?
I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss:
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
  "That Bess was but a gawkie.

"For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense.
She'll gi'e a score without offence;
Now gi'e me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie."

'O Jamie, ye ha'e monie ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa when we do meet again,
So ne'er think me a gawkie.'
"Ah, na, lass, that canna be;
Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
Or onie thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet:
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
"O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I cam' by your gown sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew."
Quoth she, 'that's like a gawkie;

'It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came
And tell it to your dawtie.'
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek:
He cried, "O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gade owre the muir they sang,
The hills and dales wi' echo rang,
The hills and dales wi' echo rang,
"Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

ISABEL PAGAN.

This once popular song was written by Isabel Pagan, about the year 1773, and is the only composition of this peculiar woman that ever gained any celebrity. She was born in New Cumnock, Ayrshire, in 1743, and received only the most meagre rudiments of education. She supported herself partly by singing and partly by begging. Most of her time, however, she devoted to writing verses, which, strange to say, with the exception of "Ca the Yowes to the Knowes," possess neither talent nor beauty. In 1805 she published a small volume of Rhymes, which proved a complete failure in every respect. She died in 1821, aged 80 years, and was buried in the little parish church yard of Muirkirk, where a simple tombstone now marks her resting-place. Burns admired the air of this song so much that he composed a new set of words to it, retaining, however, the original chorus. His version commences.

"Hark! the mavis' evening sang."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad;
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.

"Will ye gang down the water side,
An' see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fa' clearly.

"Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon to thy white feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie."

"If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie."

"While water wimples to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sa-hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye shall be my dearie."

ROSLIN CASTLE.

RICHARD HEWITT.

This beautiful and popular song was first published in *Johnson's Museum*. A song with a similiar title beginning "From Roslin castles' echoing walls," appears in Herd's collection. Richard Hewitt was a native of Cumberland. When very young he was engaged by the blind poet Dr. Blacklock to act as his guide and amanuensis. He died in 1794.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay,
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake sweet muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song,
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away,
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away,
Come while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine,
O hither haste, and with thee bring,
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

THE SILLER CROWN.

MISS SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

Susanna Blamire was born at Carden Hall about six miles from Carlisle on the 12th of January, 1747. Mr. Maxwell, her biographer, says: "She had a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance, though slightly marked with the small-pox, beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen, 'A bonnie and varra lish young lass,' which may be interperted as meaning 'A beautiful and very lively young girl.'" She died at Carlisle on the 5th of April, 1794, aged forty-seven.

And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride
Nor think o' Donald mair.
Oh! wha wad buy a silken goun
Wi' a puir broken heart;
Or what's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my love I part?

The mind wha's every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and dee;
For I hae pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
Could I but think to seek it back
It wad be waur than theft;
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and dee.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE.

MISS SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

"This song," says Mr. Maxwell, "seems to have been a favorite with the authoress for I have met with it in various forms among her papers; and the labor bestowed upon it has been well repaid by the popularity it has all along enjoyed. The edition given, the best that has yet been in type, is printed from a copy of several of her poems and songs, fairly and carefully written out, apparently either for publication or for the perusal of a friend, all which appear to have got her final corrections."

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me turn as cauld as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa'
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy gee.

When I gae oot at een,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushin' bud
I strove mysel' to hide.
I'll dote on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee,
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul
And keep friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part thee and me.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

MISS SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

Gin living worth could win my heart,
You would not speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine;
And oh! what a heart was that to lose;
But I maun no repine.

Yet, oh! gin Heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak' this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave:
And see, his gentle spirit comes,
To show me on my way;
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And, oh, wi' what guid-will,
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead;
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said, and soon a deadly pale,
Her faded cheek possess'd;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat;
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MRS. GRANT, OF CARRON.

Mrs. Grant of Carron (so called to distinguish her from Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, the authoress of "O! Where tell me Where," etc.,) was born in 1745. She died about 1814. The present song was her only popular contribution to the minstrelsy of Scotland and it undoubtedly owed its existence to a much older song which contained the following chorus:

> Silly body, Aldivalloch,
> Puir body, Aldivalloch;
> He lost his hose and baith his shoon,
> Coming through the braes of Balloch.

The two songs, however, are entirely different in the events which they chronicle. The original one refers to a John Roy, who resided in Aldivalloch about the year 1720, and who married Isabella Stewart, also a resident in the neighborhood of Aldivalloch. The story goes that John was an old man, while Isabella was young and beautiful, and sometime after her marriage she became tired of the "silly body" and eloped with David Gordon, a gay and handsome youth of twenty summers, who lived in Kirkton. Roy it is said at once pursued the couple, and after pleading for sometime with his wife, at length persuaded her to return home with him.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony;
But oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

O, she was a canty quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's forever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

ANONYMOUS.

"Awa, Wigs, awa," was evidently written shortly after the accession of William the Third to the British throne. The air to which it is sung is much older than the present set of words, and is still very popular in Scotland. Hogg gives the following note in relation to it in his *Jacobite Relics:* "There is a tradition that at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, the piper to Clavers' own troop of horse stood on the brink of the Clyde playing with great glee; but being struck with a bullet, either by chance or in consequence of an aim taken, as is generally reported, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and always, as he rolled over the bag, so intent was he on this old party tune, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes to yell out two or three notes of it, till at last he plunged into the river and was carried peaceably down the stream among a great number of floating whigs."

Awa, Whigs, awa,
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.
Our thristles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in kirk and state
Surpasses my descriving;
The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,
And we ha'e done wi' thriving.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds
In Scottish yird to cover,
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't;
And write their names i' his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the Wigs the power o't.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!
Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil he heard the stoure o' tongues,
And ramping cam' amang us;
But he pittied us sae curs'd wi' Whigs,
He turn'd and wadna wrang us.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil sat grim amang the reck,
Thrang buddling brunstane matches
And croon'd 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.

Awa, Whigs, awa,
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,
Awa, Whigs, awa.

LADY KEITH'S LAMENT.

ANONYMOUS.

Supposed to refer to Lady Mary Drummond, wife of Lord Keith. "She was so strongly attached to the exiled family," says Hogg, "that, on the return of her two sons to Scotland, she would never suffer them to enjoy any rest till they engaged actively in the cause of the Stuarts."

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,
At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;
I may think on the day that's gane,
And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook
A foreign loon to own or flatter;
But I will sing a ranting sang,
That day our king comes ower the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
That I ha'e begg'd, and begg'd frae Heaven,
I'll fling my rock and reel away,
And dance and sing frae morn till even:
For there is ane I winna name,
That comes the reigning bike to scatter;
And I'll put on my bridal gown,
That day our king comes ower the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and grey,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter?
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
That day our king comes ower the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver.
My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
That day our king comes ower the water.

WELCOME TO SKYE.

ANONYMOUS.

It was in South Uist that Prince Charles first met Flora Macdonald, the woman to whom he was afterwards indebted for the preservation of his life. She was related to the great Clanronald family and was then on a visit to the chief's house at Ormaclade. To this heroic woman Prince Charles entrusted his safety, and disguised as her maid servant, was enabled to pass unrecognized among his foes, until on Sept. 10, 1746, he embarked on board *L' Hereux* for France.

THERE are twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens,
Come over the Minch,
And come over the main,
Wi' the wind for their way,
And the corrie for their hame;
Let us welcome them bravely
Unto Skye again.

Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens;
For the night it is dark,
And the red-coat is gone,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

There is Flora, my honey,
So dear and so bonny,
And the one that is tall,
And comely withal;
Put the one as my king,
And the other as my queen,
They're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.

Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens;
For the lady of Macoulain
She lieth her lane,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

Her arm it is strong,
And her petticoat is long,
My one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens;
But their bed shall be clean,
On the heather mast crain;
And they're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.

Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens;
By the sea-moullit's nest
I will watch o'er the main,
And you're dearly welcome
To Skye again.

There's a wind on the tree,
And a ship on the sea,
My twa bonny maidens,
My three bonny maidens;
On the lee of the rock
Your cradle I shall rock;
And you're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.

Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
My twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens;
More sound shall you sleep,
When you rock on the deep;
And you'll aye be welcome
To Skye again.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

ANONYMOUS.

Another very popular Jacobite song, the words of which were evidently written about 1745. The air, however, is much older than the present set of words, which are taken from the "*Jacobite Relics.*"

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;

I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee
To ferry me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

Its' weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;
But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!
We'll o'er the water, &c.

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, &c.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane;
I bore them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie;

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water, to Charlie;
Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

THE FRASERS IN THE CORREI.

ANONYMOUS.

"Where is your daddy gane, my little May?
Where has our lady been a' the lang day?
Saw you the red-coats rank on the hall green?
Or heard ye the horn on the mountain yestreen?"
"Ye auld carle greybeard, spier na at me;
Gae spier at the maiden that sits by the sea.
The red-coats were here, and it wasna for good,
And the raven's turn'd hoarse wi' the waughting o' blood.

"O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note!
The blood of the Fraser's too hot for his throat,
I trow the black traitor's of Sassenach breed;
They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
When I was a baby, we ca'd him in joke,
The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock;
But now he's our mountain companion no more,
The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore."

"Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death?
The raven's our friend, and he's croaking in wrath:
He will not pick up from a bonnetted head,
Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that's clad.
But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,
Where Foyers, Culduthill, and Gorthaly hides.
There's danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
And seek them alone by the light of the moon."

"Auld carle graybeard, a friend you should be,
For the truth's on your lip, and the tear i' your e'e;
Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,
And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.

I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear:
There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept on the rock.

"O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
Of those who are killing the gallant and great?
Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe?"
"My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun
Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that are done:
Their crimes on the tyrants one day he'll repay,
And the names of the brave shall not perish for aye."

UP AN' WARN A', WILLIE.

ANONYMOUS.

"The expression, '*Up and warn a' Willie,*' alludes to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland Clan to arms. Not understanding this the Lowlanders in the west and south say, '*Up and waur them a'*, &c.' This edition of the song I got from Tom Niel, of facetious fame, in Edinburgh.

> 'Up and warn a' Willie,
> Warn, warn a'
> To hear my canty Highland sang,
> Relate the thing I saw, Willie.' "—*Burns.*

The song is a satire on the battle of Sheriff-Muir, fought Nov. 13, 1715, between the forces of the Royal army under John, Duke of Argyle, and those of the Chevalier under John, Earl of Mar. The right wings of both armies were victorious, and the left wings were completely routed. The air is of unknown antiquity.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
Wi' true design to serve our king,
And banish Whigs awa', Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
And vow but they were braw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then second sighted Sandy said,
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,
The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
Restore our king an' a', Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn, a';
The pipers play'd frae right to left,
O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;
The royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
To hear my canty Highland sang
Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherramuir,
And there the rebels saw, Willie,
Brave Argyle attacked our right,
Our flank and front, and a', Willie.

Up and warn a' Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengarry on our right,
The rebels' left did claw, Willie,

He there the greatest slaughter made
That ever Donald saw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
And Whittam fyl'd his breeks for fear,
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
And swore he'd slay us a', Willie;
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,
Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
At length we rallied on a hill,
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight gaed to Dumblane again,
And back his left did draw, Willie,
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then we to Auchterarder march'd
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye speir wha wan the day,
I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For second sighted Sandy said
We'd do nae good at a', Willie.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

ANONYMOUS.

What's a' the steer, Kimmer?
What's a' the steer?
Charlie he is landed,
An', haith, he'll soon be here.
The win' was at his back, Carle,
The win' was at his back;
I carena, sin' he's come, Carle,
We were na worth a plack.
I'm right glad to hear't, Kimmer,
I'm right glad to hear't;
I ha'e a gude braid claymore,
Sin' Charlie he is landed,
We ha'e nae mair to fear;
Sin' Charlie he is come, Kimmer,
We'll ha'e a Jub'lee year.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR!

ANONYMOUS.

At no time did the Jacobites lose sight of, or turn from the exiled Stuart family. The following song, written about the year 1710, shows the manner in which they used to assemble and openly drink the health of him who was "Ower the Hills and Far Awa'," without making themselves liable to be arrested on a charge of treason.

Here's to the king, sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, sir,
And to every honest man,
That will do't again!
Fill, fill your bumpers high,
Drain, drain your glasses dry,
Out upon him, fye! oh, fye!
That winna do't again!

Here's to the chieftains
Of the Scots Highland clans!
They hae done it mair than ance,
And will do't again.

When you hear the trumpet sound
Tuttie taittie to the drum,
Up your swords, and down your guns,
And to the rogues again!

Here's to the King of Swede,
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Fye on every sneaking blade,
That winna do't again!

But to mak things right now,
He that drinks maun fight too,
To shew his heart's upright too,
And that he'll do't again!

Sometimes the following verse was added:

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see,
Here's to the king
And the guid companie!

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

ANONYMOUS.

"This is one of the numerous editions of 'Welcome, royal Charlie,' which were so popular about the time of the Prince's landing. It alludes to the reception which Charles met with from Lochiel and others immediately after that event.—*Note to Jacobite Minstrelsy.*

WHEN France had her assistance lent,
A royal prince to Scotland sent;
Then to the north his course he bent,
His name was royal Charlie.

But, O! he was lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming;
O! he was lang o' coming;
Welcome, royal Charlie.

When he upon the shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down and shook him by the hand,
And welcomed royal Charlie.

O! ye've been lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming;
O! he was lang o' coming,
Welcome royal Charlie.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had,
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;
And O he was a handsome lad,
Few could compare wi' Charlie.
But O! he was lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming;
O! he was lang o' coming,
Welcome, royal Charlie.

WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE.

ANONYMOUS.

O WHA's for Scotland and Charlie?
O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea
To his ain countrie;
Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
Awa', awa', auld carlie.
Awa', awa', auld carlie,
Gi'e Charlie his crown,
And let him sit down,
Whare ye've been sae lang, auld carlie.

It's up in the morning early,
It's up in the morning early,
The bonnie white rose;
The plaid and the hose,
Are on for Scotland and Charlie.
The swords are drawn now fairly,
The swords are drawn now fairly,
The swords they are drawn,
And the pipes they ha'e blawn
A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,
The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,
And Charlie's awa'
To see his ain ha',
And to bang his faes right sairly.
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea
To his ain countrie;
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

ANONYMOUS.

From Hogg's "Jacobite Relics."

Mr. D. F. Graham in his edition of the "Songs of Scotland" (Edinburgh, 1854), has the following note on this song. "Hogg does not say whether this lyric was sent to him as a real Jacobite war-song, written to rouse the clans to follow their Prince into the field, or whether it is merely a modern imitation. Internal evidence would lead us to the belief that its composition dates much nearer to 1845 than to 1745. To be an old song it is too correct in rhymes, too refined in language, and it wants that characteristic of the Jacobite muse — unsparing abuse of the House of Hanover."

WHA wadna fight for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally,
At their royal prince's word?

Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
Think on foreign foes repell'd
Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.
Wha wadna, &c.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your prince that leads you forth!
Wha wadna, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna, &c.

See the nothern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broad-swords glancing,
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Who wadna, &c.

Now our prince has rear'd his banner;
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies;
Let us strike for prince and laws.
Wha wadna, &c.

FALKIRK MUIR.

ANONYMOUS.

UP and rin awa, Hawley,
Up and rin awa, Hawley;
The philabegs are coming down
To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley;
Young Charlie's face at Dunipace,
Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley;
A blasting sight for bastard wight,
The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.
Up and rin awa, &c.

Gae dight your face, and turn the chase,
For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley;
And Highland Geordie's at your tail,
Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.
Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
An hour, or maybe twa, Hawley,
Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,
Ye might hae sav'd them a', Hawley.
Up and rin awa, &c.

Whene'er you saw the bonnets blue
Down frae the Torwood draw, Hawley,
A wisp in need did you bestead,
Perhaps you needed twa, Hawley.
And General Husk, that battle-busk,
The prince o' warriors a', Hawley,
With whip and spur he cross'd the furr,
As fast as he could ca', Hawley.
Up and rin awa, &c.

I hae but just ae word to say,
And ye maun hear it a', Hawley;
We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
And nae to Hunt ava, Hawley.
When we came down aboon the town,
And saw nae faes at a', Hawley,
We couldna, sooth! believe the truth,
That ye had left us a', Hawlay.
Up and rin awa, &c.

Nae man bedeen believ'd his een,
Till your brave back he saw, Hawley,
That bastard brat o' foreign cat
Had neither pluck nor paw, Hawley,
We didna ken but ye were men
Wha fight for foreign law, Hawley,
Gae fill your wame wi' brose at hame,
It fits you best of a', Hawley.
Up and rin awa, &c.

The very frown o' Highland loon,
It gart you drap the jaw, Hawley,
It happ'd the face of a' disgrace,
And sicken'd Southron maw, Hawley.
The very gleam o' Highland flame,
It pat ye in a thaw, Hawley,
Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss;
Ye're nought but coward's a', Hawley.
Up and scour awa, Hawley,
Up and scour awa, Hawley;
The Highland dirk is at your doup,
And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

YOU'RE WELCOME WHIGS.

ANONYMOUS.

Composed about 1688.

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs,
Your malice is but zeal, boys;
Most holy sprites the hypocrites,
'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys
I must aver, ye cannot err,
In breaking God's commands, boys
If ye infringe bishops' or kings',
You've heaven in your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
And steep the land wi' blood, boys;
If secretly your treachery
Be acted, it is good, boys.
The fiend himsel', in midst o' hell,
The pope, with his intrigues, boys,
You'll equalize in forgeries;
Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,
To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys;
Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
And bless and not blaspheme, boys.
Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
In zealous ladies' closets;
Your wits convert by Venus' art;
Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
Her members on the vale, boys,
For hornéd beasts the truth attest;
That live in Annadale, boys.
But if one drink, or shrewdly think
A bishop ere was savéd,
No charity from presbytrye,
For that need once be cravéd.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
And act all kinds of evil,
Your covenant makes you a saint,
Although you live a devil.
From murders, too, as soldiers true,
You are advancéd well, boys;
You fought like devils, your only rivals,
When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
You kill'd more than you saw, boys;
At Pentland hills ye got your fills,
And now you seem to craw, boys.
Let wabsters preach, and ladies teach
The art of cuckoldry, boys,
When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
Then welcome presbytrye, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
You're decking with good speed, boys;

If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,
And then have at his head, boys.
You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
To drink your last confusion,
That grace and truth we may possess
Once more without delusion.

CARLE AN' THE KING COME.

ANONYMOUS.

"Carle an' the King come" is supposed to have been written about the time of the Commonwealth, when the restoration of King Charles II was being advocated by nearly all classes of people. The second stanza was added to the song by Burns, The air is very old and still popular. Sir Walter Scott wrote a congratulatory poem commencing "Carle now the King's Come" on the occasion of the visit of George IV to Scotland, in 1822, and Alexander Rodger rather hurt the sensitive feelings of Sir Walter by writing a bitter satire on this, entitled "Sawney, now the King's Come."

Carle, an' the king come,
Carle, an' the king come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, an' the king come.
An' somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ev'ry man shall ha'e his ain,
Carle, an' the king come.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse,
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carle, an' the king come.
When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
Carle, an' the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
Carle, an' the king come.
Cogie, an' the king come,
Cogie, an' the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
Cogie, an' the king come.

I HA'E NAE KITH; I HA'E NAE KIN.

ANONYMOUS.

"This is a very sweet and curious little old song, but not very easily understood. The air is exceedingly simple, and the verses highly characteristic of the lyrical songs of Scotland."—*Hogg's Jacobite Relics.*

I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea.
He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
And we may rue the day,
When our king's ae daughter came here,
To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see;
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame.
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
Shall blaw our good king hame
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I darena name!

BATTLE OF KILLICRANKIE.

ANONYMOUS.

The battle of Killicrankie was fought on July 17, 1689, in a small, rough vale in the North Highlands, between nearly three thousand Highlanders, under Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee (Bonnie Dundee) and the English army of King William the Third, five thousand strong, under the command of General Hugh Mackay. The battle was of short duration, and resulted in the total defeat of King William's army; but the death of Claverhouse, who was mortally wounded early in the fight, rather confused the Highlanders and prevented them from taking advantage of the great victory which they had obtained. "The battle of Killicrankie," says Burns, "was the last stand made by the Clans for James after his abdication. Here Dundee fell in the moment of victory, and with him fell the hopes of the party. General Mackay, when he found the Highlanders did not pursue his flying army, said: 'Dundee must be killed, or he never would have overlooked this advantage.' A great stone marks the spot where Dundee fell." The remains of Claverhouse were interred in the burial vault of Blair-Athole church.

Clavers and his Highland men,
  Came down upon the raw, man,
Who, being stout, gave many a clout,
  The lads began to claw then,
With sword and targe into their hand,
  Wi' which they were na slaw, man,
Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
  The lads began to claw, then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
  She flang amang them a', man;
The Butter-box got mony knocks,
  Their riggings paid for a' then.
They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
  Which to their grief they saw, man;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns.
  The lads began to fa' then.

Her skipt about, her leapt about,
  And flung amang them a', man;
The English blades got broken heads,
  Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The durk and door made their last hour,
  And prov'd their final fa', man;
They thought the devil had been there,
  That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant,
  Cam whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
  For to subscribe their bills then:
In Willie's name they thought nae ane
  Durst stop their course at a', man,
But her nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,
  Cried, "Furich, whigs awa', man."

Sir Even-Dhu, and his men true,
  Came linking up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
  They bred a horrid stink then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
  Came in amang them a', man;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
  All fled and ran awa' then.

Och on a ri, och on a ri,
  Why should she lose King Shames, man?
Och rig in di, och rig in di,
  She shall break a' her banes then;
With *furichinish*, and stay a-while,
  And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gi' a straik out o'er the neck,
  Before ye win awa, then.

O fy for shame, ye'er three for ane,
  Her nane-sell's won the day, man;
King Shames' red coats should be hung up,
  Because they ran awa' then:

Had bent their brows, like Highland
trues,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred
thing,
And Willie'd run away then.

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

ANONYMOUS.

"This song belongs to the times which compose the subject of it, and it is written with considerable spirit. The imputation on the men of the isles is, however, too general, for even those gentlemen who refused, upon principle, to join the standard of Charles, had no wish that he should be captured; but on the contrary, many of them afterwards secretly lent themselves to his escape. If suspicion rested upon anyone it was only on the Laird of McLeod, who wrote to Macdonald of Kingsborough, desiring him, if the Prince fell in his way to deliver him up, and saying that he would thereby do a service to his country. But Kingsborough acted a very different part; for he lodged the Prince hospitably in his house, and did not leave him till he saw him safely out of the reach of his enemies. For this he was afterwards taken up and imprisoned in a dungeon at Fort Augustus, where, being examined by Sir Everard Falkner, he was put in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making the fortune of himself and his family forever. To which Kingsborough indignantly replied, 'No, Sir Everard, death would have been preferable to such dishonor. But at any rate, had I gold and silver, piled heaps on heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, the vast mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast, from doing what I have done.' This gentleman was afterwards removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept close prisoner for a year, nobody being permitted to see him but the officer upon guard, the sergeant and the keeper, which last was appointed to attend him as a servant. When the act of grace was passed he was discharged."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

Royal Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will ye no come back again?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak' the band o' nature's law;
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa.
Will he no come back again? &c.

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
And bed beneath the birken tree;
The bush that hid him on the plain,
There's none on earth can claim
but he.
Will he no come back again? &c.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e'ening sinking down,
Or merle that makes the woods to
ring,
To me they hae nae ither soun'
Than, Will he ne'er come back
again, &c.

Mony a gallant soder fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa';
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.
Will he no come back again? &c.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Lifting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o'ercome o' the sang
Is, "Will he no come back again?"
Will he no come back again? &c.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

ANONYMOUS.

This is one of the most popular of the Jacobite songs. The following anecdote is related of Sir Walter Scott in connection with it. When in Italy for his health, and clambering up a rugged pathway in the neighborhood of Mount Vesuvius, he was observed by Sir William Gell, his medical attendant, to be speaking to himself. Anxious to find what the dying minstrel was saying, the physican listened and in place of being regaled with something connected with the classic land in which they were journeying, he was surprised to hear the last stanza of this song come gushing fresh from the fountain of Sir Walter's heart.

> "It's up yon heathery mountain,
> And down yon scraggy glen,
> We daurna gang a-milking,
> For Charlie and his men."

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town.
The young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass,
The window looking through.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel,
To let the laddie in!
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

He sat his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawley weel he kenn'd the way
To please a bonnie lass.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scraggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.

ANONYMOUS.

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,
O wae light on his sulky snout!
A pawky sow has found him out,
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail is till him yet,
A sow's birse will kill him yet,
The sow's tail is till him yet,
The sow's tail to Geordie.

It's Geordie he came up the town,
Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown;
"Aha!" quo' she, I'll pull them down,
And turn my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,
And wi' the sow to take a prance,
And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie be gaed out to hang,
The sow came round him wi' a bang:
"Aha!" quo' she, "there's something wrang;
I'll turn my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,
But Geordie fell and brake his face:
"Aha!" quo' she, "I've won the race,
And turn'd my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine,
And wha came in but Madam Swine?
"Grumph! Grumph!" quo' she, "I'm come in time,
I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he lay down to die;
The sow was there as weel as he!

"Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's no for me,"
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,
She mumpit round and ran away:
"Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's done for aye,"
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL.

ANONYMOUS.

"There can be little doubt but this song, denominated *The Chevalier's Muster Roll*, has been made and sung about the time when the Earl of Mar raised the standard for King James in the North; but it is so far from being a complete list, that many of the principal chiefs are left out, as Athol, Broadalbine, Ogilvie, Keith, Stuart, &c., &c. It therefore appears evident to me, that it has been adapted for some festive meeting where all the names of those present were introduced, without regard to the others; and I have not the least doubt that every name mentioned in the song applied to some particular person, though it is impossible at this distance of time, to trace each one with certainty." — *Hogg*.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
Alaster and a's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Ilka dunywastle's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillivray and a's coming,

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Forster's coming,
Widdrington and Nairn's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blithe Cowhill and a's coming.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie an' M'Donald's coming,
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craw's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig:
They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds
For mony a buttock bare's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam an' a's coming.

THE PIPER CAME TO OUR TOWN.

ANONYMOUS.

"The hero of this song is supposed to have been Carnegie of Phinhaven, celebrated as the best flier from the field of Sherriffmuir, namely —

> 'The laird of Phinhaven, who swore to be even
> Wi' ony general or peer o' them a', man.'

He was a very active partizan of the Stuart party for a while, but afterwards became notorious for deserting the cause, and of course incurred all the odium usually attached to the character of a turncoat. The song evidently refers to some meeting held at Amulrie, a village in Perthshire, no doubt with a view to ascertain the feelings of individuals towards the cause, and fix their intentions." — *Note, Jacobite Minstrelsy*.

THE piper came to our town,
To our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town,
And he played bonnilie.
He played a spring the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae yont the seas;
And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze,
And played anither key.
And wasna he a roguey,
A roguey, a roguey,
And wasna he a roguey,
The piper o' Dundee?

He played "The welcome ower the main,"
And "Ye'es be fou and I'se be fain,"
And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
He played "The Kirk," he played "The Quier,"
"The Mullin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang awa', but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was taen
That night at Amulrie!
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?

GEORDIE SITS IN CHARLIE'S CHAIR.

ANONYMOUS.

Composed shortly after the close of the Rebellion of 1745-6. It contains humor and satire and enmity almost in every verse, and will always be numbered among the finest specimens of the Jacobitical muse. It is evidently one of the numerous songs inspired by the barbarities which were inflicted upon the Highlanders by the Duke of Cumberland's army after the battle of Culloden.

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Deil tak' him gin he bide there,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Weel ye ken it is his own,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wha took frae him the British crown,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
But leeze me on the kilted clans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That fought for him at Preston pans,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?
Cumberland's awa to hell,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
When he came to the Stygian shore,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
The deil himsel' wi' fright did roar,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

When Charon grim came out to him,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
"Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb!"
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat on him a philabeg,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And into him they ca'd a peg,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie:
The deils ne're saw sic sport before,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They took him neist to Satan's ha',
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
To lilt it wi' his grandpapa,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

Riving sticks to roast the duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They put him neist upon a spit,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And roasted him baith head and feet,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi' scalding brunstane and wi' fat,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
They flamm'd his carcase weel wi' that,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And that's the gate they serv'd the duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

OH! HE'S BEEN LANG O' COMING.

ANONYMOUS.

Another famous Jacobite song.

The youth that should hae been our king,
Was dress'd in yellow, red and green,
A braver lad ye wadna seen,
Than our brave royal Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming,
Oh! he's been lang o' coming,
Welcome royal Charlie.

At Falkirk and at Prestonpans,
Supported by the Highland clans,
They broke the Hanoverian bands,
For our brave royal Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

The valient chief, the brave Lochiel,
He met Prince Charlie on the dale;
Then, Oh! what kindness did prevail,
Between the Chief and Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

O come and quaff along wi' me,
And drink a bumper, three times three,
To him that's come to set us free,
Huzy! rejoice for Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang etc.

We darena brew a peck o' maut,
But Geordie says it is a faut;
And to our kail cannot get saut,
For want of royal Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

Now our good king abroad is gone,
A German whelp now fills the throne,
And whelps it is denied by none,
Are brutes compared to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

Now our good king is turned awa',
A German whelp now rules us a',
And tho' we're forc'd against our law,
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

If we had but our Charlie back,
We wadna fear the German's crack;
Wi' a' his thieving, hungry pack,
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

O, Charlie come and lead the way,
No German whelp shall bear the sway,
Tho' ilka dog maun hae his day;
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

ANONYMOUS.

In *Johnson's Museum* there is but one verse and a half given of this song. The air is very old and was formerly called "The Killogie." Hogg also has a song in his *Jacobite Relics*, entitled "Cakes of Crowdy" to the same air.

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!
Wha in a brulzie will first cry "a parley?"
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie?
Wha cow'd the loons o' England rarely?
And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?"
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha when hope was blasted fairly,
Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?
And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE SIN' JAMIE'S AWA'.

ANONYMOUS.

By Carnousie's auld wa's, at the close of the day,
An auld man was singing, wi' locks thin and grey,
And the burden o' his sang, while the tears fast did fa',
Was, there'll never be peace sin' Jamie's awa'.

Our kirk's gaen either to ruin again,
Our state's in confusion, and bravely we ken,
Tho' we darena weel tell wha's to blame for it a',
And we'll never see peace sin' Jamie's awa'.

Our auld honest master, the laird o' the lan',
He bauldly set off at the head o' the clan,
But the knowes o' Carnousie again he ne'er saw,
An a's gaen to wreck sin' Jamie's awa'.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

ANONYMOUS.

Said to have been composed about the time of the outbreak of 1715.

The auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again,
Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
The Stuarts will be back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock's sowen suds?
We'll whack their hydes and fyle their fuds,
And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
How they'll set up their crack again
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right fraew rang,
And a' that look and think it lang
For auld Stuarts back again.

Were ye wi' me to chace the rae,
Out owre the hills and far away,
And saw the Lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
And mony mae, whatreck, again.
Then what are a' their westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors tack again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
And auld Stuarts back again.

CULLODEN.

ANONYMOUS.

As is well known, the heroic struggle of Prince Charles Edward to regain the throne of his ancestors terminated with the defeat of his army on the field of Culloden. This celebrated battle was fought on April 16, 1746. "It lasted," says Dr. Chambers, "little more than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the Royal army, and any other result would have been very discreditable to the English army. Its numbers and condition for fighting were so superior, their artillery did so much for them, and the plan of battle was so much in their favor that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehavior for which even Prestonpans and Falkirk had not prepared us."

Fair lady, mourn the memory
Of all our Scottish fame!
Fair lady, mourn the memory
Ev'n of the Scottish name!
How proud were we of our young prince,
And of his native sway!
And all our hopes are past and gone,
Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath,
For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,
For freedom or for death.
The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay;
The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
In poverty to pine,
No friend or clansman by thy side,
No vassal that is thine?
Leading thy young son by the hand,
And trembling for his life,
As at the name of Cumberland
He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Turn'd out on the world wide;
I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Weep on the bleak hill side.
Before such noble stem should bend
To tyrant's treachery,
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,
Where honor still bears sway;
I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
By islet and by bay;
And ere thy honor shall be stain'd,
This sword avenge shall thee,
And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
To us can pleasure give?
What is there now in thee, Scotland,
For which we ought to live?
Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
For all that we held dear,
Still have we left a sacrifice
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
Our Southron foes may gall;
The cup is fill'd they yet shall drink,
And they deserve it all.
But there is nought for us or ours,
In which to hope or trust,
But hide us in our fathers' graves,
Amid our fathers' dust.

CURSES.

ANONYMOUS.

A specimen of the terrible hatred entertained by the Jacobites, towards the members of the house of Hanover, and the parties who sanctioned the Union of Scotland with England.

SCOTLAND and England must be now
United in a nation,
And we must all perjure and vow,
And take the abjuration.
The Stuarts' ancient freeborn race,
Now we must all give over;
And we must take into their place
The bastards of Hanover.

Curs'd be the Papists who withdrew
The king to their persuasion;
Curs'd be that Covenanting crew,
Who gave the first occasion.
Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,
And marr'd our Constitution;
And curs'd be they who helpéd on
That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traitorous traitors who
By their perfidious knavery,
Have brought our nation now into
An everlasting slavery.
Curs'd be the Parliament, that day,
Who gave their confirmation;
And curs'd be every whining Whig,
For they have damn'd the nation.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

Hector Macneill was born at Rosebank, near Edinburgh, on the 22d October, 1746. He became in early life a devoted admirer of the muses and soon gave evidence of his own poetical abilities, by producing a drama of considerable power and interest when he was only eleven years of age. His parents were poor, however, and could not afford the means for securing him an education at one of the Universities, as they were urged upon to do, and he was sent in his fourteenth year, to Bristol to engage in the duties of a seafaring life with one of his relatives who traded between that port and the West Indies. The most of his life after this age was spent abroad. He published, in 1795, "Scotland's Skaith, or the History of Will and Jean," and in 1796 "The Waes o' War," two poems which are still very popular. He also published during his lifetime a number of other works both in prose and verse. But it is chiefly as a song-writer that Macneill has gained a reputation. "Come under my Plaidie," "Dinna think, Bonnie Lassie," "My Boy Tammy," "Saw ye my wee thing," and many others are as fine as any of Ramsay's songs and in many respects equal those of Burns and Tannahill. He held positions at various times in Guadaloupe, Grenada and Jamaica. He finally returned to Scotland in 1800 and settled at Edinburgh, where he devoted the rest of his life to literary work. He died on the 15th March, 1818, in the seventy-second year of his age.

COME under my plaidie; the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye micht be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.

I'm gaun to meet Johnnie — he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', or tichtly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly — I'll busk ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;
But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
I ha'e little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gi'e me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;
I thocht ye'd been aulder than three score and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnnie was listnin', and heard her tell a':
The day was appointed! — his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The howlet was screaming, while Johnnie cried, Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

O, the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four score and twa:
The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry;
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and bonnie,
And they'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

The last verse was added by John Hamilton, and on this account the song was not included by Macneill in the two volume edition of his poetical works which he published some time before his death.

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
I'll tak' a stick into my hand, and come again and see thee.

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerie;
Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerie;
Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerie;
O stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang and leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again and see thee.

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and eerie;
And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my dearie.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
Dinna think bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
Dinna think bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come again and see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;
Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;
While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and drearie,
And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at hame and cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost his stick; I winna gang and leave thee;
Threw his plaid into the neuk; never can I grieve thee;
Drew his boots, and flang them by; cried, my lass, be cheerie;
I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my dearie.

MY BOY, TAMMY.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

First printed in *The Bee*, at Edinburgh, in 1791, and founded on some silly old verses of which the following lines are a specimen,

"Is she fit to soop a house,
My boy Tammy?
She's just as fit to soop a house,
As a cat to catch a mouse;
Yet she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy."

The air is also known to be very old.

WHAR ha'e ye been a' day,
My boy, Tammy?
I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammy?
I got her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a bonnie knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammy?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishen and gear;
Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
I maunna leave my mammy.
She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought monie waes—
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days,
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says—
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy, Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her e'e;
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

SAW YE MY WEE THING?

HECTOR MACNEILL.

Frequently called "Mary of Castle Cary." It was first printed in the *Bee*, in 1791.

O SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:—
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart! modest her nature!
She never lo'ed onie, till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,

Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e!—
Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts an' your scorning:
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling:—
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie forgi'e me; your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

First published at Edinburgh as a sheet song in 1794. It was then supposed to have been written by a lady whose husband had been slain in Germany.

My luve's in Germanie;
Send him hame, send him hame;
My luve's in Germanie;
Send him hame.
My luve's in Germanie,
Fighting brave for royalty;
He may ne'er his Jeanie see:
Send him hame, send him hame;
He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
Send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be;
Send him hame, send hin hame;
Our faes are ten to three;
Send him hame.
Our faes are ten to three;
He maun either fa' or flee,
In the cause of loyalty;
Send him hame, send him hame;
In the cause of loyalty;
Send him hame.

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
Winsome dame.
Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germanie,
Fighting brave for loyalty
Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame;
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
Willie's gane!
He will ne'er come ower the sea,
To his luve and ain countrie:
This warld's nae mair for me;
Willie's gane, Willie's gane;
This warld's nae mair for me;
Willie's gane!

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

The first stanza belongs to a song written by the Rev. John Clunie of Borthwick.

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,
He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak' me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou',
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land and their lordly degree;
I carena for aught but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me:
His words are sae sugar'd and sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!
I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o' ne'er fear —
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

"O Marion! the heart that is true,
Has something mair costly than gear!
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings! gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile —
Wae's me! can I tak' it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks — I hae gi'en my consent,
And this nicht I'm Jamie's for life!

I HAE LAID A HERRING IN SAUT.

JAMES TYTLER.

Based upon a very old song. James Tytler was the editor of the second and third editions of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." He was born at Brechin in 1747 and died in 1805. "A clever but eccentric character," says Mr. Stenhouse, "commonly called Balloon Tytler, from the circumstance of his being the first person who projected and ascended from Edinburgh in one of these aerial machines."

I HAE laid a herring in saut —
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I hae brew'd a forpit o' maut,
And I canna come ilka day to woo;
I hae a calf that will soon be a cow —
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I hae a stook, and I'll soon hae a mowe,
And I canna come ilka day to woo:

I hae a house upon yon moor —
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
And I canna come ilka day to woo:
I hae a but, and I hae a ben —
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
A penny to keep, and a penny to spen',
And I canna come ilka day to woo:

I hae a hen wi' a happitie-leg —
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
That ilka day lays me an egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo:
I hae a Kebbuck upon my shelf —
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;—
And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

JAMES TYTLER.

As I cam' by Loch-Erroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,

The water clear, the heather blooms,
Their fragrance sweet conveying;
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
I found her like May morning;
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I prest her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
As fondly I caress'd her:
She said, If that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,
For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
Forever thou shalt find me;
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.
Enraptured then, My lovely lass,
I cried, no more we'll tarry!
We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry.

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

JAMES TYTLER.

The bonnie brucket lassie
She's blue beneath the een;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green,
A lad he loo'd her dearly;
She did his love return:
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

My shape, he says, was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But noo I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the een;
My een were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue,
But noo they'er dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

O I could live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me;
No other love I suffer'd
Within my breast to dwell,
In nought have I offended
But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass,
And press'd unto his bosom,
The bonnie brucket lass;
My dear, he said, cease grieving,
Since that you lo'ed sae true,
My bonnie brucket lassie
I'll faithful prove to you.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

Elizabeth Hamilton was the authoress of an excellent and popular story entitled "The Cottagers of Glenburnie." She was born in 1748 and died in 1816.

I HA'E seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whare the grand sheen o' splendour has dazzled my een:
But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' mine ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thanket, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
I hear but kenn'd voices, kenn'd faces I see;
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

THE LEA RIG.

ROBERT FERGUSSON AND WILLIAM REID.

The first two stanzas of "The Lea Rig" were composed by Robert Fergusson, the gifted but ill-fated Scottish poet whose writings and sad history drew from the tender heart of Burns the compassionate sentiment expressed in the lines: —

> " My elder brother in misfortune,
> By far my elder brother in the Muses."

Fergusson was born at Edinburgh in 1750, and in early life gave great promise of soon attaining a position worthy of being called the successor of Allan Ramsay. Being designed by his parents for the ministry he was sent in his thirteenth year, to the University of St. Andrews, where he studied for four years. Returning to Edinburgh, however, after this time, he entered upon a life unworthy of his talents, and died an inmate of an insane asylum before he had reached the twenty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in the old Canongate churchyard of his native city, where a tombstone, erected by Burns in 1789, still marks his resting place. The three last stanzas were added to the song by William Reid, a partner in the once prominent publishing house of Brash & Reid, Glasgow. He was born in 1764 and died 1831. He achieved during his lifetime a considerable degree of popularity for the many excellent additions which he made to a number of well known songs.

Will ye gang o'er the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
And cuddle there fu' kindly,
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O!
At thorny bush, or birken tree,
We'll daff, and never weary, O;
They'll scud ill een frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
But laverocks whistling in the air
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for world's gear, my jo,
Upon the lea my pleasure grows
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O;
And mony a heavy sigh I gi'e,
When absent frae my dearie, O;

But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In e'ening fair and clearie, O,
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

Where through the birks the burnie rows,
Aft ha'e I sat fu' cheerie, O,
Upon the bonnie greensward howes,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O,
I've courted till I've heard the craw
Of honest chanticleerie, O,
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

For though the night was ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet the on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
While in this weary warld of wae,
This wilderness sae dreary, O,
What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

HALLOW FAIR.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

This is the name of a fair which is annually held at Edinburgh.

There's fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies
Comes well-buskit into the fair,
With ribbons on their cockernonies,
And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.
Maggie she was sae weel buskit,
That Willie was tied to his bride;
The pownie was ne'er better whisket
Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wond'rous jealous,
To see Willie buskit sae braw;
And Sandy he sat in the alehouse,
And hard at the liquor did ca'.
There was Geordie, that weel looed his lassie,
He took the pint-stoup in his arms,
And hugged it, and said, Trouth they're saucie,
That loes na a guid-father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie
That rides on the bonnie grey cowt,
With sword by his side like a cadie
To drive in the sheep and the nowt.
His doublet sae weel it did fit him,
It scarcely cam' down to mid-thie,
With hair pouthered, hat, and a feather,
And hausing at curpen and tee.

But Bruckie played boo to Bessie,
And aff scoured the cout like the wind;
Puir Wattie he fell on the caussey,
And birzed a' the banes in his skin.
His pistols fell out o' the hulsters,
And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt,
The folk they cam' round him in clusters;
Some leuch, and cried, Lad, was ye hurt?

But cout wad let naebody steer him,
He aye was sae wanton and skeigh;
The packmen's stands he overturned them,
And garred a' the Jocks stand abeigh;
Wi' sneerin' behind and before him,
For sic is the mettle o' brutes,
Puir Wattie, and wae's me for him,
Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the e'ening,
And boughting-time was drawing near;
The lasses had stanched their greening
Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer,
There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,
And Ceicy on the spindle could spin,

Stood glowrin' at signs and glass winnocks,
But deil a ane bade them come in.

Gude gide us! saw ye e'er the like o't?
See, yonder's a bonnie black swan;
It glow'rs as it wad fain be at us;
What's yon that it hauds in its hand?
Awa', daft gowk, cries Wattie,
They're a' but ruckle o' sticks;
See, there is Bill-Jock and auld Hawkie
And yonder's Mess John and auld Nick.

Quoth Maggie, Come buy us our fairin';
And Wattie richt sleely could tell,
I think thou'rt the flower o' the clachan,—
In trowth, now, I'se gi'e thee mysell.
But wha wad ha' e'er thocht it o' him,
That e'er he had rippled the lint?
Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,
Though she was baith scaulie and squint.

THE ESK.

REV. JOHN LOGAN.

While frequent on Tweed and on Tay,
Their harps all the muses have strung,
Should a river more limpid than they,
The wood-fringed Esk flow unsung?
While Nelly and Nancy inspire
The poet with pastoral strains,
Why silent the voice of the lyre
On Mary, the pride of the plains?

O nature's most beautiful bloom
May flourish unseen and unknown:
And the shadows of solitude gloom
A form that might shine on a throne.
Through the wilderness blossoms the rose,
In sweetness retired from the sight;
And Philomel warbles her woes
Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid
Amid shades that her triumphs deny!
How often the hero forbid
From the path that conducts to the sky!
A Helen has pined in the grove;
A Homer has wanted his name;
Unseen in the circle of love,
Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the stream,
Where poet ne'er wander'd before;
Enamour'd of Mary's sweet name,
How the echoes will spread to the shore!
If the voice of the muse be divine,
Thy beauties shall live in my lay;
While reflecting the forest so fine,
Sweet Esk o'er the valleys shall stray.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Part I.

LADY ANN BARNARD.

Very few of the old Scottish ballads or songs have ever attained the well-merited popularity of "Auld Robin Gray." Its deeply pathetic story, told in the simplest of language, has touched the hearts of millions of people of all nationalities, and has more than once caused the tear to start to the eye of many a one who, without dread or flinching has witnessed the tragical scenes enacted on some of the bloodiest battle-fields in the world's history. The authorship of "Auld Robin Gray" was for many years a matter of great dispute. Lady Anne Barnard, however, shortly before her death, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, acknowledged herself the authoress of it, and also gave a short history in connection with the writing of it.

"'Robin Gray,'" she says, "so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born (written) soon after the close of married and accompanied her husband to the year 1771. My sister Margaret had

London; I was melancholy and endeavored to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. , who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her old Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately 'lifted' by me and the song completed. At our fireside and among our neighbors 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, preceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret."

Before making the above confession to Sir Walter, Lady Barnard made a number of corrections and alterations, besides expunging one or two of the original verses from her manuscript. One of these verses in particular is very fine. It describes the feelings of Robin Gray on observing the deep but concealed grief of his young wife, and is very affecting.

"Nae questions he spier'd her concerning her health,
He looked at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth;
When his heart it grew grit, and, sighin' he feign'd
To gang to the door to see if it rain'd"

Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras, was born on the first of December, 1750. She was a very intelligent and refined lady. "Her face," says Mr. Charles K. Sharpe, "was pretty, and replete with vivacity, her figure light and elegant, her conversation lively, and, like the rest of her family, peculiarly agreeable. Though she had wit, she never said ill-natured things to show it. She gave herself no airs either as a woman of rank or as the authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

Lady Anne was married in 1793 to Sir Andrew Barnard, who died without issue in 1807. Her own death took place at London on the sixth of May, 1825.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa',
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jeanie dee?
And wherefore was I spar'd to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I bade him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Part II.

The second part of "Auld Robin Gray" has not attained the same degree of popularity as the first part, although in some respects it is equally as simple and affecting. We are told that it was written by Lady Barnard at the special request of her mother, as she used to assert that she would never rest satisfied until she knew how "The unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended." Robin Gray is here made to die, the heroine and her lover become united in marriage, the auld folks are taken care of, and peace and happiness reign supreme through the little household. Many people consider that this happy ending detracts too much from the complete and pathetic tale of woe so graphically depicted in the first part, and this accounts for the fact that it has not been given a place in many of our collections of song.

THE spring had pass'd over, 'twas summer nae mair,
And, trembling, were scatter'd the leaves in the air;
"Oh, winter," cried Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent;
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek was grown pale,
And she dropp'd like a snow-drop broke down by the hail.

Her father was sad, and her mother was wae,
But silent and thoughtfu' was auld Robin Gray;
He wander'd his lane, and his face was as lean
As the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would take,
And often he said, "It is best, for her sake!"
While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
The tears trickled down upon auld Robin Gray.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie!" said he, wi' a groan;
"I'm nae worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known;

Send round for your neighbors—my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrang'd her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late;
I've wrang'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart, that was ill match'd wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet o' her vow;—
In mercy forgi'e me, 'twas I stole the cow!

"I cared not for crummie, I thought but o' thee;
I thought it was crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh! did you not say,
You never would marry wi' auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame, and want at the door—
You gi'ed me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth, soon or late, comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back, and your cheek it grew white;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me.
Oh, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee!

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie he saw;
"I've injured you sair, lad, so I leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be!
Waste no time, my dauties, in mournin' for me."

They kiss'd his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seem'd hopefu' of being accepted by grace;
"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be,
Wha wadna be tempted, by love, to win thee?"

* * * * * *

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa';
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna' be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e, while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh, now she has a' that her heart can desire!

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

FROM "THE CHARMER," 1751.

Nothing is known of the author. The song was originally called "The Druken Wife o' Gallowa'" The air is very old.

Doun in yon meadow a couple did tarry:
The gudewife she drank naething but sack and canary;

The gudeman complain'd to her friends richt sairly —
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Gairie,
And syne she drank my bonnie gray marie,
That carried me through a' the dubs and the glairie —
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
And syne she drank her boonie new goun;
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely —
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Wad she drink but her ain things, I wadna care,
But she drinks my claes that I canna weel spare;
When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly —
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,
And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
At kirk or at market I'm cover'd but barely —
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neibour's wife she laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I looed sae dearly —
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I never was for wranglin' nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts o' life;
For when there's a war, I'm aye for a parley —
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse;
If I seek but a bawbee she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen — I but scrimpit and sparely —
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
But when she sits down, she gets hersel' fou,
And when she is fou she is unco camstarie —
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,
Has nae fear o' her neibours, nor minds the house wants;
She rants up some fule-sang, like, "Up your heart, Charlie"—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's baith bitches and jauds,
And ca's mysell an auld cuckle-carlie —
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

WILLIAM DUDGEON.

Some few years ago this was one of the most popular songs in Scotland. The author of it, William Dudgeon, was born at Tyninghame, Haddingtonshire about the year 1753. Burns after being introduced to him while on his Border tour in 1787 entered the following record in his Journal. "Mr. Dudgeon,—a poet at times—a worthy, remarkable character—natural penetration—a great deal of information—some genius, and extreme modesty." He died on the 28th October, 1813.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,
An' he's promis'd aye to lo'e me;
Here's a broach I ne'er shall tine,
Till he's fairly married to me;
Drive away, ye drone, Time,
An' bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flock together;
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlan' blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,
Canty glee or highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring;
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl he's aye the bangster;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest-winded sangster,
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

JOHN TAIT.

John Tait was for many years one of the judges in the Edinburgh Police Court. He contributed a number of poetical pieces to *Ruddiman's Magazine*, &c. Burns, in a letter to Mr. Thompson, writes: "'The Banks of the Dee' is, you know, literally 'Langolee' to slow time. The song is well enough, but has some false imagery in it; for instance:

'And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree.'

In the first place, the nightingale sings in a low bush, but never from a tree; and, in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or on the banks of any other river in Scotland. Creative rural imagery is always comparatively flat." Tait died at Edinburgh on the 29th of August, 1817.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree.
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river.
Thy banks' purest stream shall be dear to me ever,
For there first I gain'd the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning.
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth! o'er the rude, roaring billows,
And left me to wander 'mongst these once loved willows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E THEE.

JOHN DUNLOP.

John Dunlop was a native of Carmyle in Lamarkshire. He was born in 1755, and died at Port Glasgow in 1820. "Oh dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee," and "Here's to the year that's awa'," are two very popular songs in Scotland at the present day.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind nae me.

For I could never bide the lass,
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

JOHN DUNLOP.

Here's to the year that's awa'!
We will drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed
While swift flew the year that's awa'.
And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust,
When the storms of adversity blaw;
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
May they live, &c.

O, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

This wonderfully popular song was written in commemoration of the departure for Holland, of the Marquis of Huntley, with his regiment, in 1799. Mrs. Grant was the daughter of a British officer and was born at Glasgow about February 10, 1755 Her father came to America when she was a child, and settled in some part of New York State, but ill health compelled him a few years afterwards to return to Scotland. She always retained, however, a very vivid and pleasant recollection of the early days of her life which were spent in America. Mrs. Grant began at an early age to exhibit a remarkable inclination for composing poems and songs. In her seventh year she had read Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Blind Harry's Wallace," two books which undoubtedly lent their influence towards strengthening the taste for poetry which she was always possessed of. In 1779 she was married to the Rev. James Grant, Minister of Laggan in Inverness-shire. He died in 1801, leaving his widow in destitute circumstances and with eight children to support. In 1803, some of her friends induced her to publish a few of her poetical pieces in book form, and the money derived from this speculation enabled her for the time being, to live comfortably. Several larger works afterwards appeared from her pen, and the warm reception which they received from the public soon placed her and her family beyond the possible reach of poverty or want. Among these works the following are of special interest to Scotsmen — "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland." "Popular Models and Impressive Warnings for Sons and Daughters of Industry," and "Memoirs of an American Lady." In 1832, Mrs. Grant received a pension of £50 a year from the Government in consideration of her literary labors. In her latter years she enjoyed the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, Francis Jeffrey, and many other illustrious men and women. She died on November 7, 1838, at the age of eighty-four.

"O, WHERE, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
O, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?"
"He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home.
He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home."

"O, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
O, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?"
"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away.
He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away."

"O, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
O, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star;
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound,
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound!"
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye;
The pipe would play a cheering march the banners round him fly,
And for his king and country dear, with pleasure he would die!"

"But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland's bonny bounds;
But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland's bonny bounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds;
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds."

O WHERE, AND O WHERE DOES YOUR HIGHLAND LADDIE DWELL?

ANONYMOUS.

The following version of this song has also become very popular. The verses, however, are decidedly inferior to those by Mrs. Grant.

O WHERE, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?
O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue bells sweetly smell,
And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
A scarlet coat, and bonnet blue, wi' bonnie yellow hair,
And nane in the world can wi' my love compare.

O where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gane?
O where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gane?
He's gane to fight for George our king, and left us all alane,
For noble and brave's my loyal Highlandman.

O what, lassie, what if your Highland lad be slain?
O what, lassie, what if your Highland lad be slain?
O no: true love will be his guard, and bring him safe again,
For I never could live without my Highlandman.

O when, and O when will your Highland lad come hame?
O when, and O when will your Highland lad come hame?
Whene'er the war is over, he'll return to me with fame,
And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely Highlandman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him?
O what will you claim for your constancy to him?
I'll claim a priest to marry us, a clerk to say, "Amen,"
And I'll never part again from my bonnie Highlandman.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

JEAN GLOVER.

The following facts in relation to Jean Glover are quoted from "The Ayrshire Contemporaries of Burns." "She was born at the Townhead of Kilmarnock, on the 31st of October, 1758, of parents respectable in their sphere. She was remarkable for beauty—both of face and figure—properties which, joined to a romantic and yet poetic fancy, had no doubt their influence in shaping her future unfortunate career. She was also an excellent singer. Having been witness to some theatrical exhibitions at Kilmarnock, she became enamored of the stage, and in an evil hour eloped with one of the heroes of the sock and buskin." Her subsequent life was one of folly and misfortune. She died at Letterkenny, in Ireland, at the age of 43.

COMIN' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, "My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?"
Says she, "I tent the fleecy flocks,
That feed amang the blooming heather."
O'er the muir, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sin' syne
I could not think on ony ither;
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir, &c.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

STUART LEWIS.

Stuart Lewis was born at Ecclefechan, in 1756. He carried on business as a tailor for some years in his native village, where he also established a library and a debating society. Business reverses, however, reduced him almost to poverty and he became a peddler, and while traveling through the country with his wares he gave way to habits of dissipation, from the effects of which he never afterwards recovered. In 1816, he published a volume entitled "The African Slave, with other poems and songs." He died at Ruthwell, in 1818.

Ae morn of May, when fields were gay,
Serene and charming was the weather,
I chanced to roam some miles frae hame,
Far o'er yon muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
How healthsome 'tis to range the muirs,
And brush the dew from vernal heather.

I walk'd along, and humm'd a song,
My heart was light as ony feather,
And soon did pass a lovely lass,
Was wading barefoot through the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
The bonniest lass that e'er I saw
I met ae morn amang the heather.

Her eyes divine, mair bright did shine
Than the most clear unclouded ether;
A fairer form did ne'er adorn
A brighter scene than blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
There's ne'er a lass in Scotia's isle
Can vie with her amang the heather.

I said, "Dear maid, be not afraid;
Pray sit you down, let's talk together;
For oh! my fair, I vow and swear
You've stole my heart amang the heather."
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Ye swains, beware of yonder muir,
You'll lose your hearts amang the heather.

She answered me, right modestly,
"I go, kind sir, to seek my father,
Whose fleecy charge he tends at large,
On yon green hills beyond the heather."
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Were I a king thou shouldst be mine,
Dear blooming maid, amang the heather.

Away she flew out of my view,
Her hame or name I ne'er could gather,
But aye sin' syne I sigh and pine
For that sweet lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
While vital heat glows in my heart
I'll love the lass among the heather.

BOTHWELL BANK.

JOHN PINKERTON.

John Pinkerton was the editor of "Select Scottish Ballads" which appeared in 1773. He was born at Edinburgh, in 1758, and died at Paris, in 1825.

On the blyth Beltane, as I went
Be mysel' attour the green bet,
Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde,
Throch saughs and hanging hazels glyde;
There, sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

"Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fou' sair!
For a' beneath thy holts sae grene
My luve and I wad sit at ene;
While primroses and daisies, mixt
Wi' blue bells, in my loks he fixt.

"But he left me a drearie day,
And haplie now sleeps in the clay,
Without ae sich his dethe to roun',
Without ae flouir his grave to croun!
Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fou' sair."

KEEN BLAWS THE WIND O'ER DONOCHT-HEAD.

GEORGE PICKERING.

George Pickering was born at Simonburn in Northumberland, in 1758, and died in the neighborhood of Newcastle about 1830. In a letter to Mr. Thompson, dated 19th October, 1794, Burns says, "'Donocht-head' is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald*, and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." The twelve last lines were added by Captain Charles Gray. Pickering wrote a few other songs but none equalled the present one.

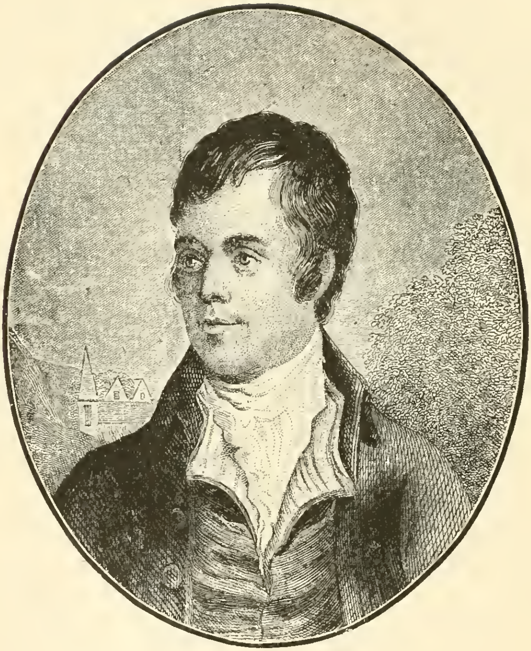
Keen blaws the wind o'er the Donocht-Head,
The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And shivering tells his waefu' tale.
"Cauld is the night, O let me in,
"And dinna let your minstrel fa',
"And dinna let his windin-sheet
"Be naething but a wreath o' snaw!

"Full ninety winters hae I seen,
"And pip'd where gor-cocks whirring flew,
"And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
"To lilts which frae my drone I blew."
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,
"Get up, Guidman, and let him in;
"For weel ye ken the winter night
"Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet
E'en tho' she bans and scaulds awee;
But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,
O haith, it's doubly dear to me!
Come in, auld Carl! I'll steer my fire,
I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.

"Nae hame have I," the minstrel said,
"Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
"And, weeping at the eve o' life,
"I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw."
Wae's me, auld carle, sad is your tale—
Your wallet's torn, your claithing thin;
Mine's no the hand to steek the door,
When want and wae wad fain be in.

We took him ben—we set him doun,
And soon the ingle bleezed fu' hie;
The auld man thought himsel' at hame,
And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.



ROBERT BURNS.

Ance mair the minstrel waked a strain
  Nae merry lilt, but sad and slow;
In fancy's ear it seemed to wail
  A free-born nation's overthrow.

FLOW GENTLY SWEET AFTON.

ROBERT BURNS.

The greatest of all Scottish song writers — Robert Burns — was born in a small roadside cottage near Ayr, on the 25th of January, 1759. His father, a man of humble although not obscure origin, was noted among his neighbors for his strict integrity, and stern religious principles. His whole ambition was for the welfare of his children,— to bring them up in the fear of the Lord, and to give them a better education than it had been his own lot to receive. The poet in after years drew a faithful portrait of him in his *Cotter's Saturday Night;* a poem which will live and be read while the world lasts

His mother was a quiet and industrious woman. Like her husband she was of a very religious nature, although she possessed none of the higher qualities of his mind. Her memory was stored with old songs, ballads, and anecdotes, with which she used to amuse her children, These, and the still more curious stories of an old woman who resided in the family, had a wonderful effect on the youthful imagination of the poet. He tells us, "In my infant and boyhood days I owed much to an old woman, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination that, to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more skeptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

At the time of the poet's birth his father acted as gardener to one of the neighboring gentry, and having a good deal of spare time to himself, he made use of it by renting some seven acres of land, which he cultivated as a nursery and vegetable garden, the products of which he sold in Ayr, on the market days thereby increasing his slender income by a few pounds each year.

Burns was sent to school in his fifth year, but so straitened were the means of the family that he could only afford time to acquire the meagrest rudiments of education. Even at that tender age, he was frequently called upon to assist in some work in which his father was engaged. His education, however, was afterwards completed by William Murdock a young man engaged by his father and a few of the neighbors to act as teacher, at a small salary he boarding and lodging in their houses by turns. With reference to his pupils Murdock tells us "In the month of May, 1765, I was engaged by Mr. Burns, and four of his neighbors, to teach the little school of Alloway. My pupil Robert Burns, was between six and seven years of age. Robert and his brother Gilbert had been grounded a little in English before they were put under my care. They both made a rapid progress in reading, and a tolerable progress in writing, and were generally at the head of their class, when ranged with boys far their seniors. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, 'Mirth, with thee I mean to live;' and, certainly, if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have guessed Robert had a propensity of that kind."

With the view of improving their worldly affairs, the father leased the farm of Mount Oliphant, distant about two miles from the now famous Brig o' Doon, and to which they moved in 1776. From this date began the hard struggle with poverty the family had afterwards to contend with, and which terminated, for the elder Burns, only with his death. Mount Oliphant proved to be the poorest land in the neighborhood, and although every member of the family exerted his strength to the utmost yet the soil refused to repay their labors with even a decent living.

At the age of thirteen Burns helped to thrash the corn, and at fifteen was the principal laborer on the farm, as they could not afford to pay for any outside help. But, although the work of the farm demanded all of his attention during the day, Burns did not neglect to improve his mind at night. He generally had a few leisure hours to himself when the duties of the day were over; these he devoted to reading, a study he had always been fond of. It is curious to note the books he read at this time, and the effect they had over him. "The two first books I ever read," he writes, "and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I have ever read since, were the *Life of Hanibal*, and the *History of Sir William Wallace*. Hanibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wished myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along them till the flood-gates are shut in eternal rest."

On the death of the landlord of Mount Oliphant, who had been a kind friend to the family, the estates fell into the hands of a factor. This man seems to have been a miserable and unfeeling wretch. For the misfortunes of his fellow man he had no sympathy. "My indignation," writes Burns, to a friend in after years, "yet boils at the recollection of that scoundrel factor's insolent, threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears." Nor did he ever forget him. He gives us his picture in his poem of the *Twa Dogs*, thus:

> "I've noticed on our Laird's Court-day,
> An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
> Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
> How they maun thole a factor's snash;
> He'll stamp an' threaten, curse and swear,
> He'll apprehend them, poind their gear,
> While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
> And hear it a', an' fear an' tremble,"

But if Mount Oliphant was full of troubles and vexations, it had its sunny hours for the young poet as well. It was here that the Muses first took possession of his heart.

"You know," he says, "our country custom of coupling a man and a woman together as partners in the labors of the harvest. In my fifteenth summer my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom. She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and, especially, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-sting and thistles. Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who read Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for excepting that he could shear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry."

The song he then composed is the one entitled *Handsome Nell;* and although he afterwards considered it a very silly and inferior production, yet he once said of it, "I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance."

As soon as the lease of the farm of Mount Oliphant had expired, the father endeavored to find a more profitable investment by removing to a larger farm, called Lochlea, ten miles further up the country. It consisted of a hundred and thirty acres, and was situated in the parish of Tarbolton. Here for a time matters seemed to improve; but this is supposed to have been owing to the help given by the other members of the family, who had now grown up, and were able to assist with the work a great deal more than they had hitherto done; still it was far from being a success. Its worst trouble, however, lay in the fact that no writing had been made out of the conditions of the lease; and a misunderstanding having at one time arisen between the landlord and tenant, the matter in dispute was brought before the courts, where a decision was rendered against the latter. This decision involved the loss of a considerable sum of money, and the elder Burns had a hard fight to raise a sufficient sum to pay it. This preyed so much on his mind that he never recovered from the effects of it, although he still went on bravely with his usual work.

When about eighteen years of age Burns attended the village dancing-school, to give his manners a "brush," he tells us. This is said to be the first step he ever took in direct opposition to his father's wishes This dancing-school, however, was the means of first bringing him before the public as a poet of more than ordinary ability. Out of the twenty young girls who attended the school, there was scarcely one on whom his fancy did not light, and whose praises and accomplishments were not immediately celebrated in one or more songs. These songs, remarkable for their beauty and sweetness, so charmed the hearers, that very soon they began to find their way throughout the country, and were sung at fairs, meetings, and so forth.

Burns assisted on the farm at Lochlea until he was about the age of twenty-two, when he began to turn his thoughts to earning a living for himself. He had often heard that flax dressing was a very profitable occupation, and he resolved to turn flax dresser. Accordingly he set out for the town of Irving, a few miles distant from Ayr, where he rented a small room, for the sum of one shilling a week. He began the business of flax dressing, and was getting along very successfully, when one morning, while out with a few companions, giving a welcome carousal to the New Year, the shop took fire, and was burned to ashes, and he was left, he tells us, "like a true poet not worth a sixpence."

His life, however, at Irving, was not an exemplary one. Taking into account the early religious training his mind had received, it was a portion of his existence he might well be ashamed of. He tells us, "From this adventure I learned something of town life; but the principal thing that gave my mind a turn was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a noble character. His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and, of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded. I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself when woman was the presiding star. But he spoke of love with the levity of a sailor; love, which hitherto I had regarded with honor. Here his friendship did me a mischief."

Whilst at Irving, Burns had also met with a disappointment in love, which told very much on his feelings about this time. He had become engaged to a very prepossessing young lady, named Ellison Begbie; but she, just at the point when everything for their marriage had been arranged, transferred her affections to a richer man, whom she ultimately married. Disappointed with all his failures, he returned to Lochlea, only to find a greater calamity awaiting him in the expected death of his father. The old man had held out bravely as long as he could. With a determined will he had set his mind to conquer obstacles and misfortunes which would have discouraged at the outset stronger and even richer men than he had been. But his fight had ended, leaving in its trail visible traces of a ruined constitution; and all could see that the end was near.

To his wife, while at Mount Oliphant, he had one day said, pointing to Robert, "Who ever lives to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy;" and now while she stood at his death-bed, he told her there was only one of his—children whose future he could not think of without fear. Robert, who was standing near, anxiously asked, "O father, is it me you mean?" "Ay," said the dying man, "it is even you, Robert."

Burns, in a torrrent of tears, had at once to leave the room, nor could he control his feelings during the few hours which his father afterwards lived.

Shortly after his arrival at home, seeing the crisis to which they were rapidly approaching, Robert and Gilbert took, on their own account, a small farm called Mossgiel. This was done so that when their father died, and they would be compelled to leave Lochlea, a house would be in readiness to receive the family. "This farm," Gilbert writes, "consisted of one hundred and eighteen acres. It was stocked by the individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labor performed. My brother's allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum each."

On the 17th of February, 1774, Burns wrote to a cousin,—

"On the 13th current I lost the best of fathers. Though, to be sure, we have had long warning of the impending stroke, still the feelings of Nature claim their part; and I cannot recollect the tender endearments and parental lessons of the best of friends and ablest instructors, without feeling what, perhaps, the calmer dictates of reason would partly condemn."

Shortly afterward Burns took his widowed mother, and the other members of the family, to their new home. He entered on the undertaking with the firm resolution of becoming a prosperous farmer. He read farming books, calculated crops, attended markets, worked early and late, and did all that lay in the power of man to make the concern a success. But the fates were against him. Nature had never intended Robert Burns for a ploughman or a farmer of any kind. She had laid out a grander destiny for him.

The first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, and the second from a late harvest, he lost half his crops. This was enough to distract him. But, in addition to these, new troubles had begun to spring up around him, troubles which his own genius had been the means of bringing into existence.

Burns was a man who loved passionately all that was noble and good, while he as passionately hated all that was mean, or savored in any way of hypocrisy. In his various dealings with men, he had been brought in contact with a great many of the clergymen, a few of whom did not come up to the standard of perfection in his mind that their holy calling required. He could see that they preached one thing, while they practised another. He entered into discussions with them, and they, instead of pointing out to him wherein he was wrong, at once became his most bitter enemies. Maddened with their conduct, he proceeded to attack them in verses of such unusual satirical severity, that the very people who sided with him in his arguments against them, were amazed and awed at the productions of their hero. The church in Ayr at that time was divided into two sects; one was called the New Lights, and the other the Auld Lights. Most of the poets friends belonged to the former party. Burns immediately joined their ranks, and at once let fly the arrow of his satire into the enemy's camp. The poems of *The Twa Herds*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, *The Ordination*, and *The Holy Fair*, succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity. The sensation they produced was such that the Auld Lights were forced to hide themselves, and admit that their opponents had the best of the fight. But the damage they did to the poet was great. People he once numbered among his most esteemed friends now passed him by without deigning to recognize him; and it was with great sorrow that he discovered how much his own moral character had suffered through these witty productions.

Toubles of a different nature, however, also began to claim his serious attention. At a penny wedding in Mauchline he had met Jean Armour. She was the daughter of a master stone-mason in that town, and is described as being a smart and intelligent looking girl. Burns fell in love with her, with all the ardency of his nature, and she as warmly reciprocated his affection. Marriage was soon agreed upon; but owing to the failure of his farming speculations they concluded to defer it for some time. Meanwhile her father became aware of the selection his daughter had made of a husband. To a man professing the religious sentiments that he did, the discovery came to his feelings with a terrible shock. His indignation was so great, on his daughter admitting the relationship that existed between herself and what he called "such a wild and worthless man as Burns," that he actually fainted. In his sternest manner he forbade her ever to see or hold any correspondence with the poet from that day forth, with the alternative of leaving her home at once and forever.

It is needless to say that poor Jean, sorry to have offended him who had always been a good father to her, was compelled to submit. Great as his wrath had been, however, it was nothing in comparison to what it became when a few months later Jean became the mother of twin children. On becoming aware of her condition, she had written to Burns acquainting him of the fact. Not daring to visit her in her father's house, he immediately sent her a letter, acknowledg ing her as his wife. This, in Scotland, is what is called an irregular, but strictly legal marriage. This document her father demanded, and at once committed to the flames. Not satisfied with this, he proceeded to sue Burns for the support of the children, and threatened him with imprisonment until he could find suitable security for the same.

It was now, surrounded with all these troubles, that dispair began to overtake him. Looking into the past, he saw that his life had been a failure. Nor could he discern, poet though he knew himself to be, that the future held any brighter prospects in store for him. How he loved Jean is too well shown in many of his songs and letters at that time, to admit of any doubt. But he began to be angry with her for giving way so easily to her father. Had she left him, and clung to the poet, he would have provided a home for her somehow.

While busy with these reflections, a situation was offered him as book-keeper on an estate in Jamaica. To enable him to raise sufficient money to defray his passage, and supply him with other necessities, a few friends advised him to print a volume of his poems by subscription. The idea harmonized agreeably with his own desires, and he began to look around for a printer, and take subscriptions. The printer was soon found in the person of John Wilson, of Kilmarnock, who entered into the project with great enthusiasm. It was necessary that Burns should correct the proofs of his poems himself; and, to enable him to do this, he was obliged to steal in and out of Kilmarnock at night, for Mr. Armour's wrath had by no means subsided, and he still held a warrant for the arrest of the poet, which he was determined to execute as soon as he came within his reach.

After one or two delays, in July, 1786, appeared the now very scarce and valuable, little volume, entitled "*Poems, chiefly in the Scotch Dialect, by Robert Burns.*" Its success was greater than he anticipated. He says, "I threw off about six hundred copies, of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and, besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure a passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for,

> "Hungry ruin had me in the wind."

I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my friends, my chest was on the way to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The gloomy night is gathering fast*, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition."

This letter, expressing the warmest admiration for the genius contained in the little volume, concluded by strongly urging upon him to lose no time in repairing to Edinburgh, with the view of issuing a second and larger edition of his poems, for which the writer assured him, the public were beginning to clamor very impatiently.

About this time occurs another love affair in the life of Burns, which is still involved in considerable mystery, on account of the connection he must still have held with the Armour family.

The majority of his biographers, however, have come to the conclusion that, disgusted with the conduct of the whole of that family, and determined to have nothing more to do with any of them, he renewed the acquaintance he once had with Mary Campbell, a servant girl in the neighborhood. To her he made an immediate offer of marriage, which she accepted, and at once gave up her situation. With the view of informing her friends of the intended change in her life, she resolved to make a short trip into the Western Highlands where they resided. The Sunday before she left was a memorabe day for Burns. They met, in the afternoon, beside a small brook, and, standing one on each side, with a Bible between them, they pronounced their solemn vows to be true to each other. This Bible, which is still in existence, bears the inscription in Burns's handwriting, "And ye shall not swear in my name falsely, I am the Lord. Levit., 19th chap., 12th verse."

In the evening they parted, never to meet again; for Mary was taken suddenly sick, and died at Greenock, where she was buried. The sudden intelligence of her death was to Burns the saddest shock he had ever received. Many years afterward, when he had settled down with his family, her image rose before him, clothed with all the virtue and graces that adorn a pure woman; and on the night of the anniversary of her death he betook himself to the barn, where he gave vent to his feelings in the lines *To Mary in Heaven*, one of the finest and most touching laments in any language.

In the meantime his poems had been attracting attention in all parts of Scotland; their fame had even crossed the Border, and ventured into England. Letters, with words of encouragement and advice, kept pouring in on him from all classes of people. Some of these pronounced him to be the greatest poet that his country had ever produced. He could see that happiness if not wealth were yet within his power. The desire of his childhood—to do something for Scotland—had been gratified.

" E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor Auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

He had been able both to sing a song, and make a book, and now his long-wished-for ambition to become a national poet was on the point of being realized, if he only laid hold to the prize by giving up his intention of going to Jamaica, and proceed to Edinburgh instead. He was not long in deciding which course to pursue, and, bidding good-bye to friends and foes in Ayrshire, he betook himself to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and at that time the centre of wealth, fashion, and culture. Here a reception awaited him, the magnificence of which he had never even dreamed of. He was welcomed by rich and poor, and was the chief conversation of the city for weeks afterward. He could not walk the streets without being pointed to, and stared at as a living wonder. Invitations to dine with lords and noblemen came so frequently, that he was at length forced to apologize, and decline accepting what he would once have looked upon as marked favors.

He went to work with a will, however, on the new edition of his poems, for which assistance of all kinds was kindly offered him. The few poems in his first edition had been very favorably reviewed in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and the public mind was in a high fever of expectation to see what might appear in the second.

Through the influence of the Earl of Glencairn, the members of the Caledonian Hunt subscribed in a body for one hundred copies. Other parties subscribed for ten, twenty, and forty copies each and all things seemed to be favorably inclined toward him.

While pursuing his occupation of flax dressing, at Irving, he had accidently fallen in with a copy of the poems of Robert Fergusson. To his already poetic nature these had lent a new impulse, and he frequently alluded to the fact that several of his best productions were formed on models supplied by his gifted, but ill-fated countryman; and now, while in Edinburgh, he sought out his grave, in the old Canongate Churchyard, and, kneeling down, reverently kissed the sod. Nor was this all. To prove to the world the sincerity of his love for him whom he called

" My elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses."

before he left Edinburgh he erected over his grave a monument, on which was inscribed the following lines:—

" No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn, nor animated bust,
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

On the 21st of April, 1784, appeared the new edition of his poems. Like the first, it was hailed with delight by his admiring countrymen. When the edition was exhausted he found that his profits amounted to over four hundred pounds. Two hundred of this sum he immediately forwarded to help his brother Gilbert who still struggled with the farm of Mossgiel.

On leaving Edinburgh, he, with a friend, made a short tour through Scotland, visiting some of the old historical battle-fields, rivers, and castles, whose very names had been sacredly enshrined in his memory since the days of his childhood.

With the balance of the money he returned to Dumfries, where he leased the farm of Ellisland, situated on the outskirts of the city, and having made it up, so to speak, with Jean Armour, by going through the ceremony of marriage in public with her, he took her to their new home, where he settled down once more with the intention of becoming an industrious farmer.

For a while all went well. He attended personally and punctually to every detail in connection with the working of the farm, and nature blessed his labors with success. Happy in the bosom of his family, he could appreciate the truthfulness of what he had once written:

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life"

Amid these domestic joys came song after song from his heart; and here was composed in one day that grand masterpiece of poetical fiction, *Tam o' Shanter*, a poem of which Alexander Smith says, "Since Bruce fought Bannockburn the best single day's work done in Scotland." He also contributed largely at this time to *Johnson's Museum* and we may safely assert that had it not been for the valuable service which he rendered to this work it would never have outlived its first volume.

But if Burns, tired of being lionized, petted, and courted, while in Edinburgh, had imagined he would live in quietness and retirement at Ellisland, he was greatly mistaken. It was not long before the little farm-house contained each night a circle of admiring friends, as large as any that ever congregated around him in Edinburgh. Learned men from all parts of Scotland made the journey to Ellisland only to talk with the gifted poet. These had to be welcomed and treated as became their station, and Burns had to allow his servants to attend now and then to the work themselves.

With the birth of another child, came the conclusion that more money was required to keep them comfortably than what his farm was capable of producing. It was then that he decided on taking the step which, ultimately, was the means of hastening his death.

Through the aid of a friend he was offered a position in the Excise, at a salary of fifty pounds a year. In accepting this situation it was not necessary that he should devote his entire time to this business alone. By devoting a few hours each day to its interests, he could still superintend the working of the farm during his spare hours.

But this, instead of improving his prospects, began to make matters worse. His duties frequently compelled him to go long distances from home, and it was often very late in the evening when he returned. It was also the means of taking him into company, which he should and might otherwise have avoided. Certain it is he began to neglect his farm entirely, and soon resolved to give it up altogether. Accordingly he sold out, and moved into Dumfries, where he received a new appointment as an Exciseman, at seventy pounds a year.

Of all government positions in Scotland there is none that is more despised by the people than that of an Excise officer. The office is frequently held by men who stop at nothing, however mean it may be, in order to gain promotion for themselves, and we can easily understand that nothing but sheer necessity compelled Burns to accept of such a position. Alas for the generation in which he lived that allowed such a necessity to exist Very little can be said to their credit.

"I know not," he writes, "how the word exciseman, or the still more opprobrious gauger, will sound in your ears. I, too, have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on this subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting this kind of sensations."

Having accepted the position, however, Burns proceeded with his duty in as friendly a spirit as his conscience would allow. To the professional smuggler he is said to have been severe, but to the poor country folks, who brewed a little on the sly for themselves, or who kept in stock a few more gallons of ale than what their license entitled them to, he temporized justice with mercy, and, in some cases, he is known to have overlooked the offence altogether. Many a poor woman has been known to bless the day they made Robbie Burns a gauger.

But his life in Dumfries was far from being a happy or profitable one. Let us bear in mind that tavern life in Scotland, so graphically described in *Tam o' Shanter* was then at its height.

It was not looked upon as an offence for a man, however high his station in life may have been, to be seen under the influence of liquor, reeling home from his favorite tavern in the middle of the night.

No meeting or company in Dumfries

was considered complete unless the poet lent his presence to it. That alone was a sufficient guarantee of the pleasures the night would be spent in. He was also an ardent Freemason, and willingly joined with that worthy body in all their convivial moments. Travelers passing through the town would stay over night at the Globe Tavern, in hopes of meeting and hearing more of this wonderful individual, of whom they had already heard so much. With these he would sit drinking until late into the night, keeping them the while in a continued state of merriment by the brilliant flashes of wit and sarcasm which kept pouring out of him; for his wit and genius shone forth like a bright star in the heavens, whether he was seated at an earl's dinner-table, or with a few drouthy old cronies was drinking home-brewed ale in an old rickety inn. Yet it cannot be said that Burns loved drinking for its own sake. He was not what we would call a drunkard in the common sense of the word. It has been proved that he has kept liquors in his house for months at a time without tasting or even looking at them; but in a social company drink certainly got the better of him, and he would even go so far as to pride himself on being able to sing song for song, or drink glass for glass, with any one present.

More than once did he determine to shake off the fetters these social habits were binding about him; but alas! it was only to find how weak in this respect he was. As soon as evening came there was sure to be an invitation from the Globe Tavern to come and express his views on certain questions then agitating the public mind, and these invitations seemed to have more control over him than all the determinations he ever made; for, in a few moments after their reception Burns would be seen quietly walking from the house in the direction of his favorite tavern. Politics never claimed so much of his attention as they began to do about this time. His republican ideas, so openly expressed, brought severe reprimands from his superiors, and in one or two instances was the means ot nearly losing him his position. He sent a present of guns to the French Revolutionists, to show the sympathy he had with them in their cry of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." At a public dinner at which the health of William Pitt, the prime minister of England, was proposed, he astonished his hearers by rising and craving a bumper to the health of a better man,—George Washington. Many and kind friends warned and begged of him to be more guarded in his speech, pointing out the fact that he was ruining himself in the estimation of those who were best able to advance him in position and income. But this advice was wasted on Burns. If an idea took possession of his mind, and he desired to express it, all the hopes of advancement ever spoken of would not keep him from doing so.

One thing only checked his course at this time, namely, his health. To himself and others his constitution began to show the sad results of the many merry but ill-timed carousals he had indulged in. Yet so little attention was given to this serious matter, that about the month of July, 1796, he was prostrated with an attack of rheumatic fever, which confined him to bed for six weeks.

What his feelings must have been at this time can only be imagined. That he determined to lead a different life from what he had been doing, is evident from the following lines, which he addressed to a brother exciseman while he was recovering:—

"Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk:
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

"But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My heal and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way.
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye."

But, alas! Folly had been too long the intimate friend of Burns, to bid her farewell so easily. No sooner was he somewhat restored to health than he joined hands with her more willingly than before. Again the walls of the Globe Tavern reverberated with mirth and song; once more was held the meetings with old cronies; but this was only for a short space of time. His nervous system was in too shattered a condition to brave any more excesses of this kind, and again he had to take to his bed.

His name having been placed on the sick list, he was only entitled to half pay.

This worried him a great deal, as he was short of money, and he had a horror of poverty once more making his home her abode.

During his illness one of his children, a little girl, died, and this also gave a still more gloomy aspect to the surroundings in which he was placed. He had been very fond of her, and not being able to attend personally to her burial preyed heavily on his mind. By degrees, with careful nursing, he was able to leave his bed, and, ultimately was permitted to indulge in a short walk out-of-doors.

It would, perhaps, have been well for Burns, and the world also, had he been confined to his room for a year or two, instead of a few months. While enjoying one of these quiet walks in the evening, he strayed into his old haunt, the Globe Tavern. A company had already assembled in its cozy little parlor, into which Burns was at once received with acclamations of joy. What a night that must have been. The bowl went round, songs were sung, jokes cracked, and mirth and jollity reigned supreme. It was very late when Burns arose to go. No one thought of seeing him home; perhaps it was as much as any one was able to do to get himself home. Coming out into the cold atmosphere, added to the liquor which he had so liberally partaken of, produced a drowsiness on him which made him stumble and fall. So overcome was he that he lay asleep where he had fallen for four hours, and when he awoke he was unable to stand or walk. A fever was boiling in all his veins, and people who then saw him began to fear that death was not far off. He was taken home, and the best medical aid procured for him; but he never rallied from that attack. He sank lower and lower, until, as a last hope, he was advised to try the effects of sea-bathing. Lodgings were procured for him at a small village called Brow, situated on the Solway coast. Before proceeding thither he remarked to his wife that he did not expect to live much longer, adding, "But don't be afraid, Jean: I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at the present day."

Shortly after his arrival at Brow he wrote to her that although the sea-bathing had eased his pains, it had not done anything to restore his health. Mrs. Riddell, a personal friend of his, who was also staying at Brow for her health, gives the following account of an interview she had with him on his arrival there:—

"I was struck with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'well madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife hourly expecting a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy on him, and the more, perhaps, from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and, particularly, the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would create some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation; that his letters and verses, written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he would be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now incapable of the exertion. The conversation," she adds. "was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge. We parted about sunset on the evening of that day (the 5th of July, 1796); the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more."

During his short stay at Brow he was annoyed by letters from small tradesmen, demanding payment of some petty claims which they had against him. We blush when we read the following letter sent by him at this time to his friend Thomson, the publisher:—

"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnest request, but the horrors of a jail have made me distracted. I do not ask it gratuitously, for with returning health, I hereby promise and agree to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song of genius you have seen."

We need hardly say that the money was forwarded as desired, and the poet's mind considerably relieved for the time being.

On the 18th of July, 1796. he left Brow, and returned home to Dumfries. Those who saw him then knew they were looking on him for the last time. All hope for his recovery had been abandoned. Allan Cunningham, who was then in Dumfries, thus discribes the state of excitement the people were in:—

"The anxiety of the people, high and low, was very great. Wherever two or three were together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, and of his works, of his witty sayings, and sarcastic replies, and of his too early fate, with much enthusiasm, and sometimes with deep feeling. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of. Half a dozen of them stopped Dr. Maxwell in the street, and said, 'How is Burns, sir?' He shook his head, saying, 'He cannot be worse,' and passed on to be subjected to similar inquiries further up the way. I heard one of the group inquire, with much simplicity 'Who do you think will be our poet now?'"

But even at the last his wit still strove to master his other feelings. He belonged to the Dumfries Volunteers, and, turning to a comrade who was standing beside his bed, he said, with a smile, "O John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me."

On the morning of July 21, he sank into delirium, which continued until noon, when, with a muttered execration to a threatening letter which he had received from a lawyer, the soul of Burns took its flight. "And thus he passed," writes Thomas Carlyle, "not softly but speedily into that still country, where the hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load."

The local newspaper that week contained the following intimation of the mournful event:—

"Died here on the morning of the 21st inst., and in the thirty-eighth year of his age, Robert Burns, the Scottish bard. His manly form and penetrating eye strikingly indicated extraordinary mental vigor. For originality of wit, rapidity of conception, and fluency of nervous phraseology, he was unrivaled. Animated by the fire of nature, he uttered sentiments which, by their pathos, melted the heart to tenderness, or expanded the mind by their sublimity. As a luminary emerging from behind a cloud, he rose at once into notice; and his works and his name can never die, while living, divine Poesy shall agitate the chords of the human heart."

He was buried with military honors and a great public funeral in St. Michael's Cemetery, Dumfries; and it is curious to relate that while the remains of her husband were being consigned to the dust, Mrs. Burns gave birth to a son. A few years later she had erected over his resting-place a small stone, with his name, and so forth;

but in 1815 this was replaced by the handsome mausoleum which stands to-day, having been erected by a public subscription, contributed to by all classes, from the poor peasant up to royalty itself.

"Flow gently, sweet Afton" was written by Burns in honor of Mrs. Stewart, of Afton Lodge. She was the first lady of rank from whom he received any attention. The Afton is a small river in Ayrshire.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-sented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides;
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

HANDSOME NELL.

ROBERT BURNS.

"The following composition, was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly, but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl, who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then—but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end." —*Burns.*

"This ballad, though characterised by Burns as a very puerile and silly performance, contains here and there lines of which he need hardly have been ashamed at any period of his life."—*Lockhart.*

Oh, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
An mony full as braw,
But for a modest, gracfu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities,
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty,
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast,
She reigns without control.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Composed at Ellisland on the 20th October, 1789, the anniversary of the day upon which the tidings of the death of Mary Campbell were conveyed to the poet. See page 125.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget;
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingéd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THERE WAS A LAD.

ROBERT BURNS.

It is universally known that Burns himself was the "Rantin', rovin', Robin," of this popular song. In the second stanza he celebrates the destruction of the

"Auld Clay Biggin" which was caused, however, by a February instead a January wind. The old air of "O' gin ye were dead guidman" to which this song is sung, appears to have been a favorite with the early Reformers in Scotland. It was used for a hymn beginning:

> "Till our guidman, till our guidman,
> Keep faith and love till our guidman;
> For our guidman in heuen does reigne
> In gloire and bliss without ending."

It is related of Burns' father that on the night on which the poet was born he took horse and set out through the darkness of a stormy January night for Ayr for the midwife. When he approached a rivulet which crosses the road, and which was not then provided with a bridge, he found it so deep in flood that a wayfaring female sat on the other side unable to make her way across on foot. Notwithstanding his haste, he conveyed the poor woman through the stream on his horse. When he returned he found that the gipsy, as she proved to be, had made good her quarters beside his cottage fireside. It is said that on the child being placed in her lap, she inspected the palm, after the manner of her profession, and made the predictions which the poet himself has embodied in this whimsical song.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win,
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be na coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma,'
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt you'll gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur—
So blessin's on thee, Robin!
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

While there are numerous songs in existence bearing this title the present one from the first has cast all others in the shade, and to-day is doubtless the best known Scottish song in the world. In sending it to Mrs. Dunlop, Burns says, "Is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld lang syne,' exceedingly expressive. There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul * * * * * Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it, than in half a dozen of modern English Bacchanalians." It will be seen from this, that what we term Burns' "Auld lang syne," is in reality only an old song which he completed by adding a line and perhaps a verse where he found they were required. He was by no means the author of the entire song as is frequently asserted. He contributed it to *Johnson's Museum* and it is there marked with a Z signifying that it is an old song with additions and alterations. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, (September, 1793,) he says, "One song more, and I am done —'Auld Langsyne.' The air is but *mediocre;* but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
An' pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

An' here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
An' gi'e's a hand o' thine;
An' we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

An' surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
An' surely I'll be mine;
An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

SCOT'S WHA' HA'E.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mr. Syme, who was traveling with Burns on the 30th July, 1793, between the house of Mr. Gordon of Kenmare, and the village of Gatehouse in Kirkcudbrightshire, gives the following account of the origin of this immortal song. "I took him," says Mr. Syme, "by the moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil, it became lowering and dark, the hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day, he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell."

This however, does not agree with the poets own account of the composition of the song. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated September, 1793, he says. "There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it (The air Hey tattie taitie) was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of Liberty and Independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air that one might suppose to be the gallant, Royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and Slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do, or die!

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

One of the grandest songs ever composed. Berenger, the great French poet, once said of it. "This song is not a song for an age but an eternity." In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated January, 1795, Burns says, "A great critic, Aikin, on songs, says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing; the following is one on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, an' a' that ?
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that!
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show an' a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he manna fa' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mrs. McLehose, (Clarinda) is the supposed heroine of this song.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
An' listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless — my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap an' primrose our woodlands adorn,
An' violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie — an' Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
An' thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow an' gray,
An' soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;

The dark, dreary winter, an' wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

The heroine of this song was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, of Ballochmyle, an estate about two miles from Mossgiel. Speaking of the song Burns says: "I had roved out as chance directed, in the favorite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gayety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers pouring their harmony on every hand, with a kindled regard, and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed, who regardless of your harmonious endeavors to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses, and to rob you of all the property nature gives you, your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings. Even the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way, what heart but at such a time must have been interested in its welfare, and wished it preserved from the rudely-browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast? Such was the scene—and such the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye: those visionary bards excepted who hold commerce with aerial beings. Had calumny or villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an object. What an hour of inspiration for a poet! It would have raised plain, dull, historic prose into metaphor and measure! The enclosed song was the work of my return home; and, perhaps, it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene." Burns afterwards sent the song enclosed in a letter to Miss Alexander, but she does not seem to have ever acknowledged the receipt of it. Miss Alexander died on the 5th June, 1843, aged 88 years.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zyphyr wanton'd round the bean,
An' bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless steps I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
E'en there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,

Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine;
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

CORN RIGS.

ROBERT BURNS.

This is one of the Poet's earliest productions and appears in the first edition of his poems. Annie Ronald, afterwards Mrs. Paterson of Aikenbrae, was said to have been the heroine of the song, but it is now generally believed Jean Armour was the real heroine and inspirer of it. There is a portion of a very old song in existence, called "Corn Rigs" the chorus of which runs:

> "O corn riggs and rye riggs,
> And corn riggs are bonnie,
> And gin you meet a bonnie lass,
> Prin up her cockernony."

It was upon a lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kissed her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley;
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear:
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

ROBERT BURNS.

Miss Peggy Kennedy of Dalgarrock, who is here supposed to give utterance to her lamentations, was the heiress to considerable property in Carrick. She is said to have been deceived by her lover when only seventeen years of age and died soon afterwards of a broken heart. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated November, 1794, Burns gives the following account of the origin of the air to the song. "A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer, in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke: and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some sort of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question."

Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh an' fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:

Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
An' ilka bird sang o' its luve,
An' fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
An' my fause luver stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Lockhart says that this song was composed on the shores of the Solway, while the poet and a number of brother excisemen were engaged in watching a smuggling brig which had put in there. "Burns," he says, "manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet, salt marsh, with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his friends hearing him abuse his friend Lewars. in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns in the meantime would do well to indite a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing, but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingles, rejoined the party, and chanted to them this well-known ditty."

The de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
An' danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa, wi' the Exciseman!

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, an' sing, an' rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The de'il's awa' the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa'
He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman,
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' with the Exciseman.

'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

ROBERT BURNS.

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest!
And thou has plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

MARK YONDER POMP.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written in 1795. Jean Lorimer was the subject of the song.

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet op'ning flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
Oh then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel through ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

MY LUVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

ROBERT BURNS.

This is an old song revised by Burns for the *Museum*. "The tune," he says, "of this song, is in Neil Gow's first collection and is there called "Major Graham."

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

FROM THEE ELIZA.

ROBERT BURNS.

The heroine of this song, some say, was Elizabeth Miller, one of the "Mauchline Belles"; others avow that she was Elizabeth Black, afterwards Mrs. Stewart, a vintner in Alva; while John Galt is of opinion that the real lady was a relative of his own, named Elizabeth Barbour.—*Alex. Whitelaw.*

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore,
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O.

ROBERT BURNS.

The old song "We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't" first suggested to Burns the following verses, which undoubtedly form one of his finest lyrics.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lassies, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lassies, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

ROBERT BURNS.

The chorus and air of this song are very old. The rest of the verses do not refer to an incident in connection with the Poet's love for Jean Armour, as was at one time conjectured.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cottar,
Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the eller's dochter?

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.

DUNCAN GRAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

"It is generally reported," writes Mr. Stenhouse, "that this lively air was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or carman in Glasgow about the beginning of last century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city." Burns got the idea of the song from an old version, which he contributed with some alterations to *Johnson's Museum*.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent an' unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd an' Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith bleert an' blin,
Spak' o' lowpin owre a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time an' chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
An' oh, her een, they speak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse an' canty baith;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

AE FOND KISS.

ROBERT BURNS.

This matchless love song was composed by Burns in 1791, three weeks after his last interview with Clarinda. She was then completing her arrangements to go to Jamaica and did not meet the poet again. "The following exquisitely affecting stanza," says Sir Walter Scott, "contains the essence of a thousand love-tales."

> "Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met—or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Byron adopted these lines as the motto to "The Bride of Abydos."

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the Star of Hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
And to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES.

ROBERT BURNS.

"This song refers to the disgraceful manner in which the union of Scotland with England was effected, by the bribery of many of the Scottish nobles. The beneficial effects of the union were long in developing themselves, indeed for nearly the first fifty years, Scotland was positively injured by it; but, apart from this, Burns, like all true hearted Scotsmen, could never think of the loss of his country's independence without a sigh of regret."—*Alex. Whitelaw.*

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

Oh would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce an' loyal Wallace!
But pith an' power, till my last hour,
I'll make this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

A tribute from Burns in August, 1795, to the numerous endearments and accomplishments of Jean Armour.

CHORUS.

Oh this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Oh weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae paukie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in her e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

ROBERT BURNS.

An old song purified by Burns. The air was composed about 1720, by John Bruce a native of Dumfries.

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven I thought was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, an' Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg an' me,
How we love, an' how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

I DREAM'D I LAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

"These two stanzas," says Burns, "I composed when I was about seventeen. They are among the oldest of my printed pieces." They are given in *Johnson's Museum*.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with agéd arms were warring
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed;
But long or soon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;)
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE TARBOLTON.

ROBERT BURNS.

Burns was enrolled as a Freemason on the 4th July, 1781. The following farewell song to his Masonic brethern, was written shortly after the publication of his first volume of poems, and about the time that he was preparing to embark for Jamaica. William Wallace, the Grand Master referred to in the concluding stanza, was at one time Sheriff of Ayrshire. He died on the 28th November, 1781

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's sliddry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent a cheerful festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong memory on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine—
Shall be my prayer when far awa.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heaven bless your honor'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard, that's far awa.

HIGHLAND MARY.

ROBERT BURNS.

The remains of Highland Mary repose in the West Churchyard of Greenock.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
An' there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But, Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale, now, those rosy lips,
I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!
An' closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lov'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

NITH

ROBERT BURNS.

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honor'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorn's gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

MENIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

This song of despondency was written by Burns about the time he produced "The Ode to Ruin" and "The Lament." The chorus was the composition of a friend of the poet's. "Menie" is an abbreviation for "Miriamne."

Again rejoicing nature sees,
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
An' maun I still on Menie doat,
An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' like a hawk,
An' winna let a body be.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis an' the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklins cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
An' everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
An' owre the moorland whistles shrill;
Wi' wild unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

An' when the lark, 'tween light an' dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
An' mounts an' sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come Winter with thine angry howl,
An' raging bend the naked tree:
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

ROBERT BURNS.

Jean Lorimer was the heroine of this effusion. The song is said to have been written by Burns, not only to celebrate her charms, but also to furnish words for an Irish melody of which he was particularly fond. Jean Lorimer died in 1831.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue,
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow;
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
An' aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming. sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
An' aye my Chloris dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
An' hear my vows o' truth and love,
An' say thou lo'es me best of a'.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

ROBERT BURNS.

"I composed these verses," says Burns, "while I strayed at Auchtertyre, with Sir William Murray. The heroine was Miss Euphemia Murray, commonly and deservedly called 'The Flower of Strathmore.'" Miss Murray, in 1794, became the wife of Lord Methevm, a Judge of the Court of Session.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben:
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
An' blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn:
She trippéd by the banks o' Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
An' o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass.
That ever trod the dewy green.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

ROBERT BURNS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows an' wale o' auld men
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen an' kine,
An' ae bonnie lassie, his darling an' mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
An' dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
An' my daddie has naught but a cot-house an' yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

ROBERT BURNS.

"James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter, of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff, of Braco, ancester of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire (November 7, 1700) along with certain gypsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song, and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus:—

> 'I've spent my time in rioting,
> Debauched my health and strength;
> I squandered fast as pillage came,
> And fell to shame at length.
> But dantonly, and wantonly,
> And rantonly I'll gae;
> I'll play a tune, and dance it roun',
> Beneath the gallows-tree.'

When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows-hill of Banff (Nov. 16), he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments; after which, he submitted to his fate. The traditionary accounts of Macpherson's immense prowess are justified by his sword, which is still preserved in Duff House, at Banff, and is an implement of great length and weight—as well as by his bones, which were found a few years ago, and were allowed by all who saw them to be much stronger than the bones of ordinary men. The verses of Burns—justly called by Mr. Lockhart, 'a grand lyric,'—were designated as an improvement on those of the freebooter, preserving the same air."—*Dick's Edition of Burns.*

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wontonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath!—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword:
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengéd be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

ROBERT BURNS.

"The poet was accustomed to say that the most happy period of his life was the first winter he spent at Ellisland—for the first time under a roof of his own,—with his wife and children about him. It is known that he welcomed his wife to her roof-tree at Ellisland in this song."—*Lockhart.*

I ha'e a wife o' my ain—
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
I ha'e a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I ha'e naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord—
I'll be slave to naebody;
I ha'e a gude braid sword,
I'll tak' dunts frae naebody.
I'll be merry an' free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

OH! TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

This is one of Burns' early productions. "Tibbie" was one Isabel Steven, the daughter of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Lochlea.

Oh Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na but gaed bye like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, that ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy queen,
That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
An' answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gi'e her in her sark,
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan mark;
Ye need na look sae high.

THE WINSOME WEE THING.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written in 1792, for Thomson's collection.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

Oh leeze me on my wee thing;
My bonnie, blythesome wee thing;
Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing,
I'll think my lot divine.

Tho' warld's care we share o't,
And may see meikle mair o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine.

HIGHLAND LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written by Burns in early life in honor of Highland Mary.

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills an' valleys mine,
Yon palace an' yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
An' I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth an' honor's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O,
Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN.

ROBERT BURNS.

According to tradition, John Anderson was at one time the town piper of Kelso. There is a very old song or dialogue still in existence with this title, one of the verses being as follows:—

John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze shall get a sheip's heid, weel baken in a pye:
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat,
John Anderson, my jo, cum in and ze's get that.

Numerous additions have been made to the version by Burns, but these are generally of an inferior order.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
An' mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
An' sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

OH, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Writing to Mrs. Dunlop, the poet says with reference to this song. "Know that the heart-struck awe the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbor. Mr. Baillie, who with his two daughters accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honor of calling on me; on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time,) and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them; and riding home I composed the following ballad."

Oh, saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed owre the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
An' love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
An' never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The de'il he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
An' say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we ha'e a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Many people consider this one of the poet's finest songs. It was contributed to Thomson's collection.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
An' gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
An' mony a widow mourning,
I left the lines an' tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
An' for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, an' trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass;
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
Oh! happy happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
An' fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king an' country lang—
Take pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
An' lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot an' hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms an' cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; an' thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, an' I'm come hame,
An' find thee still true hearted!
Tho' poor in gear we're rich in love,
An' mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
An' come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day an' hour of danger.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

The subject of this beautiful song was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben, under whose roof Burns slept one night.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd;
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
An' aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

ROBERT BURNS.

This song was composed during the most depressed period of the poet's early life, when struggling with family distresses at Lochlea. "It is a wild rhapsody," he says, "miserably deficient in versification; but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming, O;
My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education, O;
Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortunes favor, O;
Some cause unseen still stept between to frustrate each endeavor, O,
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes by friends forsaken, O:
And when my hope was at the top I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last with fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion, O,
The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or ill untried, O;
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to befriend me, O;
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil, and labor to sustain me, O;
To plough and sow, and reap and mow, my father bred me early, O;
For one, he said, to labor bred, was a match for fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown and poor, thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber, O.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or sorrow, O!
I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a palace, O!
Tho' fortunes frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted malice, O!

I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther, O!
But, as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O!

When sometimes by my labor I own a little money, O!
Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon me, O!
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd folly, O!
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O!

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour, O!
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther, O!
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O!
A cheerful, honest-hearted clown I will perfer before you, O!

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

ROBERT BURNS.

This is an old song, touched up by Burns for the *Museum*.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet,
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O,
Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
We're a dry wi drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinking o't.

OH POORTITH CAULD.

ROBERT BURNS.

Composed in January, 1793.

Oh poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
Oh why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
Oh why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
Oh why, &c.

Oh wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
Oh wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
Oh why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
Oh why, &c.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written in 1795, when Britain was threatened with invasion by France. "Burns enrolled himself in the bands of gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries," says Allan Cunningham, "though not without opposition from some of the haughty Tories who demurred about his principles, which they called democratic. I remember well the appearance of that respectable corps: their odd, but not ungraceful, dress; white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat; short blue coat, faced with red; and round hat surmounted by a bear skin, like the helmets of our horse guards; and I remember the poet also—his very swarthy face, his very ploughman-stoop, his large dark eyes, and indifferent dexterity in the handling of his arms."

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
An' volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
An' Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, &c.

Oh, let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided;
Till slap, come in an unco loon,
An' wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among oursel's united:
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk an' state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
An' wha wad dare to spoil it,
By heaven! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
An' the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who wad set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Will hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.
Fall de rall, &c.

OH, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

ROBERT BURNS.

Lockhart pronounced this, "the best of all Burns's bacchanalian pieces." The three merry boys were the poet, William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, and Allan Masterton, another school master. Burns says, "we had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business. The air is Masterton's the song is mine."

Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam' to pree:
Three blyther hearts that lea-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fu', we're na that fu',
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
An' mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon; I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;

She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written in 1787, in compliment to the daughter of his friend William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, and in whose house the poet resided for several weeks during his stay in Edinburgh.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosèd bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
An' drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young an' gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
An' bless the parent's evening ray,
That watch'd thy early morning.

BONNIE JEAN.

ROBERT BURNS.

The heroine of this song was Miss Jean Macmurdo, daughter of Mr. John Macmurdo, of Drumlanrig. "I have not painted her," says Burns, "in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager." The song was composed in the Summer of 1793, and was inserted by Thomson in his collection.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did nae Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did nae joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Aė e'enin, on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:—

"Oh! Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear,
Oh, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

BONNIE ANN.

ROBERT BURNS.

"I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air 'Strathallan's Lament,' and two or three others in this work (Johnson's Scott's Musical Museum)."—*Burns.*

Ye gallants bright, I red ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.
Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

PEGGY.

ROBERT BURNS.

The heroine of this song was a young girl residing in Kirkoswald. "I went on with a high hand with my geometry," says Burns, when writing of the heroine of this song "till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette,* who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my sines and cosines for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

'Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.'—

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the last two nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless."

Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather:
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells:
The plover loves the mountains:
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion:
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow:
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

ROBERT BURNS.

First published in the *Scott's Magazine* for January, 1818. It is merely a continuation or extension of an old Jacobite song, beginning, "Here's a health to ane that's awa."

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be but sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read!
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's Chieftain McLeod, a Chieftain worth gow'd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
And friends on both sides of the Tweed:
And wha wad betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Burns, in the 'Reliques,' says, 'The oldest title I ever heard to this tune was 'The Highland watch's farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane, the rest of the song is mine.' In this note Burns alludes to the three first stanzas only; the other two were added by a Mr. Sutherland. 'Highland Harry,' according to Mr. Peter Buchan, was a Harry Lumsdale, who made love to a daughter of the Laird of Knockhaspie. Burns and Sutherland have made the song a Jacobite one. In some versions 'Ronald' is substituted for 'Harry.'"—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

Oh for him back again!
Oh for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

Oh were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyful sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
He left me in his native plain,
And rush'd his much wrong'd prince to join;
But, oh, he'll ne'er come back again.

Strong was my Harry's arm in war,
Unmatched on a' Culloden's plain;
But vengence marks him for her ain,
I'll never see him back again.

TAM GLEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

One of the the poet's most humorous productions. It was written for *Johnson's Museum*, in 1788.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
"Guid day, to you, brute!" he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten,
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him:
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gi'ed a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie! dont tarry—
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LUVE.

ROBERT BURNS.

First published in *Johnson's Museum.*

Oh meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
An' meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawly
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an arle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy,
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Contributed to Thomson's Collection in 1793.

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance!"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy,
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy,
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written to the beautiful air, "Saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.

Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye
I maun see thee never, Jamie
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken,
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.

Thou canst love anither, jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

ROBERT BURNS.

"This lively song was written by Burns for the second volume of *Johnson's Museum.* It was not, however, inserted there. In the meantime the poet revised it, and sent it to Mr. George Thomson's collection, in the second volume of which it appeared and soon became very popular. Though the alterations are by no means improvements, we give the second edition, as it is the one most generally sung. The tune called 'The Queen of the Lothians' is very old, and adapted to a ballad beginning,—

> 'The queen o' the Lothians cam' cruising to Fife,
> Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo;
> To see gin a wooer would tak' her for life;
> Sing hey, fal lal de ral, fal de ral, lal de ral,
> Hey, fal lal de ral, lairo.' "—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he likéd for Jean—
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stockit mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
An' wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begg'd, for guidsake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the puir body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ellison Begbie is the supposed heroine of this song. It was not published until 1839, when it appeared in the *Aldine* edition of Burns. It was taken from a manuscript in the poet's handwriting.

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape an' mien;
The graces of her weel-faur'd face,
An' the glancin' of her sparklin' een!
She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
An' shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn,
With flowers so white an' leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
An' gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherrie ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
They tempt the taste an' charm the sight;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks beneath the seas;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Composed while visiting Moness, near Aberfeldy in Perthshire, during the Summer of 1787. The air of the song dates back to 1657. The following are the words which were then sung to it:

> "Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
> Will ye go, will ye go,
> Bonnie lassie, will ye go
> To the birks of Aberfeldy?
> Ye sall get a gown of silk,
> A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
> Ye sall get a gown of silk,
> And a coat of Callimankie.
>
> Na, kind sir, I daur na gang,
> I daur na gang, I daur na gang,
> Na, kind sir, I daur na gang,
> My minnie wad be angry.
> Sair, sair wad she flyte,
> Sair, sair wad she flyte;
> And sair, sair wad she ban me."

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
An' o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
An' rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love an' thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written for the third volume of *Johnson's Museum*, in 1790. An inferior song to the same air entitled "What shall a young woman do with an old man," appears in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, (1703).

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an' auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae morning to e'ening',
He hoasts an' he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums an' he hankers, he frets an' he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, an' wrack him, until I heart-break him,
An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, an' wrack him, until I heart-break him
An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

OH WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YOU.

ROBERT BURNS.

The air to this song was composed by one John Bruce, a fiddler in Dumfield, about 1760.

Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father an' mither an' a' should gae mad,
Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
An' come na unless the back yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back stile, an' let naebody see,
An' come as ye were na comin' to me.
An' come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
Yet look, &c.

Aye vow an' protest that ye care na for me,
An' whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

LOGAN'S BRAES.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day I recollected the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintiff indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song composed in three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow chair, ought to have some merit:"—*Burns to Mr. Thomson.*

Oh Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
An' years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills an' valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;

Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
An' evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his songs her cares beguile;
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights an' joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Oh, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
An' Willie hame to Logan braes!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ROBERT BURNS.

The first four lines of this song belong to an old ballad called, "The Strong Walls of Derry."

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My hearts's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below:
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

OH! FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY TAM.

ROBERT BURNS.

The poet is said to have composed this song on a real incident. A young girl, heiress to some small property was urged by her relations and friends, to marry an old, rich gentleman. She refused to do this, however, as she had previously placed her affections with one whose age corresponded with her own. The song represents her assuring her favored lover of her constancy towards him, and her earnest wish that she was twenty-one when she would be mistress of herself and would learn her relations "a rattlin' sang."

And oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam,
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEIR GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Burns," says Dr. Currie, "wrote professedly for the peasantry of his country, and by them their native dialect is universally relished. To a numerous class of the natives of Scotland of another description, it may also be considered as attractive in a different point of view. Estranged from their native soil, and spread over foreign lands, the idiom of their country unites with the sentiments and descriptions on which it is employed, to recall to their minds the interesting scenes of infancy and youth—to awaken many pleasing, many tender recollections. For Scotsmen of this description more particularly, Burns seems to have written his song, 'Their groves o' sweet myrtle,' a beautiful strain, which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of the Tay or the Tweed."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell an' gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
An' cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet sented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save loves willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean!

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Your 'Hey for a lass wi' a tocher,' is a most excellent song, and with you the subject is something new indeed. It is the first time I have seen you debasing the god of soft desire into an amateur of acres and guineas."—*Thomson to Burns.*

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
O, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher!
The nice yellow guineas for me!

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charms o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new-deckit wi' bonnie white ewes.
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bless'd,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess'd;
But the sweet yellow darlins, wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

ROBERT BURNS.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, Tinkler Madgie was her mither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She had an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very color;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller
A whiskin' beard about her mou'.
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's heinshinned,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her wailie neives like midden creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

MARY MORISON.

ROBERT BURNS.

One of the poet's earliest productions and one of his best.

Oh Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles an' glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Tho' this was fair, an' that was braw,
An' yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, an' said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
At least be pity on me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

GO FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Burns is said to have composed this beautiful and very popular song after witnessing a young officer take farewell of his sweetheart on the pier of Leith and embark for service abroad.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankéd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES?

ROBERT BURNS.

"In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merits of 'Ewe-bughts,' but it will fill up this page. You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines their 'race.'"—*Burns to Mr. Thomson.*

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lilly-white hand;
Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

ROBERT BURNS.

This is an old song, altered considerably for Thomson's Collection.

"Oh! open the door, some pity to show,
Oh! open the door to me, oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh! open the door to me, oh!

"Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh!

The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
An' time is setting with me, oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh!"

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
"My true love!" she cried, an' sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh!

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written in October, 1792, to the air of "The Lea Rig," and interesting from the fact that it was the poet's first contribution to Thomson's Collection.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo;
An' owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf an' weary, O;
Down by the burn, where sented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, an' ne'er be earie, O,
If thro' that glen I ga'ed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Altho' the night was ne'er sae wild,
An' I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo:
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

GALA WATER.

ROBERT BURNS.

"The following verses are all that are known of the original song:—

> "Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
> Braw, braw lads of Gala Water;
> I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee;
> And follow my love through the water.
>
> O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
> O'er yon moss amang the heather;
> I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
> And follow my love through the water."

Mr. Robert Chambers, in his collection of songs, has inserted another version of 'Gala Water,' which, though curious enough in a literary point of view, contains too many local allusions to be generally acceptable.

The modern song of 'Gala Water' was written by Burns in 1793 for Mr. Thomson's collection. Haydn, who harmonized it for Whyte's 'Collection of Scottish Songs,' wrote this short note on the MS. sheet of the music:—'This one Dr. Haydn's favorite song.' The Gala rises in Midlothian, runs south, and falls into the Tweed a few miles above Melrose."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Altho' his daddie be nae laird,
And tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure:
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

ROBERT BURNS.

The chorus is very old.

Gane is the day, an' mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale an' brandy's stars an' moon,
An' bluid-red wine's the rising sun.

Then gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then gudewife, count the lawin,
An' bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth an' ease for gentlemen,
An' semple folk maun fecht an' fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk 's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heels the wounds o' care and dool;
An' pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

OH! WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written by Burns in honor of his wife, and as a welcome to her in their new home at Ellisland. "These tributes to domestic affection," says Lockhart, "are among the last of his performances one would wish to lose."

Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glow'r an' spell,
An' write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven an' earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
An' aye I muse an' sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

ROBERT BURNS.

The "Rancle Carline's" song, in the "Jolly Beggars."

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawlan' laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We rangéd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' lived like lords and ladies gay:
For a Lawlan's face he fearéd nane,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheek the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast:
My curse upon them every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

WANDERING WILLIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Here awa' there awa' wandering Willie" is the title of an old fragment which first appeared, printed in "Herd's Collection." Burns who was fond of the air, composed the following verses to it for "Thomson's Collection." In his letter to Mr. Thomson he expresses his opinion as to what is essential to a good song, viz: simplicity. "Give me leave," "he says, to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either, in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad, I mean simplicity; now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame!
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was nae the blast brought the tear in my e'e;
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
Oh, how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide-roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

ROBERT BURNS.

Burns took the chorus of this song from the one written by Isabel Pagan, also called

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes" (see page 80). He knew the original song, but he does not seem to have known the authoress. In one of his letters to Mr. Thomson he says: "I am flattered at your adopting, 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. About seven years ago I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sung it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clark took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is with all its crudities and imperfections on its head."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang,
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheerie.
Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear:
Thou'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art.
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

ROBERT BURNS.

The air and the chorus of this song are both very old.

CHORUS.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow:
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund of tow.
The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.
The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!"
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.
The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, &c.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Was composed," says Burns, "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies." Allan Cunningham says, "Her education was superior to that of most young ladies of her station of life; she was equally agreeable and witty; her company was much courted in Nithsdale, and others than Burns respected her talents in poetic composition."

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!
Wishfully I look an' languish
In that bonnie face of thine;
An' my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, an' grace, an' love, an' beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

SOMEBODY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written by Burns for *Johnson's Museum.* The first verse, with the exception of the first line belongs to the old song.

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh-hey, for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon, for sombody!
Oh-hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not!
For the sake o' somebody!

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE UNTIL JAMIE COMES HAME.

ROBERT BURNS.

Founded on an old song.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears down came,
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.
The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame;
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame;
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written in 1786, and sent to Miss Maria Whitefoord on the occasion of her family quitting the estate of Ballochmyle. The words were set to music by Allan Masterton.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decayed on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e,
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild wood echoes rang,
Fareweel, the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair,
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair,
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

THERE WAS A LASS THEY CA'D HER MEG.

ROBERT BURNS.

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favor Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.
As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks
And aye she set the wheel between.
But Duncan sware a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn,
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flung them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blythe and merry we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNIN' WHEEL.

ROBERT BURNS.

An excellent song of rustic toil and contentment.

Oh leeze me on my spinnin' wheel,
Oh leeze me on my rock an' reel;
Frae tap to tae that leeds me bien,
An' haps me fiel an' warm at e'en!
I'll sit me down an' sing an' spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, an' milk an' meal—
Oh leeze me on my spinnin' wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
An' meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk an' hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
An' echo cons the dolefu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the clover hay;
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, an' less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flarin', idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessie at her spinnin' wheel?

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

ROBERT BURNS.

"The Cart flows through Paisley, celebrated for its productions of the loom, and it is said that 'a gallant weaver' there, named Robert Wilson, offered his hand in marriage to Jean Armour, at a time when she was obliged to seek refuge with a relation in that town, to avoid the effects of her father's displeasure. In those days a weaver was considered superior in station to a husbandman; and Burns was at first deeply jealous of his Paisley rival; but he afterwards, when Jean proved her fidelity, laughed over the subject—and the present song was in all probability suggested by reminiscences of this passage in his life."—*Alex. Whitelaw.*

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aucht or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll haud my hand,
And give it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

LORD GREGORY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Founded on the old ballad "The Lass of Lochryan."

O mirk, mirk, is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempests roar;
A waeful wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha'.
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwin side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied ?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my sad heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart o' heav'n that flashes by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victims see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written for Thomson's Collection. In the letter accompanying the song, dated 19th November, 1794, Burns says, "Scottish bacchanalians we certainly want, though the few we have are excellent. * * * Apropos to bacchanalian songs in Scottish, I composed one yesterday, for an air I like much,—'Lumps of pudding.'"

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and guid humor are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa,
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is: "Welcome and welcome again!"

FAREWELL.

ROBERT BURNS.

This is the song to which Burns refers when he says, "I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

TO DAUNTON ME.

ROBERT BURNS.

Partly an old song.

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, an' me so young,
Wi' his fause heart an' flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal an' a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef an' his saut,
For a' his gold an' white monie,
An' auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye an' yowes,
His gear may buy him glens an' knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-faule as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab an' his auld beld pow,
An' the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd e'e—
That auld man shall never daunton me.

DEATH SONG.

ROBERT BURNS.

Scene.—A field of battle.—Time of the day, evening.—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song:—

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave!

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

ROBERT BURNS.

The first four lines belong to an old song. Drummossie Muir was the field where the fatal battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April, 1746.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy or pleasure she can see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.
Drummossie moor! Drummossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet's the bluidy lea,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blessed a woman's e'e.
Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

ROBERT BURNS.

Composed in honor of Jean Lorimer. The poet claimed that the verses formed a regular pastoral, in which he says, "The vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded."

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
An' a' is young an' sweet like thee:
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
An' say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

An' when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

An' when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

ROBERT BURNS.

Another song in honor of Jean Lorimer. The chorus is old. "Craigie-burn wood," says Dr. Currie, "is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, about three miles from the village of that name. The woods of Craigie-burn and Dumcrieff were at one time favorite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and there he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics."

Sweet closes the eve on Craigieburn-wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And oh, to be lying beyond thee;
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Another version of "Sweet closes the Evening."

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
An' blythe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers an' spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
An' care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

OH LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Burns caught the idea of this beautiful song from hearing his wife singing portions of the famous old ballad "Where are you going to my pretty maid."

Oh luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
Oh love will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green—
An' a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
An' I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—
An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, an' the lily it is fair,
An' in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity, an' unaffected air—
An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day;
But the songsters nest within the bush I winna tak' away—
An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be here e'en sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

A BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

The following song appeared in the first Edinburgh edition of the poet's works, 1787.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman or soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,—
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I dont envy, I give him his bow,
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse:
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air!
There, a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die!
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown,
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

[A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.]

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honors masonic prepare for to throw:
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care!

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

ROBERT BURNS.

An old Song, altered by Burns, and contributed by him to *Johnson's Museum.*

There grows a bonnie brier brush in our kail-yard;
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard,

Like wee bit white cockades for our loyal Hieland lads
And the lasses lo'e the brier bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that are far awa'?
Oh! were they a' true that are far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld frien's when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;
Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee,
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

ROBERT BURNS.

"These verses, were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines (August, 1787) residing at Herveyston, in Clackmananshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness."—*Burns.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair;
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

Oh spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded Lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud Rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

ROBERT BURNS.

Both the air and the chorus of this song are old.

I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young—'twad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
An' if I gang to your house,
I'm fley'd 'twill make me eerie, Sir.

Hallowmas is come an' gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
An' you an' I in ae bed,
In trouth I dare na venture, Sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

LAY THY LOOF IN MINE.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Written for *Johnson's Museum*, to the air of 'The Cordwainer's March.' 'The Cordwainer's March' may be called the 'gathering tune' of the ancient and honorable fraternity of Sutors, and was usually played at their annual procession on St. Crispin's day. The last great procession of the craft took place in Edinburgh, about forty years ago. Mr. Sawers, bootmaker, of that city, swayed the regal sceptre on the occasion."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

Oh lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best;
But thou art Queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
Oh lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

MY NANNIE, O.

ROBERT BURNS.

One of the finest songs ever written. The heroine was a servant girl named Agnes Fleming who resided at Calcothill near Lochlea. In the poets Common-place book wherein the song is inscribed he remarks: "Whether the following song will stand the test (of criticism) I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say it was, at the time, genuine from the heart." The Lugar is a small river in Ayrshire.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heaven will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

HAPPY WE'VE BEEN A' THEGITHER.

Attributed to Robert Burns. Many critics, however, believe it to have been the work of Daniel Macphail, author of "Blythe, Blythe around the Nappie."

Here around the ingle bleezin',
Wha sae happy and sae free?
Tho' the northern wind blaws freezin',
Frien'ship warms baith you an' me.
Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be ane an' a';
Time shall see us a' the blyther
Ere we rise to gang awa.'

See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e!
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
That around us here we see?

Can the peer in silk and ermine,
Ca' his conscience half his own?
His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin
Tho' he stan' afore a throne!

Thus then let us a' be tassing
Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,
Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship mak's us a' mair happy,
Frien'ship gi'es us a' delight;
Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
Frien'ship brings us here to-night.
Happy we've been a' thegither,
Happy we've been ane an' a';
Time shall find us a' the blyther
When we rise to gang awa.'

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Attributed to Robert Burns.

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law,
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

The first two stanzas were written by Robert Burns in honor of his wife. The last two were added by John Hamilton, and are generally used in singing the song.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes,
Ha'e past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gade awa'!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean!

HA'E YE SEEN, IN THE CALM DEWY MORNING.

Attributed to Robert Burns, Jr.

Ha'e ye seen, in the calm dewy morning,
The red-breast wild warbling sae clear;
Or the low-dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,
Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?
O, then ye ha'e seen my dear lassie,
The lassie I lo'e best of a';
But far frae the hame o' my lassie,
I'm mony a lang mile awa'.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,
Her eye is the eye o' the dove,
Her lips are the ripe blushing rosebud,
Her bosom's the palace of love.
Though green be thy banks, O sweet Clutha!
Thy beauties ne'er charm me ava;
Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha,
My heart is wi' her that's awa'.

O love, thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure!
The sweetest we mortals here know;
But soon is thy heaven, bright beaming,
O'ercast with the darkness of woe.
As the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,
Delights the loan mariner's eye,
Till red rush the storms of the desert,
And dark billows tumble on high.

OH! PITY AN AULD HIGHLAN' PIPER.

Also attributed to Robert Burns, Jr.

Oh! pity an auld Highlan' piper,
An' dinna for want let him dee:
Oh! look at my faithfu' wee doggie,
The icicle hangs frae his e'e.

I ance had a weel theekit cot-house
On Morvala's sea-beaten shore;
But our laird turn'd me out frae my cot-house;
Alas! I was feckless an' puir.

My twa sons were baith press'd for sailors,
An' brave for their kintra did fa';
My auld wife she died soon o' sorrow,
An' left me bereft o' them a'.

I downa do ony sair wark,
For maist bauld is my lyart auld pow,
So I beg wi' my pipes, an' my doggie,
An' mony a place we've been through.

I set mysel' down i' the gloamin',
An' tak' my wee dog on my knee,
An' I play on my pipes wi' sad sorrow,
An' the tear trickles doun frae my e'e.

The tear trickles doun frae my e'e,
An' my heart's like to break e'en in twa,
When I think on my auld wife an' bairns,
That now are sae far, far awa'.

Come in thou puir lyart auld carle,
And here nae mair ill shalt thou dree;
And lang as I'm laird o' this manor,
There's nane shall gae helpless frae me.

And ye shall get a wee cot-house,
An' ye shall get baith milk an' meal;
For he that has sent it to me,
Has sent it to use it weel.

DUNCAN GRAY.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

The Scots Musical Museum was begun in 1786 by William Johnson, a music seller and engraver at Edinburgh. It was undertaken at the suggestion of William Tytler of Woodhouselee, and Dr. Blacklock, and was intended to be in two volumes. Its object was "to unite the songs and music of Scotland in one general collection." By the aid and contributions of Burns, who once informed a friend that he had "collected, begged, borrowed and stolen all the songs he could for it," the *Museum* ran the length of six volumes and was completed in 1803. A new edition with notes, &c., was commenced at one time by Mr. William Stenhouse, but he died in 1827, leaving his task unfinished. Mr. David Laing and Mr. C. K. Sharp, however, took up the work where he had left off, and in 1853 gave to the world an edition of this celebrated work the value of which is said to be immeasurable. Johnson died in indigent circumstances at Edinburgh, in February, 1811. He was the first to use pewter plates for engraving music. The following is the old version of Duncan Gray, communicated by Burns to the *Museum*.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
An' jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
An' a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
The girdin' brak', the beast cam' down,
I tint my cruch an' baith my shoon;
An', Duncan, ye're an unco loon,
Wae on the bad girdin' o't.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't.
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
An' auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
An' clout the bad grindin' o't.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Stenhouse's note on this song is as follows:—"In the index to the third volume of the *Museum*, this song is said to have been composed on the imprisonment of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Castle of Lochleven in 1567. The Earl of Argyle was on the Queen's party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, and, perhaps, the tune may have been the Campbell's quick-march for two centuries past; but, nevertheless, the words of the song contain intrinsic evidence that it is not much above a century old. In all probability it was written about the year 1715, on the breaking out of the rebellion in the reign of George I., when John Campbell, the great Duke of Argyle, was made commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in North Britain, and was the principal means of its total suppression. I have seen the tune, however, in several old collections."

THE Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!
The Campbells are coming, O-ho!
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven!
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;
Upon the Lomonds I lay;
I lookit doun to bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three perches play.
The Campbells are coming, &c.

Great Argyle he goes before
He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
With sound of trumpet, pipe and drum;
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
With banners rattling in the wind;
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!

O RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

The first two stanzas are a fragment of an old song. Burns composed the last one, "In compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar Esq. writer to the *Signet*, Edinburgh, and Col. of the Crochallan Corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." To this William Dunbar, Burns afterwards became greatly attached. He says in a letter to him:—"I have a strong fancy that, in some future eccentric planet, the comet of happier systems than any with which astronomy is yet acquainted, you and I, among the harum-scarum sons of imagination and whim, with a hearty shake of a hand, a metaphor, and a laugh, shall recognize old acquaintance."

Another old song under the same title begins thus:—

"O rattlin', roarin' Willie;
Where hae ye been sae late?
I've been to court my Maggie,
Sae weel's I ken the gate;

Sae weel's I ken the gate,
An' the tirlin' o' the pin;
Though it be never sae late,
She'll rise an' let me in."

O RATTLIN' roarin' Willie,
O he hied to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e;
And rattlin' roarin' Willie
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine.
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warld would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam' in by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben;
Rattlin' roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board-en',

Sitting at yon board-en'
  And amang gude companie;
Rattlin' roarin' Willie,
  Ye'er welcome hame to me.

WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

This is an old version altered by Burns.

GUDE'EN to you, Kimmer,
    And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,
    The better that I'm fou.
  We're a' noddin', nid, nid noddin',
  We're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
    Suppin' hen broo;
Deil tak Kate
    An' she be noddin' too!
      We're a' noddin', &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
    And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
    And twa pints mair.
      We're a' noddin', &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
    And how do you thrive;
How mony bairne hae ye?
    Quo' Kimmer, I ha'e five.
      We're a' noddin', &c.

* * * * * *

Cats like milk,
    And dogs like broo;
Lads like lasses weel,
    And lasses lads too.
      We're a' noddin', &c.

THE BREIST KNOTS.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

HEY the bonnie, how the bonnie,
  Hey the bonnie breist-knots!
Tight and bonnie were they a',
  When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,
And till't the lasses a' were boun',
Wi' mankie facings on their gowns,
  And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,
  And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,
And wished the lassie happy days;
And meikle thocht they o' her claes,
  And 'specially the breist-knots.

HEY DONALD, HOWE DONALD.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

A fragment of a very old song.

HEY, Donald, howe Donald,
  Hey Donald Couper!
He's gane awa' to seek a wife,
    And he's come hame without her.

O Donald Couper and his man
  Held to a Highland fair, man;
And a' to seek a bonnie lass—
  But fient a ane was there, man.

At length he got a carlin gray,
  And she's come hirplin' hame, man;
And she's fawn ower the buffet stool,
  And brak' her rumple-bane, man.

LIZZY LINDSAY.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

Adapted by Burns from an earlier song.

WILL ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that you live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

THE COLLIER LADDIE.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

WHARE live ye, my bonnie lass,
And tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the collier laddie.

See ye not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine, they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gawdy:
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my collier laddie.

I can win my five-pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my collier laddie.

JAMIE O' THE GLEN.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

A very old and at one time popular song.

AULD Rob, the laird o' muckle land,
To woo me was na very blate,
But spite o' a' his gear he fand
He came to woo a day owre late.

A lad sae blythe, sae fu' o' glee,
My heart did never ken,
And nane can gi'e sic joy to me
As Jamie o' the glen.

My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,
To gar me wi' her will comply,
But still I wadna ha'e the laird,
Wi' a his ousen, sheep, and kye.

A lad sae blythe, &c.

Ah, what are silks and satins braw?
What's a' his warldly gear to me?
They're daft that cast themsel's awa',
Where nae content or love can be.

A lad sae blythe, &c.

I cou'dna bide the silly clash
Came hourly frae the gawky laird!
And sae, to stop his gab and fash,
Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilka summer's day sae lang,
And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw,
A tunefu' lilt and bonnie sang
Aye keep dull care and strife awa.'
A lad sae blythe, &c.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

A fragment of an old song.

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the color,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack:
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck—
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gi'e my coatie
For the dusty miller.

KILLICRANKIE.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

WHARE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Came ye by Killicrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I faught on land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers gat a clankie, O,
Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

O fie, Mackay, what gart ye lie
I' the bush ayont the brankie, O?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
Than come to Killicrankie, O.
It's nae shame, it's nae shame,
It's nae shame to shank ye, O;
There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
And deils at Killicrankie, O.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the Glen,
There's ower mony wooin' at her;
Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,
There's ower mony wooin' at her.
Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,
Courtin' her, and canna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Ten cam' east, and ten cam' west;
Ten cam' rowin' ower the water;

Twa cam' down the long dyke-side:
There's twa-and-thirty wooin' at her.
There's seven but, and seven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door:
There's ane-and-forty wooin' at her.

She's got pendles in her lugs;
Cockle-shells wad set her better!
High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags,
And a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
Gin she ha'e the name o' siller,
Set her up on tintock tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er so fair,
And she want the penny siller,
A flie may fell her i' the air,
Before a man be even'd till her.

O, AN YE WERE DEAD GUIDMAN.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

O, AN ye were dead, guidman,
O, an ye were dead, guidman,
That I might wair my widowheid
Upon a ranting Highlandman.

There's six eggs in the pan, guidman,
There's six eggs in the pan, guidman ;
The ane to you and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.

There's beef into the pot, guidman;
There's beef into the pot, guidman ;
The banes to you, the broe to me,
And the beef for our John Highlandman.

There's sax horse in the sta', guidman,
There's sax horse in the sta', guidman;
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.

There's sax kye in the byre, guidman,
There's sax kye in the byre, guidman;
There's nane o' them yours, but twa o' them mine,
And the lave is our John Highlandman's.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT FU' LAW.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,
O when she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,
And when she cam ben she kissed Cockpen,
And syne she denied that she did it at a'

And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
In leaving the dochter of a lord,
And kissing a collier lassie an a'?

O never look doun, my lassie, at a',
O never look doun, my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma,'
Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

FAIRLY SHOT O' HER.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

Said to have been written by John Anderson, an apprentice to Johnson, the publisher of the Museum.

O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
Fairly, fairly, fairly shot o' her!
O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
If she were dead, I wad dance on the top o' her.

Till we were married I couldna see licht till her;
For a month after, a' thing aye gaed richt wi' her:
But these ten years I hae prayed for a wright to her—
O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
O gin I were fairly shot o' her! &c.

Nane o' her relations or friends could stay wi' her,
The neebors and bairns are fain to flee frae her:
And I my ainsell am forced to gie way till her:
O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
O gin I were fairly shot o' her! &c.

She gangs aye sae braw, she's sae muckle pride in her;
There's no a gudewife in the haill country-side like her:
Wi' dress and wi' drink, the deil wadna bide wi' her:
O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
O gin I were fairly shot o' her! &c.

If the time were but come that to the kirk-gate wi' her,
And into the yird I'd mak mysell quit o' her,
I'd then be as blythe as first when I met wi' her!
O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
O gin I were fairly shot o' her! &c.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Scottish songs and especially Scottish airs, became very popular with the people of England. In 1698 there was published at London, Playford's "Wit and Mirth," which contained a few imitations of these, afterwards termed by Burns, "Anglo-Scottish productions." Among them we find the original version of "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town." It was written by Thomas D'Urfey, and is entitled, "'Twas within a Furlong of Edinburgh Town." Altogether it is a miserable production, and we print the first verse merely as a specimen of the others.

"'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh Town,
In the rosie time of the year when the grass was down;
Bonnie Jockey, blythe and gay,
Said to Jenny making hay,
'Let's sit a little, dear, and prattle,
'Tis a sultry day.'
He long had courted the black-brow'd maid,
But Jockey was a wag, and would ne'er consent to wed;
Which made her pshaw and phoo, and cry out 'It will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.'"

In 1719, D'Urfey published his "Pills to Purge Melancholy:" a collection of songs, &c. This work also contains a number of trashy imitations of Scottish songs and music, and although it can prove of little or no importance to anyone nowadays, yet it is very scarce, and a high price is easily obtained for any stray copies which may be offered for sale. It is not known who composed the modern version of "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town." It first appeared in *Johnson's Museum*, and has since become a favorite song at home and abroad; but we think that this is more on account of the beautiful air to which it is sung, than from any value which can be attached to the words. "Jockey and Jenny," says Dr. Robert Chambers, "were names which, for a long period previous to the early part of the last century, acted as general titles for every Scottish pair in humble life. The male name in particular, was then invariably used by the English as appropriate to the personified idea of a Scotsman, exactly as 'Sandy' is used at the present day."

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,

Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear;
Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;
The lassie blush'd, and, frowning, cried,
"Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."

Jockey was a wag that ne'er wad wed,
Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass;
Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
Yet still she blush'd, and, frowning, cried,
"Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."

But when he vow'd, he wad make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were but few,
She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true,
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At church she nae mair, frowning, cried,
"Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

There are numerous versions of this old song in existence. The following one was prepared by Burns for the *Museum*.

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel;
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel;
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

MODERN VERSION.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
  Comin' frae the town ;
Gin a body meet a body,
  Need a body frown ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
  Nane, they say, ha'e I ;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
  An' what the waur am I?

HELLEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

JOHN MAYNE.

There are at least three different versions of this ballad or song, known to exist. The first two are old, while the following one is of modern date, having been written by John Mayne, about 1805, and was first published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, for 1815. Mayne is well known to all readers of Scottish literature as the author of "The Siller Gun," a poem which contains many passages of striking originality and power. He is also held in high esteem by many admirers of his beautiful version of the old song, "Logan Braes." Mayne was born in humble circumstances, at Dumfries, in 1761, and at an early age began the battle of life as a printer's apprentice. He soon acquired a taste for literature, and when only sixteen years of age composed some verses which displayed considerable poetical talent, and gained for him the favorable notice of many eminent men of letters. He became editor and part proprietor of the *Star* newspaper, published in London, and continued his connection with it until his death. He was a warm-hearted genial Scotsman and a most enthusiastic admirer of everything that pertained to the land of his birth. He died in 1836, at the ripe age of seventy-five, and was followed to his last resting place by a large body of friends, to whom he had endeared himself by his many noble acts of charity, his fine social qualities and his free and unassuming manner.

The tradition on which the song of "Helen of Kirkconnel" is founded dates back to the régime of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. The heroine, Ellen Terry, was a daughter of the ancient house of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, Scotland, and was famed throughout the neighborhood wherein she resided, for her remarkable beauty and various other accomplishments. At the age of nineteen she became the affianced bride of a young gentleman named Adam Fleming, having, however at an earlier age, neglected the addresses of another youthful suitor, whose tender feelings her heart had been unable to reciprocate. Both young men were of handsome appearance and each was endowed with an equal amount of rank and fortune, and when the rejected lover became aware of his mistress' betrothal to his rival Fleming, he swore to be revenged on him in a manner that would forever silence the ringing of his marriage bells. One moonlight night, as Helen was walking with Fleming along the banks of a small stream, called the Kirtle, she became greatly alarmed on noticing that her neglected lover was closely following them on the other side of the stream, and when he had reached a point exactly opposite to them, she, with horror, beheld him raise a pistol and take aim at the man on whose arm she reclined. Without hesitating an instant she placed herself in front of him, receiving at the same moment, in her breast, the fatal bullet that had been intended for the heart of her favored suitor. She sank moaning into his arms and expired in a few moments. Exasperated to fury by the sudden and treacherous death of his beautiful young mistress, Fleming crossed the stream and pursued her slayer with such speed that he soon overtook him, and with one powerful blow he knocked him senseless to the ground and drove his sword through his body, or to quote the words of the old ballad—

"I crossed the stream, the sword did draw,
I hacked him into pieces sma,'
I hacked him into pieces sma,'
  For her sake that died for me."

Having thus avenged the death of fair Helen, he fled to Spain, where with a view of atoning in some measure for the deed he had committed he joined an army and fought for many years against the infidels. At length, however, on becoming tired of warfare he returned home, and having sought out the grave of the woman who had so nobly sacrificed her young life for his, he laid himself down among the long grass by her side and died of a broken heart. He was interred next day in the spot where he had died and his grave is still to be seen in the old Kirkconnel Churchyard with its weather-beaten headstone, on which is carved a cross and a sword with the words underneath, "Hic Jacet Adam Fleming."

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries,
And like an angel to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sighed,
For me she wished to be a bride;
For me in Life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind
Took deadly aim at me;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Though heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me;
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh, if on earth there's aught divine
My Helen! all those charms were thine,
They centred all in thee!

Ah, what avails it that amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting place for me;
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Oh, when I'm sleeping in my grave
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave,
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-Lee.

LOGAN'S BRAES.

JOHN MAYNE.

John Mayne only composed the first three stanzas of this song. The last three, which, by the way, are very inferior in style, were added by an anonymous writer, and first published in Duncan's "Encyclopædia of Scottish, English and Irish Songs," at Glasgow, in 1836. The stream from which the song takes its name separates the parishes of Lesmahago and Muirkirk, in the southwest of Scotland, and after flowing for nearly eight miles reaches the river Nethan, into which it deposits its waters. The air, which is very sweet and pathetic, can be traced as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century.

"By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.

"Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachin's meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane—
Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.

"At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out, or sit alane—
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover scaithless, an' my ain!
Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes."

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passin' by,
Passin' by wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes.
Says he, "What gars thee greet sae sair—

What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
Thae sporting lambs hae blythesome days,
An' playfu' skip on Logan braes."

"What can I do but weep an' mourn?
I fear my lad will ne'er return—
Ne'er return to ease my waes,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, "I'm free frae war's alarms,
I now ha'e conquer'd a' my faes,
We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
An' join'd their hands wi' one consent,
Wi' one consent to end their days,
And live in bliss on Logan braes.
An' now she sings, "Thae days are gane,
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his faes,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes."

THE WINTER SAT LANG.

JOHN MAYNE.

The winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
Our seedtime was late, and our mailing was dear;
My mither tint her heart when she look'd on us a',
And we thought upon those that were farest awa'.
Oh, were they but here that are farest awa'!
Oh, were they but here that are dear to us a'!
Our cares would seem light and our sorrow but sma',
If they were but here that are far frae us a'!

Last week, when our hopes were o'erclouded wi' fear,
And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer;
Our Johnnie had written, frae far awa' parts,
A letter that lightens and hauds up our hearts.
He says, "My dear mither, though I be awa,'
In love and affection I'm still wi' ye' a';
While I ha'e a being ye'se aye hae a ha',
Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the snaw."

My mither, o'erjoy'd at this change in her state,
By the bairn she doated on early and late,
Gi'es thanks night and day to the Giver of a',
There's been naething unworthy o' him that's awa'!
Then here is to them that are far frae us a',
The friend that ne'er fail'd us, though farest awa'!
Health, peace, and prosperity wait on us a';
And a blithe comin' hame to the friend that's awa'!

SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'?

JOANNA BAILLIE

Joanna Baillie was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Baillie, minister at one time of Bothwell in Lanarkshire. She was born in 1762, and received an education superior in many respects to that which was generally afforded to her sex in Scotland at that date. From her earliest years she exhibited a remarkable power in writing verses, and at the age of twenty-eight, ventured on the publication of a small volume of poems and songs, which did not, however, receive a very flattering acknowledgment from the public. Eight years later she published a volume of plays, and the genuine talent displayed in this volume at once established her reputation as an authoress. Among her best known songs are "Saw ye Johnnie Comin'?" "Todlin' Hame," "The Wee Pickle Tow," and "Fy, let us a' to the Wedding." These and many others were contributed at intervals to Thomson's *Melodies*, and *The Harp of Caledonia.* Miss Baillie was a very charitable woman, and had always a kind word to bestow on anyone who needed her sympathy. Among her personal friends she numbered Sir Walter Scott, who admired her writings very much and dedicated one of his poems to her. She died at Hampstead, England, in the 89th year of her age.

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo she:
"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinnin'.
Yestreen, about the gloamin' time,
I chanced to see him comin',
Whistling merrily the tune,
That I am a' day hummin'," quo, she;
"I am a' day hummin'."

"Fee him, faither, fee him," quo' she;
"Fee him, faither, fee him;
A' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him:
A' the work about the house
I gang sae lightly through it;
And though you pay some merks o' gear,
'Hoot! ye winna rue it," quo' she;
"No; ye winna rue it."

"What wad I do wi' him, hizzy?
What wad I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him."
"I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him."
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Oh, dinna stand wi' him," quo' she;
"Dinna stand wi' him."

"Weel do I lo'e him," quo' she;
"Weel do I lo'e him;
The brawest lads about the place
Are a' but hav'rels to him,
Oh, fee him, faither; lang, I trow,
We've dull and dowie been:
He'll haud the plough, thrash i' the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en," quo' she;
"Crack wi' me at e'en."

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting one by one;
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day;
And since, in social glee's despite,
It needs must be, Good night, good night!

The bride into her bower is sent,
And ribbald rhyme and jesting spent;
The lover's whisper'd words and few
Have bade the bashful maid adieu;
The dancing-floor is silent quite—
No foot bounds there; Good night, good night!

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansman in the heather'd hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone—Good night, good night!

Sweet sleep be with us one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again;
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

JOANNA BAILLE.

Burns furnished a version of this song to *Johnson's Museum.* (See page 170).

A young gudewife is in my house,
And thrifty means to be,
But aye she's runnin' to the town
Some ferlie there to see.

The weary pund, the weary pund, the weary pund o' tow,
I soothly think, ere it be spun, I'll wear a lyart pow.

And when she sets her to her wheel,
To draw her threads wi' care,
In comes the chapman wi' his gear,
And she can spin nae mair.
The weary pund, etc.

And then like ony merry May,
At fairs may still be seen,
At kirkyard preachings near the tent,
At dances on the green.
The weary pund, etc.

Her dainty ear a fiddle charms,
A bagpipe's her delight,
But for the crooning o' her wheel
She disna care a mite.
The weary pund, etc.

"You spake, my Kate, of snaw-white webs
Made o' your hinkum twine,
But, ah! I fear our bonnie burn
Will ne'er lave web o' thine.
The weary pund, etc.

"Nay, smile again, my winsome mate,
Sic jeering means nae ill;
Should I gae sarkless to my grave,
I'll lo'e and bless thee still."
The weary pund, etc.

POVERTY PARTS GUDE COMPANIE.

JOANNA BAILLE.

When white was my o'erlay as foam o' the linn,
And siller was clinkin' my pouches within;
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae;
As I gaed to my love in new cleeding sae gay,
Kind was she, and my friends were free,
But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight!
The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burn'd bright;
And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
As she footed the floor in her holiday gear.
Woe is me, and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic companie!

We met at the fair, we met at the kirk,
We met in the sunshine and met in the mirk,
And the sounds of her voice, and the blinks of her een,
The cheering and life of my bosom have been.
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee;
And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride;
The *bruse* I ha'e won, and a kiss o' the bride;
And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
When I utter'd my banter and chorus'd my song.
Dowie to dree are jesting and glee,
When poverty parts gude companie.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,
And mithers and aunties were mair than discreet,
While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board;
But now they pass by me, and never a word.
So let it be, for the worldly and slie
Wi' poverty keep nae companie.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Oh! neighbors! what had I to do for to marry?
My wife she drinks posset and wine o' Canary;
And ca's me a niggardly, thrawn-gabbet cairly.
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She sups, wi' her kimmers, on dainties enow,
Aye bowing, and smirking, and wiping her mou';
While I sit aside, and am helpit but sparely.
O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!

To fairs, and to bridals, and preachings an' a',
She gangs sae light-headed; and buskit sae braw,
In ribbons and mantuas, that gar me gae barely.
O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly!
O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses, and breast-knots o'erlaid;
The dominie stickit the psalm very nearly.
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly.

She's warring and flyting frae mornin' till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her een glower sae keen;
Then tongue, neive and cudgel she'll lay on me sairly.
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly.

When tired wi' her cantrips, she lies in her bed—
The wark a' negleckit, the chalmer unred—
While a' our gude neighbors are stirring sae early.
O gin my wife wad wark timely and fairly;
Timely and fairly, timely and fairly;
O gin my wife wad wark timely and fairly!

A word o' gude counsel or grace she'll hear none;
She bandies the elders, and mocks at Mess John;

While back in his teeth his own text she flings sairly.
O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly!
O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed;
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;
Or she in the mouls, to dement me nae mairly.
What does it 'vail to cry, Hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
Wasting my health to cry, Hooly and fairly!

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree—
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Soft tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame;
For shame, silly Lightfoot; what is it to thee;
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn:
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market or fair,
The clerk, at the alehouse, still claims the great chair;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blythe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of gentle degree,
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The shaddow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clackin' din;

And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trystin' cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time it winna pass;
The shaddow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,
She's passed the witches' knowe;
She's climbin' up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis na so!
'Tis glaumrie I hae seen:
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill;
When Collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trystin' bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

IT FELL ON A MORNING WHAN WE WERE THRANG.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

It fell on a morning whan we were thrang,
Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking,
That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.
But the auld gudewife and her Mays sae tight,
Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween
For a chap at the door, in braid day-light,
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the warlock glen,
Wha stood without, half cow'd, half cheerie,
And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch and came crousely ben.
His coat was new and his o'erlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were coozy and bein;
But a wooer that comes in braid day-light,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straiket,
And looked about, like a body half glaiket,
On bonnie sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.
"Ha, ha!" quo' the carlin, "and look ye that way?
Hoot! let nae sic fancies bewilder ye clean:
An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na na!" quo' the pauky auld wife, "I trow,
You'll fash na' your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly,
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hem'd and he haw'd and he screw'd in his mouth,
And he squeez'd his blue bonnet his twa hands between,
For wooers that come when the sun's in the south,
Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that to me?"
"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
Is douse and respeckit."—"I care na a boddle.
I'll baulk na' my luive, and my fancy's free."
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
For wooers that come when the sun shines bright,
Are na like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird and loud mutter'd he:
"All the daughters of Eve between Orkney and Tweed, O,
Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me!"
But the auld gudewife and her Mays sae tight,
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid day-light,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek;
And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlings are cause o' her sorrow—
New pearlings and plenishing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right muckle ado.

Woo'd, and married, and a';
Woo'd and married, and a';
And is na she very weel aff,
To be woo'd, and married, and a'?

Her mither then hastily spak'—
"The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouches I hadna a plack
The day that I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.

Woo'd, and married, and a',
Tocher and havings sae sma';
I think ye are very weel aff
To be woo'd, and married, and a'."

"Toot, toot!" quo' the grey headed faither;
"She's less of a bride than a bairn;
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humor inconstantly leans;
A chiel' maun be constant and steady,
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.

Kerchief, to cover so neat,
Locks the winds used to blaw;
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween,—

"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue een;
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Craft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlings enew.
Dear and dearest of ony,
I've woo'd, and bookit, and a';
And do you think scorn o' your Johnnie,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she played wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,
And she nippit her boddice sae blue;
Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew.
Woo'd, and married, and a',
Married and carried awa';
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd, and married, and a'.

THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

A lively young lass had a wee pickle tow,
And she thought to try the spinnin' o't;
She sat by the fire, and her rock took alow,
And that was an' ill beginnin' o't.
Loud and shrill was the cry that she utter'd I ween;
The sudden mischanter brought tears to her een;
Her face it was fair, but her temper was keen;
O dole for the ill beginnin' o't!
She stamp'd on the floor, and her twa hands she wrung,
Her bonnie sweet mou' she crookit, O!
And fell was the outbreak of words frae her tongue;
Like ane sair demented she lookit, O!
"Foul fa' the inventor o' rock and o' reel!
I hope, Gude forgi'e me, he's now wi' the d—l,
He brought us mair trouble than help, wot I weel;
O dole for the ill beginnin' o't!

"And now, when they're spinnin' and kempin' awa',
They'll talk o' my rock and the burnin' o't,
While Tibbie, and Mysie, and Maggie, and a',
Into some silly joke will be turnin' it:
They'll say I was doited, they'll say I was fu'
They'll say I was dowie, and Robin untrue;
They'll say in the fire some luve-powther I threw,
And that made the ill beginnin' o't.

O curst be the day, and unchancy the hour,
When I sat me adown to the spinnin' o't!
Then some evil spirit or warlock had power,
And made sic an ill beginnin' o't.
May Spunkie my feet to the boggie betray,
The lunzie folk steal my new kirtle away,
And Robin forsake me for douce Effie Gray,
The next time I try the spinnin' o't!"

AS I CAM' DOWN THE CANONGATE.

From Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.*

As I cam' down the Canongate,
The Canongate, the Canongate,
As I cam' down the Canongate,
I heard a lassie sing,

Merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in.

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies,
To fauld a lassie in.
O merry, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin.
O merry, &c.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWEEL TO WHISKY.

MRS. AGNES LYON.

Mrs. Agnes Lyon was a daughter of John R. L'Amy, of Dunkenny, Forfarshire. She was born at Dundee, in 1762, and in 1786, became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Lyon, Minister of Glammis. She died in 1840. She says in reference to this song: "Everybody knows Neil Gow. When he was poorly, the physicians forbade him to drink his favorite liquor. The words following were composed, at his particular desire, to a lamentation he had just made."

YOU'VE surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel;
I wat he was a canty chiel,
And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O.
And, aye sin' he wore the tartan trews,
He dearly liket Athole brose;
And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my blude grows unco cauld;
I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whisky, O.
Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
That whisky's no the drink for me.
Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and whisky, O.

Though I can baith get wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,
I'll be content, though legs should fail,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.
But still I think on auld lang syne,
When Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind—
Forbid like Highland whisky, O.

Yet I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,
To make a lamentation grand,
On gude auld Highland whisky, O.
Come, a' ye powers o' music, come;
I find my heart grows unco glum;
My fiddle-strings will no play bum,
To say, Fareweel to whisky, O.

WITHIN THE TOWERS OF ANCIENT GLAMMIS.

MRS. AGNES LYON.

WITHIN the towers of ancient Glammis
Some merry men did dine,
And their host took care they should richly fare
In friendship, wit and wine.
But they sat too late, and mistook the gate,

(For wine mounts to the brain);
O, 'twas merry in the hall, when the beards wagg'd all;
O, we hope they'll be back again;
We hope they'll be back again!

Sir Walter tapped at the parson's door,
To find the proper way,
But he dropt his switch, though there was no ditch,
And on the steps it lay,
So his wife took care of this nice affair,
And she wiped it free from stain;
For the knight was gone, nor the owner known,
So he ne'er got the switch again;
So he ne'er got the switch again.

This wondrous little whip remains
Within the lady's sight,
(She crambo makes, with some mistakes,
But hopes for further light).
So she ne'er will part with this switch so smart,
These thirty years her ain;
Till the knight appear, it must just lie here,
He will ne'er get his switch again;
He will ne'er get his switch again.

MY DADDIE IS A CANKERT CARLE.

From *The Lark*, and ascribed to James Carnegie, of Balnamoon.

My daddie is a cankert carle,
He'll no twine wi' his gear;
My Minnie she's a scauldin' wife,
Hauds a' the house asteer;
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low doun, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me:
Waitin' on me, my love,
He's waitin' on me;
For he's low doun, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a joe has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled
Wi' Johnnie o' the Glen;
And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware
O' fause deluding men;
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy, he cam' wast yestreen,
And speir'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sinsyne the neebors round
They jeer me air and late;
But let them say, &c.

WOO ME AGAIN.

EBENEZER PICKEN.

Ebenezer Picken, was born at Paisley, in 1769. He was for many years a school teacher, although he had studied for the ministry. He published two volumes of poetry, in 1813. He died at Edinburgh, in 1816.

WHAN Jamie first woo'd me, he was but a youth:
Frae his lips flow'd the strains o' persuasion and truth;
His suit I rejected wi' pride an disdain,
But, O! wad he offer to woo me again!

He aft wad ha'e tauld me his love was sincere,
And e'en wad ha'e ventured to ca' me his dear:

My heart to his tale was as hard as a stane;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He said that he hoped I would yield an' be kind,
But I counted his proffers as light as the wind;
I laugh'd at his grief, when I heard him complain;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He flatter'd my locks, that war black as a slae,
And praised my fine shape, frae the top to the tae;
I flate, an' desired he wad let me alane;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

Repulsed, he forsook me, an' left me to grieve,
An' mourn the sad hour that my swain took his leave;
Now, since I despised, an' was deaf to his mane,
I fear he'll ne'er offer to woo me again!

Oh! wad he but now to his Jean be inclined,
My heart in a moment wad yield to his mind;
But I fear wi' some ither my laddie is taen,
An' sae he'll ne'er offer to woo me again.

Ye bonnie young lasses, be warned by my fate,
Despise not the heart you may value too late;
Improve the sweet sunshine that now gilds the plain;
With you it may never be sunshine again.

The simmer o' life, ah! it soon flits awa',
An' the bloom on your cheek will soon dow in the snaw;
Oh! think, ere you treat a fond youth wi' disdain,
That in age the sweet flower never blossoms again.

PEGGIE WI' THE GLANCIN' E'E.

EBENEZER PICKEW.

Walkin' out ae mornin' early,
Ken ye wha I chanced to see?
But my lassie, gay and frisky,
Peggie wi' the glancin' e'e.
Phœbus, left the lap o' Thetis,
Fast was lickin' up the dew,
Whan, ayont a risin' hillock,
First my Peggie came in view.

Hark ye, I gaed up to meet her;
But whene'er my face she saw,
Up her plaidin' coat she kiltit,
And in daffin' scour'd awa.'
Weel kent I that though my Peggie
Ran sae fast out o'er the mead,
She was wantin' me to follow—
Yes, ye swains, an' sae I did.

At yon burnie I o'ertook her,
Whare the shinin' pebbles lie;
Whare the flowers, that fringe the border,
Soop the stream, that wimples by.
While wi' her I sat reclinin',
Frae her lips I staw a kiss;
While she blush'd, I took anither,—
Shepherds, was there ill in this?

Could a lass, sae sweet an' comely,
Ever bless a lover's arms?
Could the bonnie wife o' Vulcan
Ever boast o' half the charms?

While the zephyrs fan the meadows,
While the flow'rets crown the lea,
While they paint the gowden simmer,
Wha sae blest as her an' me?

BLYTHE ARE WE SET,

EBENEZER PICKEN.

Blythe are we set wi' ither:
Fling care ayont the moon;
Nae sae aft we meet thegither!
Wha wad think o' parting soon?
Though snaw bends down the forest trees,
And burn and river cease to flow;
Though nature's tide has shor'd to freeze,
And winter nithers a' below.
Blythe are we, &c.

Now round the ingle cheerly met,
We'll scog the blast and dread nae harm,
Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,
We'll keep the genial current warm.
The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
Shall cheat the happy hours awa'
Gar pleasure reign the e'ening lang,
And laugh at biting frost and snaw.
Blythe are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,
Shall get a fright afore we part,
Will gar them fear to come again.
Then, fill about, my winsome chiels,
The sparkling glass will banish pine:
Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
Blythe are we' &c.

THE TEARS I SHED.

MRS. DOUGALD STEWART.

The first four lines of the last stanza are by Burns.

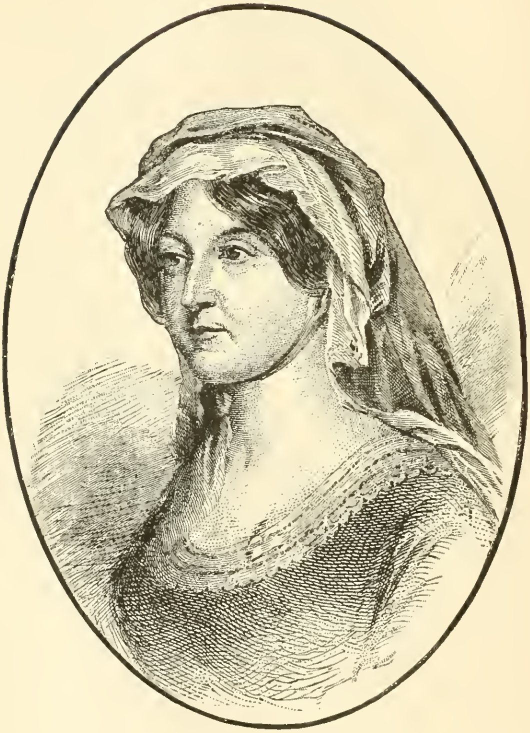
The tears I shed must ever fall:
I mourn not for an absent swain;
For thoughts may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead:
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb:
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.
E'en time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due:
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, or alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between
He made me blest—and broke my heart.



LADY NAIRNE.

From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn;
Neglected and neglecting all;
Friendless, forsaken and forlorn,
The tear I shed must ever fall.

THE ROWAN TREE.

LADY NAIRNE.

Lady Nairne was born at the "Auld House" of Gask, in Perthshire, on the sixteenth of July, 1766. Her father was one of those staunch old Jacobites who openly espoused the cause of the Stuarts, and proved his loyalty to Prince Charles Edward by taking an active part with him in the rebellion of 1745–6. The disastrous results of this rebellion are well known to every reader of history. It extinguished forever the hopes of that gallant young prince, and compelled him and his principal followers to retreat to the continent for safety. Among the latter was Lord Nairne, who thus spent seventeen years of his life in exile. "When he found it safe to return home," Dr. Rogers tells us, "he would not permit the names of the reigning monarch and his queen to be mentioned in his presence; and when impaired eyesight compelled him to seek the assistance of his family in reading the newspapers, he angrily reproved the reader if the 'German lairdie and his leddy' were designated otherwise than by the initial letters 'K. and Q.' This extreme Jacobitism, at a period when the crime was scarcely to be dreaded, was reported to George III., who sent the Laird his compliments as Elector of Hanover, with a message testifying respect for the steadiness of his principles." Lady Nairne was christened Caroline in honor of Prince Charles, and in early life received an excellent education. She was an exceedingly pretty child, and at the age of eighteen was acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful, intelligent and refined young ladies in Scotland. Her sweet and gentle manner, combined with her many charitable gifts so modestly bestowed upon the poor, gained for her the poetical title of "The Flower of Strathearn," but no one suspected her of being the authoress of the many charming songs which were then attracting by their beauty the admiration of the public. Many of these compositions first appeared under the assumed initials of "B. B." in *Smith's Scottish Minstrel*, and so careful and anxious was Lady Nairne to conceal her part in them, that even the publishers of the work were not sure of the real name and position of their gifted contributor until after their labor was completed. Since that time her songs have enjoyed a world wide reputation, and deservedly so, as with few exceptions they are worthy to be placed beside the noble productions of her great countrymen, Ramsay, Burns and Tannahill. They are all exquisite little pieces of poetry. Take for instance "The Rowan Tree" or "The Auld House." What tender recollections of childhood's days do these two songs recall. Nothing could be more fraught with sweet, and, in many cases, sad memories of the past than the verses:

Oh! the auld house, the auld house
What tho' the rooms were wee!
Oh! kind hearts were dwellin' there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine,
Still hang upon the wa',
How many cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'.

* * * * * * * *

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue bells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa',
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted tho' ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

* * * * * * * *

Or take again her well known song, "The Land o' the Leal," which was composed on the occasion of the death in infancy of the first born of a personal friend of Lady Nairne. We certainly could not wish for any verses that would touch our hearts more deeply or engage our sympathies more earnestly than these do:

I'm wearing awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a' comin' fast, John,
In joy that's aye to last,
In the land o' the leal.

* * * * * * * *

Lines like these require no comment at our hands. They speak for themselves, and to many who have undergone the sad ordeal of parting with a little one through death, the second verse must always appeal to their hearts with a feeling that is almost sacred. "The Land o' the Leal," is at once the finest and noblest of all Lady Nairne's productions, and as such has been recognized and sung in all parts of the civilized world. Turning, however, from the serious to the comic side of human nature, how graphically does she portray to us the amusing story of the Laird o' Cockpen, a worthy gentleman, who at rather an advanced period of his existence, arrives at the conclusion that he requires a wife, "his braw house to keep," and having settled the fact to his entire satisfaction, his choice settles on a certain lady whose age corresponds with his own, and who is known by the title of "Mistress Jean." Accordingly he resolves to at once impart his conclusions to Mistress Jean, and having equipped himself with a sword and a cocked hat, he mounts his gray mare to make his appearance the more imposing, and sets forth, never dreaming that the conclusions of the lady might not exactly concide with his own. Oh, no; he was the Laird o' Cockpen while she was only

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

In due time he arrives at his destination, and at once commands the servant in an authoritative voice to

Tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben ;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

And who cannot but enjoy the discomfiture and astonishment of the worthy laird at the result of the interview and the wonderful courage he exhibits when all is over:

When she cam' ben, he boued fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amazed was the laird when the lady said " Na,"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!

We are glad, however, to learn that the laird is ultimately successful, and that

Next time that the laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-and-arm to the kirk on the green.

Next to James Hogg, Lady Nairne deserves special notice for her many contributions to the Jacobite Songs of Scotland. Such songs as, "Wha'll be King but Charlie," "He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel," "There grows a bonnie brier bush, in our kail yard," "Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'," "Charlie is my darling," and "Will ye no come back again?" are among the finest and most popular of our national songs, and are certainly destined to remain as such for many generations to come. There is no misdoubting the sympathies which Lady Nairne entertained towards the exiled Stuart family in these compositions. Each song is a masterpiece in itself of devoted patriotism and unconquerable loyalty to the principles and cause for which her father had suffered.

Another excellent song is, "Caller Herrin'," which describes the various thoughts that agitate the hearts of the fishermen's wives while their husbands are engaged in their perilous occupations on the deep. The rest of her songs are each and all worthy of notice, and will well repay the time spent in reading them.

Lady Nairne was married to her second cousin, Captain William Murray Nairne, in 1806, and had one child, a son. Her husband died in 1830, and her son in 1837. After this she resided on the Continent, until failing health compelled her to forgo the fatigues of travel and return to Gask. Here she gradually became very frail, and on Sunday, the 26th of October, 1845, passed peacefully away to the "Land o' the Leal," in the 79th year of her age. She left considerable sums of money to be used in extending the usefulness of various institutions, and it will be a long time before the good name and charitable acts of Lady Nairne, "The flower of Strathearn," are forgotten in Scotland.

Oh, Rowan tree! Oh, Rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me,
Intwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy;
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the simmer's pride;
There was nae sic a bonnie tree, in a' the country side.
Oh, Rowan tree!

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright,
We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran;
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang.
Oh, Rowan tree!

On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see;
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be;
My mother! oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see;
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee!
Oh, Rowan tree!

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.
Oh, Rowan tree!

THE AULD HOUSE.

LADY NAIRNE.

"The Auld House" of this song was the house of Gask, the birthplace of Lady Nairne. Dr. Rogers says: "The old mansion of Gask, celebrated in this song was removed on the erection of the present commodious structure early in the century. The lock of Prince Charles Edward's hair referred to in the song is still preserved in the family. It was, however, not 'clipt' by the 'leddy' but by John Stewart, the Prince's servant.

Oh! the auld house! the auld house!
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee!
The wild-rose and the jesamine
Still hang upon the wa';
How mony cherish'd memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird!
Sae canty, kind, and crouse;
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house!
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue bells sweetly blaw,
The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house,
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And oh, how often did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—Oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scatter'd now,
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame;
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird,
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Shelter'd by the holly's shade,
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun,
How glorious it gaed down;
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon!
The auld dial, the auld dial,
It tauld how time did pass;
The wintry winds ha'e dung it down,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

AULD LANG SYNE.

LADY NAIRNE.

What gude the present day can gi'e,
May that be yours an' mine;
But beams o' fancy sweetest rest
On auld lang syne.

On auld lang syne, my dear,
On auld lang syne,
The bluid is cauld that winna warm
At thoughts o' lang syne.

We twa hae seen the simmer sun,
And thought it aye would shine;
But mony a cloud has come between,
Sin auld lang syne.

Sin auld lang syne, &c.

But still my heart beats warm to thee,
And sae to me does thine,
Blest be the pow'r that still has left
The frien's o' lang syne.

O' auld lang syne, &c.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

LADY NAIRNE.

The two last stanzas were added by Miss Ferrier, the novelist The air "When she cam' been she bobbet," to which this song was composed is one of the oldest Scottish melodies in existence.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state:
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee—
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue:
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie—
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben he boued fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

CALLER HERRIN'.

LADY NAIRNE.

This song was written for the benefit of a son of the celebrated musician, Neil Gow. He is said to have composed the music for it while listening one day to the bells of St. Andrew's Church, in Edinburgh, mingled with the well known cries of two New Haven fisher-women.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they fac'd the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring;
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd thro' wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairing,
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in ye're dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

LADY NAIRNE.

Charles Edward entered Carlisle preceded by a hundred pipers. Two thousand Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longtown; the tide being swollen, nothing was seen of them but their heads and shoulders; they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. When landed, the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry again.—*Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle,* by George G. Moncey.

Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
Wi, a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
We'll up, and we'll gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.

It is ower the border, awa', awa',
It is ower the border, awa', awa',
Oh, we'll on, and we'll march to
Carlisle Ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castel, an' a', an' a'.

Oh, our brave sodger lads looked braw,
an' braw,
Wi' their tartans, their kilts, an' a', an'a',
Wi' bannets an' feathers, an' glitterin'
gear,
An' pibrochs soundin' sae sweet an'
clear.
Will they a' come hame, to their ain
dear glen?
Will they a' return, our brave Hieland
men?
Oh, second-sichted Sandy look'd fu'
wae,
An' mithers great sair when they
march'd away.
Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

Oh, wha is the foremaist o' a', o' a'?
Wha is it first follows the blaw, the
blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', us a',
Wi' his hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
His bannet and feather, he's waving
high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly;
The nor' wind play wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw up an unco flare!
Wi' his hundred pipers, &c.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae
deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave
lads keep;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell
English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the
pibroch sound.
Dumbfounder'd the English were a',
were a',
Dumbfounder'd they a' heard the blaw,
the blaw,
Dumbfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY NAIRNE.

Composed in 1798. See page 205.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glistn'ing e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and aye be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

ANOTHER VERSION.

"The Land o' the Leal," was first published anonymously in 1800, and was then attributed to Burns. From the fact of the author being unknown, various versions appeared at intervals in the newspapers, and each of these new versions claimed to be the original one. The following appears in Blackie's *Book of Scottish Song*. It is there prefaced with the following note: "We can find no information regarding the authorship of this song. It appeared shortly after the death of Burns, whose dying thoughts it affects to personify."

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land a' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fair ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

BONNIE CHARLIE'S NOW AWA'.

LADY NAIRNE.

About one hundred and thirty followers are said to have accompanied Prince Charles to France, while the different clans throughout Scotland, which had flocked to his standard, were persecuted in every conceivable manner for long afterwards. But they bore their sufferings in silence, strong in the belief that their Prince would return from France in a year or two with an army sufficient to defeat the Royal forces, and place him on the throne of his forefathers. Prince Charles, however, made no such attempt, and his life during exile proved anything but creditable to him. He died at Florence, in 1788.

BONNY Charlie's now awa',
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hielan' men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie,
They kent you hidin' in the glen,
Your cleadin' was but barely.
Will ye no, &c.

English bribes were a' in vain,
An' e'en tho' puirer we may be,
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine an' thee.
Will ye no, &c.

We watch'd thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watch'd thee in the mornin' grey;
Tho' thirty-thousand pounds they'd gie;
Oh! there is nane that wad betray.
Will ye no, &c.

Sweet the laverock's note an lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen,
But aye to me, he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no, &c.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

LADY NAIRNE.

There are various versions of this song in existence, but the present one is the most popular.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie wi' a braw new goun
Cam' ower the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud wash'd in summer's shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
And oh! the scene was passin' fair,
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was settin' on the Tay;
The blue hills meltin' into grey,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had woo'd,
An' truth an' constancy had vowed,
But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my faither's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say;
The bairnies thocht they wad get play
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her cheek;
She naething said, but hung her head,
But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

LADY NAIRNE.

"Wha'll be King but Charlie?" is a noble and spirited song. It carries us back to the year 1745, when Prince Charles Edward and his little heroic band of followers landed at Borodale, and began what has been termed "one of the most desperate and romantic campaigns in modern history." Many of the clans at once gathered to welcome and support him, and after a brief council with a number of the most prominent Highland Chiefs the standard was raised in the valley of Glenfinnan. "The spot," says Dr. Chambers, "selected for the rearing of the standard, was a little eminence in the centre of the vale. The Marquis of Tullibardine, whose rank entitled him to the honor, pitched himself on the top of this knoll, supported by two men, on account of his weak state of health. He then flung upon the mountain breeze that flag which, shooting like a streamer from the north, was soon to spread such omens of woe and terror over the peaceful vales of Britain." Captain Simon Fraser, in his "Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles" (Edinburgh, 1816), gives the following note upon the air of this song: "This is a melody common to Ireland, as well as to the Highlands of Scotland—but, having been known in this country since the year 1745, as one of the incentives of rebellion, if originally Irish, some of the troops or partisans engaged for Charles from that country might have brought it over—but the melody is simple and beautiful, assimulating itself very much to the style of either."

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
That ships o' war hae just come in,
And landed royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling, wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

Come through the heather, around him gather,

Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu' lawful king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand
Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
Hae to a man declar'd to stand
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowland's a', baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird hae
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
And speir ye wha but Charlie?
Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early;
His very name my heart's blood warms
To arms for royal Charlie!
Come through the heather, &c.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

LADY NAIRNE.

There are various versions of this song in existence each of which have their own special admirers.

'T WAS on a Monday morning
Right early in the year,
When Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' running out,
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Oh! there were many beating hearts
And many a hope and fear,
And many were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

THE TWA DOOS.

LADY NAIRNE.

THERE were twa doos sat in a dookit,
Twa wise-like birds, and round they lookit,
An' says the ane unto the ither,
What do you see, my gude brither?

I see some pickles o' gude strae,
An' wheat some fule has thrown away;
For a rainy day they should be boukit,
Sae down they flew frae aff their dookit.

The snaw will come, an' cour the grund,
Nae grains o' wheat will then be fund,
They picket a' up and a' were boukit,
Then roun' an' roun' again they lookit.

O lang he thocht an' lang he lookit,
An' aye his wise-like head he shook it,
I see, I see, what ne'er should be,
I see what's seen by mair than me.

Wae's me there's thochtless lang Tam Gray,
Aye spendin' what he's no to pay;
In wedlock, to a taupie hookit,
He's ta'en a doo, but has nae dookit.

When we were young, it was nae sae;
Nae rummulgumshion folk now hae:
What gude for them can ere be lookit,
When folk tak doos that hae nae dookit.

JOHN TOD.

LADY NAIRNE.

The Rev. John Tod, was minister for some time of Ladykirk, in Berwickshire.

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,
He's a terrible man, John Tod;
He scolds in the house, he scolds at the door,
He scolds in the very hie road, John Tod,
He scolds in the very hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The weans a' fear John Tod;
When he's passing by the mothers will cry,
Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,
Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The callants a' fear John Tod;
If they steal but a neep, the laddie he'll whip,
An' it's unco weel done o' John Tod, John Tod,
An' it's unco weel done o' John Tod.

And saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod?
O saw ye nae little John Tod?
His shoon they were re'in, and his feet they were seen,
But stout does he gang on the road, John Tod,
But stout does he gang on the road.

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod?
How is he wendin' John Tod?
He is scourin' the land wi' his rung in his hand,
And the French wadna frighten John Tod, John Tod,
And the French wadna frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-burnt and batter'd, John Tod, John Tod,
Ye're tautit and tatter'd, John Tod;
Wi' your auld strippit cowl ye look maist like a fule;
But there's nouse in the linin' John Tod, John Tod,
But there's nouse in the linin' John Tod.

He's weel respeckit, John Tod, John Tod,
He's weel respeckit, John Tod;
Though a terrible man, we'd a' gang wrang,
If e'er he should leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
If e'er he should leave us, John Tod.

FAREWEEL EDINBURGH.

LADY NAIRNE.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy we hae been,
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!

Auld Reekie, fare-ye-weel, and Reekie
New beside,
Ye're like a chieftain grim and grey,
wi' a young bonnie bride.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and your trusty
volunteers,
Your Council, a' sae circumspect,
your Provost without peers,
Your stately College stuff'd wi' lear,
you rantin' High-Schule yard;
The jib, the lick, the roguish trick,
the ghaists o' auld toun-guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
Your scribes that set you a' to richts,
and wield the golden pen;
The Session-court, your thrang resort,
bigwigs and lang gowns a';
And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's
no for want o' law.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;
Your Bernard's Well your Calton
Hill, where every breeze is health;
An' spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales
should ony chance to dee,
It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor,
or the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your hospitals
and ha's,
The rich man's friend, the Cross lang
ken'd, auld Ports, and city wa's;
The Kirks that grace their honored
place, now peacefu' as they stand,
Where'er they'er found, on Scottish
ground, the bulwarks of the land.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o'
genius fine,
That send your name on wings o'
fame beyond the burnin' line;
A name that's stood maist since the
flood, and just when it's forgot,
Your bard will be forgotten too, your
ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your
daughters fair;
Your Palace in the shelter'd glen,
your Castle in the air;
Your rocky brows, your grassy knowes,
and eke your mountain bauld;
Were I to tell your beauties a', my
tale would ne'er be tauld;
Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, where
happy we ha'e been;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's
Queen!
Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every
risin' sun,
And blessin's be on Edinburgh till
time his race has run!

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

LADY NAIRNE.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's ower the hills we daurna name;
He's ower the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome
hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame;
My mither greets and prays for them,
And 'deed she thinks they're no to
blame.

He's ower the hills, &c.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may
jeer;
But, ah! that love maun be sincere
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's ower the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these
plains;
Ower Hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our laddies will do;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
Oh, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done!
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
He's ower the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie then fight;
For your country, religion, and a' that is right;
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd die as aft for ane o' the three.
He's ower the hills, &c.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

LADY NAIRNE.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail yard,
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail yard,
Like wee bit cockauds, to deck our hieland lads,
And the lassies lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail yard.

An' it's hame, an' it's hame, to the north countrie,
An' it's hame, an' it's hame, to the north countrie,
Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,
Wi' a heart kind an' true, in my ain countrie.

But were they a' true that were far awa'?
O' were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld frien's that were far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye have been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's green,
O'er weel ye lo'ed the dancin' at Carlisle ha'.
And forgot the hieland hills, that were far awa'

I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Atholl's green,
I ne'er lo'ed a lassie, but my dorty Jean,
Sair, sair against my will, did I bide sae lang awa',
And my heart was aye in Atholl's green, at Carlisle ha'.

The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail yard,
The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail yard,
A blast blew ower the hill, that ga'e Atholl's flowers a chill,
An the bloom's blawn aff the bonnie bush in our kail yard.

HUNTINGTOWER.

LADY NAIRNE.

We give the following version of this popular song a place in this collection, as many people prefer it to the old one.

"When ye gang awa', Jamie,
When ye gang awa', laddie,
What will ye gi'e my heart to cheer,
When ye are far awa' Jamie?"

"I'll gi'e you a braw new gown, Jeanie,
I'll gi'e you a braw new gown, lassie,
An' it will be a silken ane,
Wi' Valenciennes trimm'd round, Jeanie."

"O, that's nae luve at a' laddie,
That's nae luve at a', Jamie,
How could I bear braw gowns to wear,
When ye are far awa', laddie."

"But mind me when awa', Jamie,
Mind me when awa', laddie,
For out o' sicht is out o' mind
Wi' mony folk we ken, Jamie."

"Oh, that can never be, Jeanie,
Forgot ye ne'er can be, lassie;
Oh, gang wi' me to the north countrie,
My bonnie bride to be, Jeanie."

"The hills are grand and hie, Jeanie,
The burnies runnin' clear, lassie;
'Mang birks and braes, where wild deer strays,
Oh, come wi' me, and see, lassie."

"I winna gang wi' thee, laddie,
I tell'd you sae afore, Jamie;
Till free consent my parents gi'e.
I canna gang with thee, Jamie."

"But when ye're wed to me, Jeanie,
Then they will forgi'e, lassie;
How can ye be sae cauld to me,
Wha's loe'd ye weel an' lang, lassie,"

"No sae lang as them, laddie,
No sae lang as them, Jamie;
A grief to them I wadna be,
No for the Duke himsel', Jamie."

"We'll save our penny fee, laddie,
To keep frae poortith free, Jamie;
An' then their blessing they will gi'e
Baith to you and me, Jamie.

"Huntingtower is mine, lassie,
Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie;
Huntingtower an' Blairnagower,
An' a' that's mine is thine, Jeanie!"

HUNTINGTOWER.

OLD VERSION.

SHE.—When ye gang awa', Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie;
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie?

HE.—I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
I'll send ye a braw new gown, lassie,
And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

SHE.—That's nae gift ava', Jamie,
That's nae gift ava', laddie,
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.

HE.—When I come back again, Jeanie,
When I come back again, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
To be your ain guidman, lassie.

SHE.—Be my guidman yoursel', Jamie,
Be my guidman yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

HE.—I dinna ken how that would do, Jeanie,
I dinna ken how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd gree, lassie.

SHE.—You should ha'e telt me that in time, Jamie,
You should ha'e telt me that in time, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

HE.—Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Your een were like a spell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitched me sae,
I could na help mysel', lassie.

SHE.—Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A broken heart like me, laddie.

HE.—Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
My story's a' a lee, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

SHE.—Think weel before ye rue, Jamie,
Think weel before ye rue, laddie,
For I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

HE.—Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Little Dunkeld is mine, leddy,
Saint Johnston's bower, and Hunting Tower,
An' a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

UP IN THE MORNIN' EARLY.

JOHN HAMILTON.

John Hamilton is supposed to have been born at Edinburgh, in 1761. Nothing is known of his early life. He composed a number of Scottish songs, besides many beautiful airs, which have always been popular with the people of Scotland. He was in business for some years as a music seller in North Bridge Street, Edinburgh, and added considerably to his income by teaching instrumental music to a few pupils at their homes. One of these, a young lady of rank and fortune, fell in love with him and married him, much against the wishes of her relations and friends. Their future lot, however, was passed amid much domestic happiness and peace. Hamilton died in 1814.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south;
The drift is drifting sairly;
The sheep are cowrin' in the heuch,
O! sirs, its winter fairly.
Now up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early,
To sit a' nicht wad better agree,
Than rise in the mornin' early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,
Like ony timorous carlie,
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;
And that we find severely.
Now up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early,
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,
Wha'd rise in the mornin' early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:
Poor things they suffer sairly;
In cauldrife quarters a' the nicht;
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree
Than rise in the mornin' early.

A cosie house and canty wife,
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the mornin'—na, na, na!
Up in the mornin' early!
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
When I rise in the mornin' early.

THE RANTIN HIGHLANDMAN.

JOHN HAMILTON.

Ae morn, last ouk, as I gaed out
To flit a tether'd yowe and lamb,
I met, as skiffing ower the green,
A jolly rantin' Highlandman.
His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,
And ilka smile my favor wan;
I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad,
As this young rantin' Highlandman.

He said, My dear, ye're sune asteer;
Cam' ye to hear the laverock's sang?
O, wad ye gang and wed wi' me,
And wed a rantin' Highlandman?
In summer days, on flowery braes,
When frisky is the ewe and lamb,
I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
And be your rantin' Highlandman.

With heather bells, that sweetly smells,
I'll deck your hair sae fair and lang,
If ye'll consent to scour the bent
Wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman.
We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,
Syne do the best that e'er we can:
Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
To trust a rantin' Highlandman.

His words sae sweet gaed to my heart,
And fain I wad ha'e gien my han',
Yet durstna, lest my mother should
Dislike a rantin' Highlandman.
But I expect he will come back;
Then, though my kin' should scould and ban,
I'll ower the hill, or where he will,
Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

GO TO BERWICK JOHNNIE.

JOHN HAMILTON.

Founded on an old song beginning:

"Go, go, go,
Go to Berwick, Johnnie;
Thou shalt have the horse,
And I shall have the pony."

Go to Berwick, Johnnie;
Bring her frae the Border;
Yon sweet bonny lassie,
Let her gae nae farther.
English loons will twine ye
O' the lovely treasure;
But we'll let them ken
A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honor;
Drive them o'er the Tweed,
And show our Scottish banner.
I am Rob, the King,
And ye are Jock, my brither;
But, before we lose her,
We'll a' there thegither.

MISS FORBES' FAREWELL TO BANFF.

JOHN HAMILTON.

Farewell, ye fields an' meadows green!
The blest retreats of peace an' love;
Aft have I, silent, stolen from hence,
With my young swain a while to rove.
Sweet was our walk, more sweet our talk,
Among the beauties of the spring;
An' aft we'd lean us on a bank,
To hear the feathered warblers sing.

The azure sky, the hills around,
Gave double beauty to the scene;
The lofty spires of Banff in view—
On every side the waving grain.

The tales of love my Jamie told,
In such a saft an' moving strain,
Have so engaged my tender heart,
I'm loath to leave the place again.

But if the Fates will be sae kind
As favor my return once more,
For to enjoy the peace of mind
In those retreats I had before:
Now, farewell, Banff! the nimble steeds
Do bear me hence—I must away;
Yet time, perhaps, may bring me back,
To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg, or, as he called himself, "The Ettrick Shepherd" was born at Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, about the first of December, 1770. He entertained the belief, however, that he was born on the 25th of January, 1772, but according to the Baptismal Register of Ettrick, he was baptised on the 9th of December, 1770. His father followed the occupation of a shepherd, and being in possession of only a small salary, could not afford the means required for an ordinary education to his son, and he was consequently sent out to service as a cowherd among the hills and glens which in time he learned to love so well. His mother, however, who seems to have been a woman of some intellectual acquirement, undertook to instruct him during the evenings, and so well did she succeed in her task, that before James was eighteen years of age, he had read through with much interest and satisfaction, "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," "The Gentle Shepherd," by Allan Ramsay, and a few other notable works of a religious character. From his mother he also became familiar with many of the famous Jacobite songs and ballads, and in this manner acquired a liking for this particular class of literature, which he cherished ever afterward. At the age of twenty he was given the position of head shepherd to Mr. James Laidlaw, the father of the author of "Lucy's Flittin'," and through this gentleman's influence, procured an introduction to the great Sir (then Mr.) Walter Scott, with whom he formed a warm and life-long friendship. It was about this time that Hogg first became impressed with the idea that he was a poet. He had written a few pieces, and he tells us that his rhymes were "songs and ballads made up for the lassies to sing in chorus, and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains; and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the Poeter.'" In 1801, while spending a week at Edinburgh, attending a cattle fair, he wrote down from memory a few of what he considered to be his best pieces, and published them in a small volume consisting of sixty-two pages. This volume, we are told, "fell still-born from the press, and the author had to pay a smart printer's bill for the gratification of seeing himself in print." Nothing daunted, however, by this first failure, he appeared again a few years later before the public as the author of another volume of poems and songs, entitled "The Mountain Bard," and this time he was more fortunate. The book sold well, and after the edition had been exhausted he found that he had cleared nearly three hundred pounds from it, after deducting all expenses. With this money he speculated in a sheep farm situated in the parish of Tynron, Dumfriesshire, but here again he was unsuccessful, and in less than three years he was glad to abandon his farm and take to his pen as a means of support. He returned to Edinburgh, where he began the publication of "The Forest Minstrel," a collection of songs, old and modern. This work, although valuable at the time, attained only a limited circulation, and hardly repaid the Editor for the labor which he bestowed upon it. His next venture was "The Spy," a weekly periodical, the publication of which he was obliged to suspend one year after the first number had been issued, as the public did not seem to appreciate the efforts which he put forth on their behalf in this new enterprise. In 1813, however, appeared a work from his pen which at once made him famous throughout Great Britain, viz: "The Queen's Wake." This is a series of tales supposed to be told or sung by a number of old minstrels before Mary Queen of Scots, at Holyrood Palace. It achieved at once a wonderful popularity. and is to-day admitted to be one of the finest books of poems which any Scottish author, except Burns, has produced. "The design of 'The Queen's Wake,'" says one of Hogg's biographers, "was excellent, and the execution so varied and masterly, that he was at once placed among the first of our native poets. The different productions of the local minstrels are strung together by a thread of narrative so gracefully written in many parts, that the reader is surprised equally at the delicacy and the genius of the author." Having recovered after a while from the effects of the applause which greeted the appearance of "The Queen's Wake," Hogg rented the farm of Altrive Lake from the Duke of Buccleuch, and while giving his personal attention to the management of this farm, still found time to devote to the task of editing old works, and the writing of new ones. "The Pilgrims of the Sun," "Mador of theMoor," "The Poetic Mirror," and the famous "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," are each and all works of special interest in their place. To the last named work the lovers of Jacobite songs are especially indebted, and although it is far from being a complete or even correct collection of these famous historical songs, yet it is the best work that we have on the subject and all praise must be awarded to Hogg for the sincerity and love with which he gathered together and preserved for future generations, so many of those honorable relics of a by-gone age. Nor must we forget, about this period, to mention the connection of Hogg with "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine." To him, and a few other enterprising individuals belong the credit of having projected and brought into existence a magazine which to-day occupies one of the foremost places among the standard monthly publications of Europe.

In 1831, Hogg paid a visit to London, where he was received with every mark of distinction by all classes of society. A great festival, we read, "attended by nearly two hundred persons, including noblemen, Members of Parliament and men of letters, was given him in Freemasons' Hall." After his return from London, he was again entertained at a public dinner in Peebles, presided over by Professor Wilson, of "Noctes Ambrosianae" fame. In the same year he published a complete edition of his songs, which was well received by the public. He also edited a new edition of Burns, which proved to be the most valuable edition of the poets works which so far had been published. From this time until 1834, he remained idle as far as literary work was concerned. During the summer of that year he published a volume, entitled "Lay Sermons on good Principles and Good Breeding." His next and last work was "Montrose Tales," in three volumes, which he issued in 1835. Toward the end of 1835, he was attacked with a dropsical complaint from which he never recovered. He died on the twenty-first of November of that year, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His remains were interred in the old churchyard at Ettrick, and a plain tombstone was shortly afterward erected by his widow to point out the last resting-place of the man who had risen from a shepherd boy to one of the highest literary pinnacles in Great Britain. "When the dark clouds of winter," writes Henry Scott Riddell, "pass away from the crest of Ettrick-pen, and the summits of the nearer-lying mountains, which surround the scene of his repose, and the yellow gowan opens its bosom by the banks of the mountain stream, to welcome the lights and shadows of the spring returning over the land, many are the wild daisies which adorn the turf that covers the remains of The Ettrick Shepherd."

"Flow my Ettrick! it was thee
Into my life that first did drop me;
Thee I'll sing, and when I dee
Thou will lend a sod to hap me.
Pausing swains will say, and weep,
Here our Shepherd lies asleep."

"Next to Robert Burns," says Dr. Rogers. "the Ettrick Shepherd is unquestionably the most distinguished of Scottish bards springing from the ranks of the people; in the region of the supernatural he stands alone. A child of the forest, nursed amid the wilds and tutored among the solitudes of nature, his strong and vigorous imagination had received impressions from the mountains, the cataract, the torrent and the wilderness, and was filled with pictures and images of the mysterious, which those scenes were calculated to awaken. . . . .
His ballads and songs are sweet and musical, and replete with pathos and pastoral dignity. Though he had written

only 'Flora Macdonald's Lament' and 'When the Kye Comes Hame,' his claims to an honored place in the temple of song had been unquestioned."

Hogg was married in 1820, to Margaret Philips, the youngest daughter of Mr. G. Philips, of Longbridemoore, in Annandale, and at his death left a widow and five children, for whose comfort both the government and the public made ample provision. He himself left no money. A collected edition of his works was compiled and published in Glasgow shortly after his death, from the proceeds of which his family also derived much benefit.

"In the title and chorus of this favorite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common, that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way, 'When the kye come hame,' when a tailor, scratching his head, said, 'It was a terrible affectit way that!' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again."—*Hogg.*

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell you of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down:
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
An' love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
The haill soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile;
O, wha would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gi'e?-
And a' the arts that prey
On man's life and libertie!
Gi'e me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,
When the kye comes hame!

DONALD MACDONALD.

JAMES HOGG.

"I once heard this song sung at the theatre, at Lancaster, when the singer substituted the following lines of his own for the last verse:

> ' For Jock Bull he is good in a hurry,
> An' Sawney is steel to the bane,
> An' wee David Welsh is a widdy,
> An' Paddy will hurkle to nane;
> They'll a' prove baith sturdy and loyal,
> Come dangers around them what may,
> An' I, their gude-brither, Macdonald,
> Shall ne'r be the last in the fray,' &c.

It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored, and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as anybody. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar."—*Hogg.*

My name it is Donald Macdonald—
I leeve in the Highlands sae grand;
I've follow'd our banner, and will do,
Wherever my maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues, and brochan, and a'.
Brochan, and brogues, and a',
And is nae her very weel aff
Wha has brogues, and brochan, and a'?

What though we befreendit young Charlie?
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Puir lad! he cam' to us but barely,
And reckon'd our mountains his hame.
It's true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword, and buckler, and a',
Buckler, and sword, and a';
For George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword, and buckler, and a'.

And O I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gi'e up the possession,
We'll soon ha'e to force them again;
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonor,
Though it were my finishin' blow,
He aye may depend on Macdonald,
Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.
Knees, and elbows, and a'
Elbows, and knees, and a'
Depend upon Donald Macdonald,
His kees, and elbows, and a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane:
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garny
We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairnie,
And sing him Lochaber no more!
Stanes, and bullets, and a',
Bullets, and stanes, and a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes, and bullets, and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry;
And Campbell is steel to the bane,
And Grant, and Mackenzie, and Murray,
And Cameron, will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy and wannel;
And sae is Macleod and Mackay;
And I, their gude-brither, Macdonald,
Shall never be last in the fray.

Brogues, and brochan, and a'.
Brochan, and brogues, and a';
And up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The kilt, and feather, and a'.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

JAMES HOGG.

"Was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Neil Gow, Jr. He said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me it was his own. When I first heard the song sung by Mr. Morison, I never was so agreeably astonished—I could hardly believe my senses that I had made so good a song without knowing it."—*Hogg.*

Far over yon hills of the heather sae green,
An' down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
An' aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brows of Ben-Connal,
He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he!
The conflict is past and our name is no more—
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore forever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!

M'LEAN'S WELCOME.

JAMES HOGG.

"I versified this song at Meggernie Castle, in Glen-Lyon, from a scrap of prose said to be the translation, *verbatim*, of a Gaelic song, and to a Gaelic air, sung by one of the sweetest singers and most accomplished and angelic beings of the human race. But, alas! earthly happiness is not always the lot of those who, in our erring estimation, most deserve it. She is now no more, and many a strain have I poured to her memory."—*Hogg.*

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
And though you be weary,
We'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie,
And his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer,
We'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the bracken,
And doe from the glen,
The salt sea we'll harry,
And bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy
And curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
An' dine with M'Lean;
And you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
When kings do not ken;
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
And his friend The M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores,
Three hundred and ten!

O, WEEL BEFA' THE MAIDEN GAY.

JAMES HOGG.

"This song was written at Elleray, Mr. Wilson's seat in Westmoreland, where a number of my very best things were written. There was a system of competition went on there, the most delightful that I ever engaged in. Mr Wilson and I had a 'Queen's Wake' every wet day—a fair set-to who should write the best poem between breakfast and dinner, and, if I am any judge, these friendly competitions produced several of our best poems, if not the best ever written on the same subjects before. Mr. Wilson, as well as Southey and Wordsworth, had all of them a way of singing out their poetry in a loud sonorous key, which was very impressive, but perfectly ludicrous. Wilson, at that period, composed all his poetry by going over it in that sounding strain; and in our daily competitions, although our rooms were not immediately adjoining, I always overheard what progress he was making. When he came upon any grand idea, he opened upon it full swell, with all the energy of a fine fox-hound on a hot trail. If I heard many of these vehement aspirations, they weakened my hands and discouraged my heart, and I often said to myself, 'Gude faith, it's a' ower wi' me for this day!' When we went over the poems together in the evening, I was always anxious to learn what parts of the poem had excited the sublime breathings which I had heard at a distance, but he never could tell me."—*Hogg.*

O, weel befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, bught, or pen,
An' weel befa' the bonnie May
That wons in yonder glen;
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel,
Wha's aye kind, an' aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel
Amang sae mony men.
O, weel befa' the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Along the gloaming lee;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree;
To see the lambkins lightsome race—
The speckled kid in wanton chase—
The young deer cower in lonly place,
Deep in her flowing den;
But sweeter far the bonny face
That smiles in yonder glen!

O, had it no' been for the blush
O' maiden's virgin flame,
Dear beauty never had been known,
An' never had a name;
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
The power o' beauty reigns supreme
O'er a' the sons o' men;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
Burns in a lonely glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
There's hinney in the haw—
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun will rise an' set again,
An' lace wi' burning gowd the main—
The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken;
But lovelier far the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!

THE WOMEN FOLK.

JAMES HOGG.

"The air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set, too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favorite humorous song when forced by ladies to sing against my will, which too frequently happens; and notwithstanding, my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again." —*Hogg.*

O SARELY may I rue the day
I fancied first the womankind;
For aye sinsyne I ne'er can ha'e
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!
They ha'e plagued my heart, an' pleased my e'e,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye for a' their witchery,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.

O, the women folk! O, the women folk!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O, weary fa' the women folk;
For they winna let a body be!

I ha'e thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'ed them better than mysel,
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can;
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.

O, the women folk! &c.

That they ha'e gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see;
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree;
An' smiles as soft as the young rosebud,
An' e'en sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the clud—
But laddie, seek to ken nae mair!

O, the women folk! &c.

Even but this night, nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,
I tak ye witness, ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried, right or wrang,
Without a reason rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a verse ava'.

O, the women folk! the women folk!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O, weary fa' the women folk,
For they winna let a body be!

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

JAMES HOGG.

First published in *The Border Garland*, a musical magazine which suspended publication shortly after the issue of its first number.

Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye our lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, who wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie?

I ha'e but ae son, my gallant young Donald;
But if I had ten they should follow Glengary!
Health to M'Donnell and gallant Clan Ronald—
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field with them,
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

Down thorough the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore!
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on, wi' the broad claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts bonnie Prince Charlie?

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

JAMES HOGG.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit an' woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.
But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet;
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
But just a jinking,
Bonnie blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.
But O, her artless smiles mair sweet
Than hinny or than marmalete;
An' right or wrang,
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowry beds
On which she treads,
Though wae for ane that misses her.
Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For all I see
Are nought fo me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

GOOD NIGHT AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'!

JAMES HOGG.

THE year is wearin' to the wane,
An' day is fadin' west awa',
Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
An' dark the cloud comes down the shaw.
But let the tempest tout and blaw,
Upon his loudest winter horn,
Good night an' joy be wi' you a',
We'll maybe meet again the morn.

O we ha'e wander'd far an' wide,
O'er Scotia's land o' firth an' fell,
An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd.
An' twin'd them wi' the heather-bell:
We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha',
Now let us tak' a kind farewell,—
Good night an' joy be wi' you a'!

Ye ha'e been kind as I was keen,
An' follow'd where I led the way,
'Till ilka poet's lore we've seen
Of this an' mony a former day.
If e'er I led your steps astray,
Forgi'e your minstrel ance for a';
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay—
Good night an' joy be wi' you a'!

DOCTOR MUNROE.

JAMES HOGG.

"DEAR Doctor, be clever, an' fling aff your beaver,
Come, bleed me an' blister me, dinna be slow;
I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my prospects are blasted,
An' a' driven heels o'er head, Doctor Munroe!"
"Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;
Pray, what's the misfortune that troubles you so?"
"O, Doctor! I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd for ever—
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Munroe!

"I meant to have married, an' tasted the pleasures,
The sweets, the enjoyments from wedlock that flow;
But she's ta'en another, an' broken my measures,
An' fairly dumfounder'd me, Doctor Munroe!
I'm fool'd, I am dover'd as dead as a herring—
Good sir, you're a man of compassion, I know;
Come, bleed me to death, then, unflinching, unerring,
Or grant me some poison, dear Doctor Munroe!"

The Doctor he flang aff his big-coat an' beaver,
He took out his lance, an' he sharpen'd it so;
No judge ever look'd more decided or graver—
"I've oft done the same, sir," says Doctor Munroe.
"For gamblers, rogues, jockeys, and desperate lovers,
But I always make charge of a hundred, or so."
The patient look'd pale, and cried out in shrill quavers,
"The devil! do you say so, sir, Doctor Munroe?"

"O yes, sir, I'm sorry there's nothing more common;
I like it—it pays—but, ere that length I go,

A man that goes mad for the love of a woman
I sometimes can cure with a lecture, or so."
"Why, thank you, sir; there spoke the man and the friend too,
Death is the last reckoner with friend or with foe,
The lecture then, first, if you please, I'll attend to;
The other, of course, you know, Doctor Munroe."

The lecture is said—How severe, keen, an' cutting,
Of love an' of wedlock, each loss an' each woe,
The patient got up—o'er the floor he went strutting,
Smil'd, caper'd, an' shook hands with Doctor Munroe.
He dresses, an' flaunts it with Bell, Sue, an' Chirsty,
But freedom an' fun chooses not to forego;
He still lives a bachelor, drinks when he's thirsty,
An' sings like a lark, an' loves Doctor Munroe!

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

JAMES HOGG.

I'll sing of yon glen of red heather,
An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,
Wha's a' made o' love-life thegether,
Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kaime,
Love beckons in every sweet motion,
Commanding due homage to gi'e;
But the shrine o' my dearest devotion
Is the bend o' her bonny e'ebree.

I fleech'd an' I pray'd the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens wi' me;
But though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was—"Laith wad I be!
I neither ha'e father nor mither,
Sage counsel or caution to gi'e;
An' prudence has whispered me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee."

"Dear lassie, how can you upbraid me,
An' try your ain love to beguile?
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.
Your smile that is blither than ony,
The bend o' your cheerfu' e'ebree,
An' the sweet blinks o' love there sae bonny,
Are five hunder thousand to me!"

She turn'd her around an' said, smiling,
While the tear in her blue e'e shone clear,
"You're welcome, kind sir, to your mailing,
For, O, you have valued it dear:
Gae mak' out the lease, do not linger;
Let the parson indorse the decree,
An' then, for a wave of your finger,
I'll gang to the brakens wi' thee!"

There's joy in the bright blooming features,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine:
But there's a delight will ne'er perish,
'Mang pleasures all fleeting and vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain!

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

JAMES HOGG.

"The Elliots and Armstrongs were formerly the most numerous clans on the Scottish border, and were constantly at feud with their English neighbors. Hogg's song is descriptive of the defeat of the English in one of these border raids."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale,
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,
The Armstrongs are flying,
Their widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone;
Lock the door, Lariston,—high on the weather gleam,
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky,
Yoeman and carbineer,
Billman and halberdier;
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry.

Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar,
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey,
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandale and Windermere,
Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.
Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
Thou bold Border ranger
Beware of thy danger—
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace;
"Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chaes!
Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here,
Little know you of our moss-troopers' might,
Lindhope and Sorby true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

"I've Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherby,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;
Come, all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Braken Tower end shall the fray."
Scowl'd the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddisdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipp'd he the wold;
Many a bold martial eye
Mirrow'd that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold!

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior shout,
Lances and halberts in splinters were borne;
Halberd and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.
See how they wane, the proud files of the Windermere,
Howard—ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!
Here the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend,
"Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

JAMES HOGG.

There are several versions of this famous Jacobite song in existence but the one here given by Hogg is undoubtedly the best and most popular of all. Certainly for genuine and humorous satire it is unsurpassed in the whole annals of song literature. The original version was composed about the year 1714 on the accession of George I, to the British throne, but by whom will never be known. Hogg set the words of the present version to music, and published them in his "Jacobite Relics," and the song has become a universal favorite everywhere.

As a good illustration of the hatred entertained by every Jacobite toward the then reigning family, we quote the following story from Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences." "David Tulloch, tenant in Drumbenan, under the second and third Dukes of Gordon, had been "*out*" in the '45—or the *fafteen or both*—and was a great favorite of his respective landlords. One day David having attended young Lady Susan Gordon (afterwards Duchess of Manhester), to the "Chapel" at Huntly, David, preceiving that her ladyship had neither hassock nor carpet to protect her garments from the earthen floor, respectfully spread his plaid for the young lady to kneel upon, and the service proceeded; but when the prayer for the King and the Royal Family was commenced, David, *sans ceremonie*, drew or rather "twitched" the plaid from under the knees of the astonished young lady, exclaming, *not sotto voce*, 'The deil a ane shall pray for *them* on *my* plaid!'"

WHA the deil hae we gotten for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yairdie;
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
But the hose and but the breeks
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie!

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie!
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yairdie:
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our Scots thristle will jag his thumbs
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up among the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see how Charlie's lang-kail thrives
That he dibbled in his yairdie:
And if a stock ye daur to pu',
Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie!

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
No fitting for a yairdie;
And our norlan' thristles winna pu',
For a wee, wee German lairdie!
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad lib ye o' your German gear,
And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie!

Auld Scotland! thou'rt owre cauld a hole
For nursing siccan vermin;
But the very dogs o' England's court
Can bark and howl in *German!*
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
Thy spade, but and thy yairdie;
For wha the deil now claims our land
But a wee, wee German lairdie.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

JAMES HOGG.

DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hungry;
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly:
Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry;

Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly:
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stung wi' an ether, man;
When he comes back, there are some will look merrily:
Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weaver Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weaver Donald Macgillavry,
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly:
Gie him full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery;
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary:
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry;
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly,
Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry!

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness;
Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,
They maun be gane: he winna be baukit, man;
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak' it, man.
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly:
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry!

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery;
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;
Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man:
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man!
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly:
Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry!

HILL OF LOCHIEL.

JAMES HOGG.

Long have I pined for thee;
Land of my infancy,
Now will I kneel on thee,
  Hill of Lochiel;
Hill of the sturdy steer,
Hill of the roe and deer,
Hill of the streamlet clear,
  I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
Corrie and crag to climb,
Or towering cliff sublime
  Was my delight;
Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
  Gladsome and light.

When at the break of morn,
Proud o'er thy temples borne,
Rythed the red-deer's horn,
How my heart beat!
Then when with stunned leap,
Roll'd he adown the steep,
Never did hero reap
Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
Young Charlie Stuart came,
Cameron, that loyal name,
Foremost must be:
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Still we were dom'd to bleed
By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broadsword's gleam,
Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
No more to shine.
Then was the morning's brow,
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
First aye in battle strong,
Fir'd at her prince's wrong,
Forc'd to give way:
Broke was the golden cup,
Gone Caledonia's hope,
Faithful and true men drop,
Fast in the clay.

Fair in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland,
Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm returned to thee,
Hill of Lochiel.

SOMEBODY.

JAMES HOGG.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I would walk a winter's night,
For a sight o' somebody.
Och hon for somebody!
Och hey for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not,
For the sake o' somebody!

If somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ilka ane will get his ain,
And I will see my somebody.
Och hon, &c.

What need I kame my tresses bright
Or why should coal or candle-light
E'er shine in my bower day or night,
Since gane is my dear somebody?
Och hon, &c.

Oh! I hae grutten mony a day
For ane that's banish'd far away:
I canna sing, and maunna say,
How sair I grieve for somebody.
Och hon, &c.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

JAMES HOGG.

Translated from the Gaelic.

Farewell to Glen-Shalloch,
A farewell for ever!
Farewell to my wee cot,
That stands by the river!
The fall is loud-sounding,
In voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding
Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a babe at her knee
And a babe at her bosom:
I heard her sweet voice
In the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
There is nought to alarm thee;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee.
I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden.

"The brave were betray'd,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance.

"I'll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering:
I'll gird on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering:
I'll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honor,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her.

"Our tower of devotion
Is the home of the reaver;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen for ever;
The pine of the forest,
That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,
And its honors are shaken.

"Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger!
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.
O come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary,
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye!"

OLD NANNY'S SONG.

JAMES HOGG.

From *The Brownie of Bodsbeek.*

The kye are rowting in the lone,
The ewes bleat on the brae,
O, what can ail my auld gudeman,
He bides sae lang away!

An' aye the robin sang by the wud,
An' his note had a waesome fa';
An' the corbie croupit in the clud,
But he durstna light ava;

Till out cam' the wee gray moudiwort
Frae neath' the hollow stane,
An' it howkit a grave for the auld gray head,
For the head lay a' its lane!

But I will seek out the robin's nest,
An' the nest of the ouzel shy,
For the siller hair that is beddit there
Maun wave aboon the sky.

THE SKYLARK.

JAMES HOGG.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Bird of the wilderness,
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

O ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

ANONYMOUS.

This popular song has now been before the public for nearly fifty years, without its authorship being attributed to, or claimed by anyone.

O Allister M'Allister,
Your chanter sets us a' astir,
Then to your bags and blaw wi' birr,
We'll dance the Highland fling.

Now Allister has tuned his pipes,
And thrang as bumbees frae their bykes,
The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
And gather on the green.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The Miller, Hab, was fidgin' fain
To dance the Highland fling his lane,
He lap as high as Elspa's wame,
The like was never seen;
As round about the ring he whuds,
And cracks his thumbs and shakes his duds,
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
And blinded a' their een.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Neist rauchle-handed smiddy Jock,
A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' shauchlin' blear-e'ed Bess did yoke,
That slaverin'-gabbit quean.
He shook his doublet in the wund,
His feet like hammers strack the grund,
The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,
Nor kenn'd what it could mean.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,
For he got haud o' winsome Kate,
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
To dance the Highland fling."
The Highland fling he danced wi' glee,
And lap as he were gaun to flee;
Kate beck'd and bobb'd sae bonnilie,
And tript it light and clean.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary houghs are wantin' rest,
Besides they sair wi' drouth were strest,
Wi' dancin' sae I ween.
I trou the gauntrees gat a lift,
And round the bicker flew like drift,
And Allister that very night,
Could scarcely stand his lane.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

FIFE, AN' A' THE LAND ABOUT IT.

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS.

Alexander Douglas was born at Strathmiglo, on the 17th of June 1771. He published in 1806, a small volume of poems and songs which was well received by the public. He died on the 21st of November, 1821. "Fife an' a' the land about it" has always been a favorite song throughout Fifeshire.

Fife, an' a' the land about it,
Fife, an' a' the land about it;
May health, an' peace, an' plenty glad
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.

We'll raise the song on highest key,
Through every grove till echo shout it;
The sweet enchantin' theme shall be,
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, &c.

Her braid an' lang extended vales
Are clad wi' corn, a' wavin' yellow;
Her flocks an' herds crown a' her hills;
Her woods resound wi' music mellow.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, &c.

Her waters pastime sweet afford
To ane an' a' wha like to angle;
The seats o' mony a laird an' lord,
Her plains, as stars the sky, bespangle.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, &c.

In ilka town an' village gay,
Hark! Thrift, her wheel an' loom are usin';
While to an' frae each port an' bay,
See wealthy Commerce briskly cruisin'.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, &c.

Her maids are frugal, modest, fair,
As lilies by her burnies growin';
An' ilka swain may here repair,
Whase heart wi' virt'ous love is glowin'.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, &c.

In peace, her sons like lammies mild,
Are lightsome, friendly, an' engagin';
In war, they're loyal, bauld, an' wild,
As lions roused, an' fiercely ragin'.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, &c.

May auld an' young ha'e meat an' claes;
May wark an' wages aye be plenty;
An' may the sun to latest days
See Fife an' a' her bairnies canty.

Fife, an' a' the land about it,
Fife, an' a' the land about it,
May health, an' peace, an' plenty glad
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.

WHAT AILS YOU NOW.

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS.

What ails you now, my daintie Pate,
Ye winna wed an' a' that ?
Say, are ye fley'd, or are ye blate,
To tell your love an' a' that ?
To kiss an' clap, an' a' that ?
O fy for shame, an' a' that,
To spend your life without a wife;
'Tis no the gate ava that.

Ere lang you will grow auld and frail,
Your haffets white an' a' that;
An whare's the Meg, the Kate, or Nell,
Will ha'e you syne wi' a' that?
Runkled brow an' a' that;
Wizzen'd face an' a' that;
Wi' beard sae grey, there's nane will ha'e
A kiss frae you, an' a' that.

O stand na up wi' where an' how,
Wi' ifs an' buts an' a' that,
Wi' feckless scruples not a few:
Pu' up your heart an' a' that.
Crousely crack an' a' that;
Come try your luck an' a' that:
The hiney-moon will ne'er gang done,
If guidit weel an' a' that.

There's monie lass baith douce an' fair,
Fu' sonsy, fier, an' a' that,
Wad suit you to a very hair,
Sae clever they're an' a' that;
Handsome, young, an' a' that,
Sae complaisant an' a' that;
Sae sweet an' braw, and gude an' a';
What ails the chield at a' that?

Come, look about, an' wale a wife,
Like honest fouk an' a' that;
An' lead a cheerfu' virtuous life;
Ha'e plenty, peace, an' a' that;
A thrifty wife an' a' that,
An' bonnie bairns an' a' that,
Syne in your ha' shall pleasures a'
Smile ilka day an' a' that.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. After finishing his education at the High school of his native city, he was sent for some time to Kelso, where he first began collecting materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which he published in 1802. He was admitted a Barrister at Law in 1792, but never engaged to any extent in his profession. Literature was always his chief occupation and pleasure. In 1813 he produced "Waverly," the first of that grand series of romances whose fame has invaded every portion of the civilized world. His poetical works, especially "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," are acknowledged to be equal to any in the English language. His songs are beautiful and spirited, and each of them bears the imprint of the wonderful genius who created them. Sir Walter was married in 1797 to a young French lady named Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, who possessed considerable beauty and fortune. He died at Abbotsford, on the 21st of September, 1832, and his remains were interred in Dryburgh Abbey. We have not thought it necessary to enter into any further details of his life, as they are so well known to every reader of his works. He did much towards elevating Scotland among the nations of the earth, and his good name can never die.

"Why weep ye by the tide ladye—
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen,"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek sae pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha'
His sword in battle keen;"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor metaled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Sall ride our forest queen;"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there;

They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen!—
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

HE IS GONE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "The Lady of the Lake." Canto third.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "Marmion." Canto third.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow;
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.
Eleu loro.
Soft shall be his pillow.

There through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving,
There while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never,
Eleu loro.
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle,
With groans of the dying,
Eleu loro.
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
E'er life be parted;
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, O never,
Eleu loro.
Never, O never.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "Rokeby." Canto third.

"The last verse is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which

I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family."—*Scott.*

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew, love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But it shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love!
And adieu for evermore."

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "The Lady of the Lake." Canto second.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Ours is no sappling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade;
Moor'd in the rifted rock
Proof to the tempest shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then
Echo his praise again,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side,
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-Glen
Shake when they hear again,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!
O, that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,

Honored and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

ALLEN-A-DALE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "Rokeby." Canto third.

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning;
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle, come harken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the lamb for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yoemen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil;
Who at Rerecross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother she asked of his household and home;—
"Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth boid Allen, "shows gallanter still,
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch and bade him be gone;
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry—
He had laughed on the lass with his bonnie black eye;
And she fled to the forrest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

O SAY NOT, MY LOVE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

DONALD CAIRD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Sir Walter is said to have composed this song during a brief recess while he was engaged in some other occupation. The original manuscript of it which is still preserved shows it to have been written in a hurried manner on the back of an old letter, the last stanza being in very small writing and standing apart from the others, at the foot of the page, as if it had been composed previous to the others. Many writers have attempted to imitate "Donald Caird's Come Again," but in nearly every instance the attempt has been a failure.

Donald Caird's come again,
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Highland fling;
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the kantle o' the causey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gi'e way to Donald Caird.

Steek the aumrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear will sune be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:
Dunts o' kebbuck, taits o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a soo;
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn:
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

O, HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come;
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "The Monastery."

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border.
Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms and march in good order:
England shall many a-day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

This song refers to the severe treatment experienced by the Macgregors when the entire clan were outlawed and their lands forfeited. It first appeared in Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology," 1816.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day—
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful halloo—
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Grigalach!

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae, and Glenlyon, no longer are ours—
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!

But, doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword—
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us
with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and
their flesh to the eagles—
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!

While there's leaves in the forest, or
foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish
for ever!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

Through the depths of Lock Katrine
the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the
galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like
icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our
vengeance unfelt.
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "Marmion." Canto fifth. Founded on an old Border Ballad called "Katharine Janfarie."

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of
the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed
was the best,
And save his good broadsword he
weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless
in war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he
stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford
there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant
came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby
hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and
brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his
hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said
never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come
ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young
Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my
suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost
love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one
cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more
lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the
young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the
knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw
down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she
looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in
her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother
could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said
young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "The Lady of the Lake." Canto third.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From "Rokeby." Canto fifth.

O, LADY twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The mayflower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew.
On favor'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green;
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Strike the wild harp while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves,
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree!

Yes, twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past
And I have look'd and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With panzies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree!

ALL JOY WAS BEREFT ME.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd my fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wished that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten,
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart through the e'e,
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till at times—could I help it?—I pined and I ponder'd,
If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—

Now I'll never ask if thine eyes may
ha'e wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been
constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and
through channel,
Hardships and danger despising
for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright
annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie
and hame!

Enough, now thy story in annals of
glory
Has humbled the pride of France,
Holland and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no
more shalt thou leave me.
I never will part with my Willie
again.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"The Pibroch of Donald the Black," says Alexander Whitelaw, "is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan Macdonald, and is supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own." No one ever had a greater love for the old airs and traditionary ballad-lore of the Highlands of Scotland than Sir Walter Scott, but this fact is so strongly portrayed in his various novels, poems and songs, that it is unnecessary for us to dwell on it here. The charm which the bag-pipes produces on the Highland soldier is also well known. It can in a few moments, by its sad and plaintive notes bring the bravest to tears, or by its war-like strains stir his heart and feelings to such action that he rushes to the front of the fray regardless alike of dangers and death. In the dissertation prefixed to Patrick McDonald's collection of Highland airs we find the following passage: "A very peculiar species of martial music was in the highest request with the Highlanders. It was sometimes sung accompanied with words, but more frequently performed on the bag-pipes. And, in spite of every change a *pibroch* or *cruineachadh*, though it may sound harsh to the ear of a stranger, still rouses the native Highlander in the same way that the sound of the trumpet does the war horse. Nay, it sometimes produced effects little less marvellous than those recorded of ancient music. At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in great confusion; the general complained to a field officer of Fraser's Regiment, of the bad behavior of his corps. 'Sir,' answered he, with some warmth, 'you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play this morning; nothing encourages Highlanders so much in the day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use.' 'Let them blow like the d—l then!' replied the general, 'if it will bring back the men.' And the pipers being ordered to play a favorite *cruineachadh*, the Highlanders who were broken, returned the moment they heard the music and formed with great alacrity in the rear."

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Innerlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the alter;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather;
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
'Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scrace a distant form was kenn'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke,
So each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men,
Come, open the West Port, and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost, douce man, said, just e'en let him be,
The toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends
of the Bow,
Each carlin was flyting and shaking
her pow;
But some young plants of grace, they
look'd couthie and slee,
Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou
Bonnie Dundee!
Come, fill up, &c.

With sour-featured saints the Grass-market was panged,
As if half of the west had set tryste
to be hanged;
There was spite in each face, there
was fear in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnet of
Bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits
and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and
the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

He spurred to the foot of the high
castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly
spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows
three volleys let flee,
For love of the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee."
Come, fill up, &c.

The Gordon has askéd him whither
he goes;—
"Wheresoever shall guide me the soul
of Montrose,
Your grace in short space shall have
tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland,
and streams beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Southland,
there's chiefs in the North,
There are wild dunniewassals three
thousand times three,
Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnets of
Bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the woods, to
the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch to
the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, though
triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my
bonnet and me.
Come, fill up," &c.

He waved his proud arm, and the
trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the
horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston crags, and on
Clermiston lee,
Died away the wild war notes of
Bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up
my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call
up my men,
Fling all your gates open, and let
me gae free,
Sae 't is up with the bonnets of
Bonnie Dundee.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

From the Opera of "Rob Roy,"

Pardon now the bold outlaw,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Let your hands and hearts agree,
Set the Highland laddie free,
Make us sing wi' muckle glee,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Long the state has doom'd his fa',
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Still he spurn'd the hatefu' law,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Scots can for their country die;
Ne'er frae Britain's foes they flee,
A' that's past forget—forgie,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Your award must now abide,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Lang your favors ha'e been mine,
Favors I will ne'er resign,
Welcome then for auld langsyne,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

A FAMOUS MAN WAS ROBIN HOOD.

Altered from Wordsworth and sung in the Opera of "Rob Roy."

A FAMOUS man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad singer's joy;
But Scotland has a chief as good,
She has, she has her bold Rob Roy.

A dauntless heart Macgregor shows,
And wondrous length and strength of arm;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept, and kept himself from harm.
A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,
For this the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will,
And they, and they should keep who can.
A famous man, &c.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow;
The eagle he is lord above,
And bold Rob Roy is lord below.
A famous man, &c.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

"Sung by the late Mr. Mackay, in his great character of "The Bailie" in Rob Roy, as an after song, it being often his habit to come to the footlights after the curtain had fallen on the last scene and sing it. We have heard the authorship ascribed to the late William Murray, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh."—*Songs of Scotland.* Glasgow, 1872.

You may sing o' your Wallace and brag o' your Bruce,
And talk o' your fechtin' Red Reiver,
But whare will you find me a man o' sic use,
As a thorough-bred Saut Market Weaver?
Let ance Nicol Jarvie come under your view,
At hame whare the people adore me,
Whare they made me a bailie and councillor too,
Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

These claverin' chiels in the clachan hard bye,
They'll no gi'e a body but hard words,
My faith! they shall find if again they will try,
A het poker's as guid as their braid swords;
It's as weel though to let that flee stick to the wa',
For mayhap they may chance to claymore me,

To let sleepin' dogs lie is the best thing ava,
Said my faither, the Deacon, before me.

My puir cousin Rab, O! his terrible wife
Was sae proud, that she chose to disown me,
Fient a bodle cared she for a magistrate's life,
My conscience! she was just gaun to drown me.
But if ever again in her clutches I pop,
Puir Matty may live to deplore me,
But were I in Glasgow, I'd stick to my shop,
Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

Now to think o' them hangin' a bailie so high,
To be picked at by corbies and burdies!
But if I were at Glasgow, my conscience! I'll try
To let their craigs feel the weight o' their hurdies.
But stop, Nicol! stop man! na that canna be,
For if ane wad to hame safe restore ye,
In the Saut Market safe, I'd forget and forgie—
Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

First published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed:
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bares frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steel to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo!

JESSIE, THE FLOWER OF DUNBLANE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

As a writer of Scottish songs, Robert Tannahill has won for himself a place next to Burns in the hearts of his countrymen. Nor can it be said that he has acquired this illustrious position unworthily, for, when we consider the limited education he received in his youth, the humble station he occupied in life, and the deep melancholy amid which he passed the latter years of his existence, we cannot but honor and admire the genius of the man who composed for Scotland the noble collection of songs which Robert Tannahill has entrusted to her keeping. Had he written nothing finer than "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," it alone would have entitled him to rank high among the many poets to whom his country has given birth. Tannahill was born at Paisley, on the third of June, 1774. His parents were industrious, but poor people. Their family consisted of six sons and one daughter, and it became necessary that Robert, at an early age, should find employment by which he would be enabled to aid in the general support of the family. He was therefore apprenticed, when a mere boy, to a weaver, and remained in this position until he was twenty-six years of age, when he left Paisley and worked for two years at Bolton, in England. The chief pleasure of Tannahill during the leasure hours of these early years of his life, was in striving to educate himself and in writing verses to suit certain fine old airs which were then floating around the country. He became acquainted at one time with R. A. Smith, the musical composer, and this gentleman, pleased with the writings of his young friend, set a few of his songs to new and appropriate airs, and they at once became popular throughout Scotland. Since that time they have, like the songs of Burns penetrated all parts of the earth, wherever the English language is spoken, and to-day the hills and glens and woods around Paisley have become as familiar and dear to the dwellers in Australia or in the great backwoods of Canada as they are to the inhabitants of the prosperous town in the vicinity of which they are situated. Such songs as "Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes," "The Braes o' Balquhither," "O, Are ye Sleepin', Maggie?" and "The Bonnie Wood of Craigie-Lea" are all songs of especial beauty and sweetness and charm the hearer wherever they are sung, while "The Braes o' Gleniffer" and "Gloomy Winter's now Awa'," will ever retain a foremost place among the favorite lyrical gems of Scotland.

"We'll meet Beside the Dusky Glen" is also very popular with many people for the happy style in which it is written, and will always secure for itself a number of admirers.

In 1807, Tannahill was induced to publish a small volume of his songs and poems. The edition consisted of nine hundred copies, and proved entirely inadequate for the demand. Thus encouraged, he at once set to work in composing a number of other pieces, trusting that the Messrs. Constable of Edinburgh, would readily undertake the publishing of a new edition of his work. But when he had completed his task, and forwarded the manuscripts to Edinburgh, he was very much surprised one day shortly afterward, to find them returned to him with the regrets of the publishers that they had on hand much more work than they could give their attention to. This seemed to annoy him a great deal; he became melancholy and nervous, and often gave way to habits of dissipation, which ultimately produced a mild form of mental derangement, and while laboring under this terrible malady, on the seventeenth of May, 1810, he terminated his own life in a small pool not far from the house in which he was born.

His mother, of whom he had written—

> "'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
> To point out virtue's path and lead the way;
> Now, whilst her powers in frigid languor sleep,
> 'Tis mine to hand her down Life's rugged steep,
> With all her little weaknesses to bear,
> Attentive, kind, to sooth her every care.
> 'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
> From lessening an aged parent's woes—"

survived him for upwards of thirteen years. Tannahill never married. His brother tells us that Robert was at one time engaged to a prepossessing young lady named Mary Allan, but for some unexplained reason their marriage was postponed and never took place. The birthday of Tannahill is celebrated with imposing ceremonies each year in Paisley. Numerous associations bearing his name have also sprung into existence, and are being actively supported by his warmest admirers throughout Great Britain and the United States. A monument has been erected to his memory in his native town, and we may safely predict that this sweet singer of Scottish melodies will ever receive the kind appreciation to which his genius entitles him.

"Jessie, The Flower o' Dunblane," was published in 1808. Mr. Smith, in *The Harp*, of Renfrewshire, says that, "The song was at first composed of two stanzas, the third being added subsequently." "The Promethean fire," adds Mr. Smith, "must have been burning but *lownly*, when such common-place ideas could be written, after the song had been so finely wound up with the beautiful apostrophe to the mavis, 'Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening.'"

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty
Benlomond,

And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony and blythe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

LOUDOUN'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"Tannahill wrote this song in honor of the Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, and the Countess of Loudoun, to whom his Lordship had been lately married, when he was called abroad in the service of his country."—*The Scottish Minstrel.*

Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a', lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Wald gi'e Britons law lassie?
Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes
Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall sooth thy waes,
When I am far awa', lassie.

"Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
When Vengence drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie."

O! resume thy wonted smile!
O! suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honor crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudoun's flowery lea, lassie.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
'Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the simmer is in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme,
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes,
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns,
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

The Braes of Gleniffer, or, as they are now called Stanley Braes are situated a short distance to the South of Paisley.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw,
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they ha'e march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie.
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee:
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my e'e;
For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Written in 1808.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin' breezes blaw,
'Mong the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The Mavis sings fu' cheerie, O!
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O!

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythely spend the gowden day,
'Midst joys that never wearie, O!
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downie, buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie, O!

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And elka thing is cheerie, O!
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

It is related that one of the happiest moments of the poet's life was while he stood listening one day to a poor girl at work in the fields singing the first verse of this song. Dr. Rogers relates the following in connection with the writing of it:

"The poet and one of his particular friends, Charles Marshall, had met one evening in a tavern, kept by Tom Buchanan, near the cross of Paisley. The evening was enlivened by song-singing; and the landlord, who was present, sung the old song beginning, "There grows a bonnie brier bush," which he did with effect. On their way home together, Marshall remarked that the words of the landlords song were vastly inferior to the tune, and humorously suggested the following burlesque parody of the first stanza:

'There's mony a dainty cabbage-stock in our kail-yard,
There's mony a dainty cabbage-stock in our kail-yard,
They were set by Charlie Marshall,
And pu'd by Nannie Laird,
Yet there's mony a dainty cabbage-stock in our kail-yard.'

He added that Tannahill would do well to compose suitable words for the music. The hint sufficed; the friends met after a fortnight's interval, when the poet produced and read the song of 'Yon burn-side.' It immediately became popular."

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side,
Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn-side:
Though the broomy knowes be green,
Yet there we may be seen;
But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn-side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower on yon burn-side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn-side:
There the busy prying eye
Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
While in other's arm they lie, down by yon burn-side.

Awa' ye rude unfeelin' crew, frae yon burn-side!
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side:
There fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murmurin' stream,
And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd on yon burn-side.
And gloamin' draws her foggie shroud o'er yon burn-side:
Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll through the fields alane;
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn-side.

THE COGIE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

When poortith cauld, and sour disdain,
Hang o'er life's vale sae fogie,
The sun that brightens up the scene,
Is friendship's kindly cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
The friendly, social cogie;
It gars the wheels o' life rin light,
Though e'er sae doilt and clogie.

Let pride in fortune's chariots fly.
Sae empty, vain, and vogie;
The source of wit, the spring of joy,
Lies in the social cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
The independent cogie;
And never snool beneath the frown
Of onie selfish rogie.

Poor modest worth, with heartless e'e,
Sits burkling in the bogie,
Till she asserts her dingity,
By virtue of the cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
The poor man's patron cogie;
It warsals care, it fights life's faughts,
And lifts him frae the bogie.

Gi'e freckless Spain her weak snail broo,
Gi'e France her weel spic'd frogie,
Gi'e brither John his luncheon too,
But gi'e to us our cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
Our kind, heart-warming cogie;
We'll doubly feel the social tie,
When just a wee thought grogie.

In days of yore our sturdy sires,
Upon their hills sae scrogie,
Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,
And fought to save their cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
Our brave forefathers' cogie;
It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,
O'er which we'll lang be vogie.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"You will, no doubt, have frequently observed how much some old people are given to magnifying the occurrences of their young days. 'Barrochan Jean' was written on hearing an old grannie, in Lochwinnoch parish, relating a story something similar to the subject of the song; perhaps I have heightened her coloring a little."—*Tannahill.*

'Tis hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
And hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean!
How death and starvation came o'er the haill nation,
She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky een;
The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,
The taen kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen,

The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the mawing,
A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
Sic coming and ganging there never was seen,
The comers were cheerie, the gangers were blearie,
Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
The carlins at hame were a' girning and graning,
The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en,
They gat naething for crowdy, but runts boil'd to sowdie,
For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their descriving,
The ministers said 'twas a judgement for sin,
But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
I was sure they were dying for Barrochon Jean.
The burns on the road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,
Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;
A' round the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke backs,
E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran down wi' the making o' coffins,
Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clean,
Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.

But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-Brodie,
The grass owre their graffs is now bonnie and green,
He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky een.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O,
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! waes me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,
The laird's wyl'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O,
Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O,

The blae-berry banks now are lonesome and drearie, O,
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly O,
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my
doggie, O,
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,
Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and
my daddie, O,
I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa',
The pairtricks down the rushy holm,
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's
sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting, gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest
strains,
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle, and the birk,
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"Tannahill wrote this beautiful song to the air of an old song. . . . It was originally furnished without the last verse, but on one occasion, while entertaining his friends with it, Mr. James King asked the author, 'Why dinna you let the drookit deevil in?' The next night the author produced the concluding verse, but from its wanting the poetic fervor of the first verse it was never meant to be made public; however it has always been printed." —*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

O, ARE ye sleepin', Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carie;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

Fearfu' soughs the bourtree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and
dreary,
Loud the iron gate does clank,
And cry of howlets makes me eerie.
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife
daddie,
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise my bonnie lady!
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie:
"Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye."

Now, since ye'er wakin', Maggie!
Now, since ye'er wakin', Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For bourtree bank, or warlock
craigie?

THOU BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE-LEA.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Craigie-Lea is situated a short distance to the north-west of Paisley.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonnie o'er thy flowery lea,
An' a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee.

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark-green planting's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy buchted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers,
Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
The happy hours I'll ever min'
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

HARPER OF MULL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

The story of the Harper of Mull is thus abridged in Mr. P. A. Ramsay's edition of Tannahill's Poems. "In the island of Mull there lived a harper who was distinguished for his professional skill, and the affectionate simplicity of his manners He was attached to Rosie, the fairest flower in the island, and soon made her his bride. Not long afterwards, he set out on a visit to some low-country friends, accompanied by his Rosie, and carrying his harp, which had been his companion in all his journeys for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night, in a solitary part of the country, a cold faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank, almost lifeless, into the harper's arms. He hastily wrapped his plaid around her shivering frame; but to no purpose. Distracted, he hurried from place to place in search of fuel to revive the dying embers of life. None could be found. His harp lay on the grass, its neglected strings vibrating to the blast. The harper loved it as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and ere long it lay crackling and blazing on the heath. Rosie soon revived under its genial influence, and resumed the journey when morning began to purple the east. Passing down the side of a hill, they were met by a hunter, on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspicious of others, paced slowly along leaving her in converse with the stranger. Wondering at her delay, he turned round, and beheld the faithless fair seated behind the hunter on his steed, which speedily bore them out of sight. The unhappy harper, transfixed with astonishment, gazed at them. Then, slowly turning his steps homewards, he sighing exclaimed,—'*Fool that I was, to burn my harp for her.*'"

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by:
I play'd my heart cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang:

But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
And the thoughts of her beauty but feed my despair;
With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast;
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er,
Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequall'd before;
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

MARY, WHY WASTE?

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"Mary, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?
See, a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw;
Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw."
"How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure?
Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane;
Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

"This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break;
Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ening,
Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
Peace to this bosom can never return.

"Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.
Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!"

WITH WAEFU' HEART.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

With waefu' heart, and sorrowing e'e,
I saw my Jamie sail awa';
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
That day he pass'd the Berwick Law.
How joyless now seem'd all behind!
I lingering stray'd along the shore;
Dark boding fears hung on my mind
That I might never see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main—
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drowning cries!
The wreck was seen with dawning day;
My love was found, and now he lies
Low in the isle of gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
'Twill ease my burden'd heart to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb.
With sweetest flowers I'll deck his grave,
And tend them through the langsome year;
I'll water them ilk morn and eve,
With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Written in honor of a young lady whom a friend of the author met near Ardentinny one afternoon.

Far lone amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And 's scarcely seen by ony;
Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean,
There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion:—
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favors many;
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

THE FLOWER ON LEVEN SIDE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Ye sunny braes that skirt the Clyde
Wi' summer flowers sae braw,
There's ae sweet flower on Leven side,
That's fairer than them a':
Yet aye it droops its head in wae,
Regardless o' the sunny ray,
And wastes its sweets frae day to day,
Beside the lonely shaw;
Wi' leaves a' steep'd in sorrow's dew,
Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue,
Wha aft the sweetest flower will pu',
Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonny flower on Leven side,
O gin thou'lt be but mine;
I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
Wi' love that ne'er shall tine;
I'll take thee to my sheltering bower,
And shield thee frae the beating shower,
Unharm'd by ought thou'lt bloom secure
Frae a' the blasts that blaw:
Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
That streaks the glowing western sky,
But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
And lone will be thy fa'.

OUR BONNIE SCOTS LADS.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Our bonnie Scots lads, in their green tartan plaids,
Their blue-belted bonnets, and feathers sae braw,
Rank'd up on the green were fair to be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairest of a',
His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell,
Or the red western cloud looking down on the snaw,
His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
And the een o' the lasses were fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa',
He bade me fareweel, he cried, "O be leel,"
And his red cheeks were wat wi' the tears that did fa'.
Ah! Harry, my love, though thou ne'er shoul'dst return,
Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,
And memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but thee.

THROUGH CROCKSTON CASTLE'S LANELY WA'S.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"The ruin of Crockston Castle is situated on the brow of a gentle eminence, about three miles south-east of Paisley. The Castle, in the twelfth century, was possessed by a Norman family, of the name of Croc; it passed, in the following century, by the marriage of the heiress, into a younger branch of the House of Stewart, who were afterwards ennobled as Earls of Lennox. According to tradition, Queen Mary and Lord Darnley occasionally resided in the castle; and it is reported that the unfortunate princess witnessed from its walls the fall of her fortunes at the battle of Langside."—*The Scottish Minstrel.*

Through Crockston Castle's lanely wa's
The wintry wind howls wild and dreary;
Though mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.
Yes, Mary, though the winds should rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure;
But I will ford the whirling deep,
That roars between me and my treasure;

Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave,
Wi' jealous spite, to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie;
But when the lonesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary!
Yes, Mary, though stern winter rave,
Wi' a' his storms, to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

When John and me were married,
Our hading was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carling,
Wou'd gi'e us nocht ava';
I wair't my fee wi' canny care,
As far as it wou'd gae,
But weel I wat, our bridal bed
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We're come to what ye see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eydent aye were we.
The lowe of love made labor light;
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blows gay on cairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha';
Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' ye should make your bridal bed
Of clean pease-strae.

I MARK'D A GEM OF PEARLY DEW.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"Tannahill and Smith once went on a fishing excursion with some acquaintances. The two friends being but tyros soon got tired of lashing the water to no purpose and separated for a little, each to amuse himself after his own fashion. When Smith rejoined the poet he was shown this song written with a pencil. Tannahill had been occupied observing a blade of grass bending under the weight of a dew-drop, and this triffling object had suggested the simile embodied in the song."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

I mark'd a gem of pearly dew,
While wand'ring near yon misty mountain,
Which bore the tender flow'r so low,
It dropp'd it off into the fountain.
So thou has wrung this gentle heart,
Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
It, sighing, found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
Thy vows were as the passing wind,
That fans the flow'r, then dies for ever.
And think not that this gentle heart,
Though in its core 'twas proud to wear thee,
Shall longer droop beneath thy art;—
No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Dorothy sits i' the cauld ingle neuk;
Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae,
Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,
Wi' smoking her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.
And aye she sings "Weel's me!" aye she sings "Weel's me!"
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me;
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me:
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die."

Dorothy ance was a weel tocher'd lass,
Had charms like her neighbors, and lovers enew,
But she spited them sae wi' her pride and her sauce,
They left her for thretty lang simmers to rue.
Then aye she sang "Waes me!" aye she sang "Waes me!
O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy!
Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
De'il take the wooers—O what shall I do!"

Dorothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,
Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e,
She thocht on the braw merry days that were gane,
And coft a wee coggie for companie.
Now aye she sings "Weel's me!" aye she sings "Weel's me!
Coggie, thou heels me, coggie thou heals me;
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me:
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die."

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet;
'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade;
And at kirk or at market, or bridals, I ween,
A braw, gaucier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle blackboyd,
It was slouch'd just a kening on either hand side;
Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,
It had something o' baith, as a body may trew.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for aught that I saw,
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava';
Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
Tho' in life a' the warld beside it were fools;
Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that will miss't.

THE BONNIE LASS O' WOODHOUSELEE.

ROBERT ALLAN.

Robert Allan was born at Kilbarchan in Renfrewshire, on the 4th of November, 1774. He began life as a weaver and composed many of his best songs at his loom. He emigrated to America in his 67th year, and died shortly afterwards in New York.

The sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw,
But sweeter far on Woodhouselea,
And dear I like his setting beam
For sake o' ane sae dear to me.
It was nae simmer's fairy scenes,
In a' their charming luxury,
But Beauty's sel' that won my heart,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

Sae winnin', was her witchin' smile,
Sae piercin' was her coal-black e'e,
Sae sarely wounded was my heart,
That had na wish sic ills to dree;
In vain I strave in beauty's chains,
I cou'd na keep my fancy free,
She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

The bonnie knowes, sae yellow a',
Where aft is heard the hum of bee,
The meadow green, and breezy hill,
Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
May charm the weary, wand'rin' swain,
When e'enin' sun dips in the sea,
But a' my heart, baith e'en and morn,
Is wi' the lass o' Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimplin' burn,
And dew-clad gowans on the lea,
The water-lily on the lake,
Are but sweet emblems a' of thee;
And while in summer smiles they bloom,
Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,
I'll woo their sweets, e'en for thy sake,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

ROBERT ALLAN.

There grew in bonnie Scotland
A thistle and a brier,
And aye they twined and clasp'd,
Like sisters, kind and dear.
The rose it was sae bonnie,
It could ilk bosom charm;
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,
To keep the rose frae harm.

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' and late;
He water'd it, and fann'd it,
And wove it with his fate;
And the leal hearts of Scotland
Pray'd it might never fa',
The thistle was sae bonnie green,
The rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat
Where Hope's fair emblems grew;
They drapt a drap upon the rose
O' bitter, blasting dew;
And aye they twined the mystic thread,—
But ere their task was done,
The snaw-white shade it disappear'd,
And wither'd in the sun!

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' an' late;
He water'd it and fann'd it,
And wove it with his fate;
But the thistle tap it wither'd,
Winds bore it far awa',
And Scotland's heart was broken,
For the rose sae like the snaw!

LIFE'S A FAUGHT.

ROBERT ALLAN.

That life's a faught there is nae doubt,
A steep and slippery brae;

And wisdom's sel', wi' a its rules,
Will aften find it sae.
The truest heart that e'er was made,
May find a deadly fae,
And broken aiths and faithless vows
Gae lover's mickle wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,
It frights a body sair,
And gars them think they ne'er will meet
Delight or pleasure mair.
But though the heart be e'er sae sad,
And prest wi' joyless care,
Hope lightly steps in at the last,
To fley awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,
And fret baith late and ear',
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,
And whiles a mite to spare.
A leal true heart's a gift frae heaven,
A gift that is maist rare;
It is a treasure o' itsel',
And lightens ilka care.

Let wealth and pride exault themsel's
And boast o' what they ha'e,
Compar'd wi' truth and honesty,
They are nae worth a strae.
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,
Whate'er the world may say,
And laughs and turns its shafts to scorn,
That ithers would dismay.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,
And drive ilk care awa';
Contentment is a dainty feast,
Although in hamely ha':
It gi'es a charm to ilka thing,
And mak's it look fu' braw,
The spendthrift and the miser herd,
It soars aboon them a'.

But there's ae thing amang the lave
To keep the heart in tune,
And but for that the weary spleen
Wad plague us late and soon.
A bonnie lass, a canty wife,
For sic is nature's law;
Without that charmer o' our lives,
There's scarce a charm ava.

THE CONVENANTER'S LAMENT.

ROBERT ALLAN.

THERE'S nae covenant now, lassie!
There's nae covenant now!
The solemn league and covenant
Are a' broken through!
There's nae Renwick now, lassie,
There's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching,
Upon the Martyrs' Hill!

It's naething but a sword, lassie!
A bluidy, bluidy ane!
Waving o'er poor Scotland
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,
Scotland's a' wrang—
It's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyrs' Hill forsaken,
In simmer's dusk, sae calm;
There nae gathering now, lassie,
To sing the e'enin' psalm!
But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn;
An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
Aneath the waving fern!

THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET GLENGARRY.

ROBERT ALLAN.

THE sun is setting on Sweet Glengarry,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;

O bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Doun yon glen ye never will weary,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheery,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Bonnie lassie, on bank sae briery,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

In yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Ye canna be sad, ye canna be eerie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

The water is wimpling by fu' clearly,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green.
Oh! ye sall ever be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

JOHN LEYDEN.

John Leyden was born in 1775, at Denholm, in Roxburghshire. He was reared amid humble circumstances but managed to secure a good education for himself. He died at Java, in 1811.

LAND of my fathers! though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;
Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free,
Free as his lord the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain.

Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might:
Dear native valleys! may ye long retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain:
Long, 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet;
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm!

Then, Jedworth, though thy ancient choirs shall fade,
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie;
Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong,
By Jed's pure stream, a sweeter evening song
Than long procession, once, with mystic zeal,
Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

Sir Alexander Boswell, the author of "Jenny's Bawbee," "Jenny Dang the Weaver," and a few other equally humorous songs, was the eldest son of James Boswell, the biographer of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson. He was born on October 9, 1775, and received the principal part of his education at the University of Oxford. On the death of his father, in 1795, he succeeded to the paternal estate of Auchinleck, in Ayrshire. A man of superior literary tastes and talents, he contributed largely to the periodicals of the day, and, in 1803 published a collection of his poetical pieces under the title of "Songs, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect." He was also an enthusiastic admirer of our old Scottish literature, and reprinted a number of the earliest works at his own private printing press which he had set up at Auchinleck. He devoted considerable attention to public affairs, and at one time was elected M. P. for Ayr; at another time he held the honorable post of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry. In 1819, he succeeded in raising, by public subscription, a sufficient sum of money for the purpose of erecting to the memory of Burns the handsome monument which to-day over-looks the Doon. He received the title of Baronet, in 1821, as a recognition of his many services in the public interest. In politics Sir Alexander was a staunch Conservative, and on account of some sentimental verses which he had contributed to the *Glasgow Sentinel*, on Mr. James Stuart, younger of Dunearn, who was then a well-known supporter of the Liberal party, he received a challenge from that gentleman, which he believed himself called upon to accept. The opponents met on the morning of March 26, 1822, near the village of Auchtertool, in Fife, and in the duel which followed Sir Alexander received a wound, from the effects of which he died on the following day. The version here given of "Jenny's Bawbee" was first published by Boswell in 1803, but without the last stanza, which was afterwards added, presumably, by the author. The idea of the song, according to Allan Cunningham, was suggested to Boswell by the following fragment, which appears in the second edition of "Herd's Collection," 1776:

"And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
And a' that e'er my Jenny had
Was ae Bawbee.

There's your plack, and my plack,
And your plack, and my plack,
And my plack, and your plack,
And Jenny's bawbee.

We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
The pint-stoup, the pint stop,
We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
And birle, it a' three."

As a song, "Jenny's Bawbee" still ranks among the most popular of our national melodies. The air is very old, and was formerly a favorite dancing tune with the lads and lasses of Auld Scotia.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's they I see?
Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel
Thought he was cunning as the deil,
And here they cam' awa' tae steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,
But now he thocht to clout his goun
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand nag and siller whip,

Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie 't till a tree!
What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'!
Bestow on ane o' worth yer han'!"
He thocht to pay what he was *awn*,
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,
A thing came neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And grinn'd, "'I faith, a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig.
The Fool, he cried, "Tehee;
I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him in the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence;
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birled her bawbee.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

"The Rev. Mr. Gardner, minister of the parish of Birse, in Aberdeenshire, well known for his musical talent and for his wit, was one Saturday evening arranging his ideas for the service of the following day, in his little study, which looked into the courtyard of the manse, where Mrs. Gardner was engaged in the homely task of 'beetling' the potatoes for supper. To unbend his mind a little he took up his cremona, and began to step over the notes of an air he had previously jotted down, when suddenly an altercation arose between Mrs. Gardner and Jock, the 'minister's man,' an idle sort of weaver from the neighboring village of Marywell, who had lately been engaged as man-of-all-work about the manse. 'Here Jock,' cried his mistress, as he had newly come in from the labors of the field, 'gae wipe the minister's shoon.' 'Na,' said Jock, 'I'll do nae sic thing, I cam' here to be your ploughman, but no your flunky, and I'll be d—d gif I wipe the minister's shoon.' 'De'il confound your impudence,' said the enraged Mrs. Gardner, as she sprung at him with the heavy culinary instrument in her hand, and giving him a hearty beating, compelled him to perform the menial duty required. The minister, highly diverted with the scene, gave the air he had just completed the title of 'Jenny dang the weaver.'"—*The Contemporaries of Burns.*

At Willie's weddin' o' the green,
The lasses, bonnie witches,
Were busked out in aprons clean,
And snaw-white Sunday mutches;
Auld Mysie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock wad na believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

In ilka country dance and reel
Wi' her he wad be babbin';
When she sat down, then he sat down,
And till her wad be gabin';
Where'er she gaed, or butt or ben,
The coof wad never leave her,
Aye cacklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.

Quoth he, my lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither,
Ye've bonnie e'en, and, gif ye'er kind.
I needna court anither!
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried "pheugh,"
And bade the coof no deave her,
Syne crack'd her thumb, and lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

AULD GUDEMAN YE'RE A DRUCKEN CARLE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

First printed in Thomson's *Select Melodies of Scotland*, 1794.

AULD gudeman, ye're a drucken carle,
drucken carle;
A' the lang day ye wink and drink,
and gape and gaunt;
O' sottish loons ye're the pink and
pearl,
I'll-far'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

Hech, gudewife! ye'er a flyting body;
Will ye ha'e; but, guid be praised, the
wit ye want.
The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy,
aye a doddy.
Mak' na sic an awsome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man:
Ye got fou', auld man:
Fye for shame, auld man;
To your wame, auld man:
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,
A plack to clied your back and
pow.
It's a lie, gudewife,
It's your tea, gudewife,
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a', gudewife.
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursel.

Ye's rue auld gowk, your jest and
frolic, jest and frolic.
Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak'
a drappy?
An' 'twerena just to cure the colic,
cure the colic,
Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither,
wadna swither,
Soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings
a drap o' cappy.
But twascore years we ha'e fought
thegither, fought thegither;
Time it is to gree, I trow.
I'm wrang, auld John,
Ower lang, auld John,
For nought, gude John,
We ha'e fought, gude John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's
weight,
We're far ower feckless now to
fight.
Ye're richt, gude Kate;
The nicht, gude Kate,
Our cup, gude Kate,
We'll sup, gude Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll
draw,
And toom the stoup atween us
twa.

GOOD NIGHT AN' JOY BE WI' YE A'.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

"This beautiful tune," says Mr. Stenhouse, "has, time out of mind been played at the breaking up of convivial parties in Scotland." 'Burns's Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton,' is sung to the same air.

"Ballad making is now as completely my hobby as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's, so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race (God grant that I may take the right side of the winning post), and then cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing 'Sae merry as we a' ha'e been,' and rising my last looks to the whole of the human race, the last words of the voice of *Coila* shall be 'Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.'"—*Burns.*

GOOD night, and joy be wi' ye a',
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd
my heart;
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw:
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain-fires now blaze in
vain;
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done
And in your deeds I'll live again!,

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore;
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wand'rer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be gude and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see ye shine;
I'll see ye triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'!

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

This song was contributed by Sir Alexander Boswell to the third volume of Thomson's Collection. It is not wholly original, but an improved version of former words to the same air, which are understood to be the composition of John Campbell, the celebrated Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who died on the 4th of October, 1743.—*The Scottish Minstrel.*

Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange
To live at a court, and yet never to change;
To faction or tyranny, equally foe,
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
The foes of my country and the king I have faced,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;
I've done what I could for my country's weal,
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!
For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife;
For myself I seek peace and an innocent life:
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,
With Maggie, my love, in her rockley o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannock o' barley meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his king as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

PATRICK BIRNIE.

Patrick Birnie was a noted fiddler, who lived about the close of the last century, in Kinghorn, Fifeshire. He is said to have composed both the words and the music of this song. In Ramsay's elegy on Patie Birnie, printed in 1721, he says:

> "Your honor's father, dead and gane,
> For him he first wad make his mane,
> But soon his face could make ye fain,
> When he did sough,
> 'O wiltu, wiltu, do't again?'
> And gran'd and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
And eke, 'The auld man's mear's dead,'
The peats and turfs and a's to lead,
O fy upon her!
A bonnie auld thing this indeed,
An't like your honor."

THE auld man's mear's dead;
The puir body's mear's dead;
The auld man's mear's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truffs and a' to lead—
And yet the jaud to dee!

She had the fiercie and the fleuk,
The wheezloch and the wanton yeuk;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee?

She was lang-tooth'd and blench-lippit
Heam-hough'd and haggis-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chaftit,
And yet the jaud to dee!

OLD AUCHTERTOOL.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Alexander Wilson, the celebrated American Ornithologist, was born at Paisley, on the 6th of July, 1776. His poem "Watty and Meg," which was published in 1792, has been regarded as equal to many of Burns' productions. He died at Philadelphia, on the 23d of August, 1813. The village of Auchtertool, is situated about five miles west of the town of Kirkcaldy.

FROM the village of Lesly with a heart full of glee,
And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free,
Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,
To lodge ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I steer'd,
Took their money, and off with my budget I sheer'd;
The road I explored out, without form or rule,
Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

A clown I accosted, inquiring the road,
He stared like an idiot, then roar'd out, "Gude G–d!
Gin ye're ga'n there for quarters, ye're surely a fool,
For there's nought but starvation in old Auchtertool.

Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursued,
Till I came to a hill top, where joyful I view'd,
Surrounded with mountains, and many a white pool,
The small smoky village of old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,
As Phœbus behind a high mountain went down;
The clouds gather'd dreary and weather blew foul,
And I hugg'd myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,
But the landlady's pertness seem'd instantly fired;
For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,
"I ne'er kept sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool."

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride;
But, asking, was told, there was none else beside,

Except an old Weaver, who now kept
a school,
And these were the whole that were
in Auchtertool.

To his mansion I scamper'd, and
rapt at the door,
He op'd, but as soon as I dared to
implore,
He shut it like thunder, and utter'd
a howl,
That rung thro' each corner of old
Auchtertool.

Provoked now to fury, the Dominie I
curst,
And offer'd to cudgel the wretch, if
he durst;
But the door he fast bolted, tho'
Boreas blew cool,
And left me all friendless in old
Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through dark-
ness I trod,
Till I came to a ruin'd old house by
the road;
Here the night I will spend, and, in-
spired by the owl,
I'll send up some prayers for old
Auchtertool.

DARK LOWERS THE NIGHT.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide
stormy main,
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful
again;
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore;
But Connel returns to his Flora no
more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark
cloud of death,
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on
the heath;
While bloody and pale, on a far
distant shore,
He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er
the steep,
O would you but waft me across the
wild deep!
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's
loud roar,
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him
no more.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AUTHORSHIP DISPUTED.

Burns pronounced this "one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." He says, "the two lines—

> 'And will I see his face again—
> And will I hear him speak?'

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by anything I have ever heard or read; and the lines—

> 'The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw,'

are worthy of the first poet." "It is," he adds, "long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or 1772, it came first on the street as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period."

The first work in which it is to be found is in "Herd's Collection," 1776. The sixth stanza, however, which begins "The cauld blasts o' the winter wind," and which Burns admired so much, does not appear in the version printed by Herd. It is said to have been composed by Dr. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel." The authorship of the song has long been a matter of much dispute. Many people claim that it was written by Jean Adams, a schoolmistress, who lived at Crawford's Dyke, Greenock, and who died at the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, in 1765. A volume of her poems was published by subscription at Glasgow in 1734, but it does not contain "There's Nae Luck About the House." In fact, the only evidence ever produced, tending in any way to prove that she composed this favorite song, was the testimony of a Mrs. Fullerton and some of her friends who asserted that they had frequently heard Jean both sing and repeat the different verses, and likewise announce that she was the authoress of them. The authorship has also been ascribed to William Julius Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, on the grounds that a copy of it, with some corrections, was found among his literary papers shortly after his death, and because his wife affirmed that he had written it. It is therefore, very difficult to say who in reality did write the song, and we rather concur in the views expressed by George Farquhar Graham on the subject. He says: "Looking at other published compositions of Jean Adams in 1734, there is nothing to indicate her power to write a song so excellent and so full of simple and natural touches; but quite the contrary. From all this we must not take the old saying *ex ungue leonem*, in judging of Jean Adams' claim; but looking at the body of her collected works say *ex leone unguem*. Jean Adams may have seen or heard the song, and not knowing the author thought there was no great harm done if she claimed it as her own. Instances of this kind of literary plagiarism are too common. She might have appropriated it as a valuable *waif*, or stray thing, that nobody else in her neighborhood could or would claim. The evidence adduced, on the other hand, in favor of William Julius Mickle as the author of this song seems to us equally defective. In his translation of the Portuguese poet Comeons, "Os Lusiadus," and in his other published works, nothing appears to show that he might have written such a song. The evidence there is all against his presumed claim. But he did not claim the song, for it was not published in his works during his life-time. That a strangely incorrect copy was found among his papers is no proof that he composed it. That Mrs. Mickle, struck with paralysis, should have asserted the song to have been her late husband's composition, is not good evidence; and besides, if David Hume, the historian, is to be trusted, Mrs. Mickle was not a person whose evidence was of much consequence at any time. Upon the whole, then, we humbly think that neither Jean Adams nor William Julius Mickle composed the song; and that its real author is yet to be discovered."

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are you sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks aboot,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

The cold blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw,

For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel I'm weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest abune the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

TRANENT WEDDING.

PETER FORBES.

Peter Forbes was for many years a gardener at Delkeith. A volume of his poems was published at Edinburgh in 1812. "Broose" means a race among the young farmers at a country wedding, from the house where the marriage ceremony is performed to the new home of the bride. The winner is entitled to kiss the bride and to claim the first dance with her.

It was at a wedding near Tranent,
Where scores an' scores on fun were bent,
An' to ride the broose wi' full intent,
Was either nine or ten, jo!

Then aff they a' set galloping, galloping,
Legs an' arms a walloping, walloping,
Shame take the hindmost, quo, Duncan M'Callapin,
Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

The souter he was fidgin' fain,
An' stuck like roset till the mane,
Till smash like auld boots in a drain,
He nearly reach'd his end, jo!

Yet still they a' gade, &c.

The miller's mare flew o'er the souter,
An syne began to glow'r about her,
Cries Hab, I'll gi'e you double mouter,
Gin ye'll ding Tullyben, jo,
Then still they a' gade, &c.

Now Will the weaver rode sae kittle,
Ye'd thought he was a flying shuttle,
His doup it daddet like a bittle,
But wafted till the end, jo,

Yet still they a' gade, &c.

The tailor had an awkward beast,
It funket first an' syne did reest,
Then threw poor Snipe five ell at least,
Like auld breeks, o'er the mane, jo,

Yet a' the rest gade, &c.

The blacksmith's beast was last of a',
Its sides like bellowses did blaw,
Till he an' it got sic a fa',
An' bruises nine or ten, jo.
An' still the lave gade, &c.

Now Duncan's mare she flew like drift,
An' aye sae fast her feet did lift,
Between ilk stenn she ga'e a rift,
Out frae her hinder end, jo.
Yet aff they a' gade, &c.

Now Duncan's mare did bang them, a',
To rin wi' him they maunna fa',
Then up his gray mare he did draw,
The broose it was his ain, jo.

Nae mair wi' him they'll gallop, they'll gallop,
Nae mair wi' him they'll wallop, they'll wallop,
Or they will chance to get some jallup,
Frae the laird o' Tullyben, jo.

THE VALE OF CLYDE.

JOHN STRUTHERS.

John Struthers was born at East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, on the 18th of July, 1776. His name is familiar throughout Scotland in connection with "The Poor Man's Sabbath," a poem which he composed in his twenty-eight year. During his boyhood he worked on a farm, and afterwards learned the trade of a shoemaker. In 1832 he was appointed to the keepership of Stirling's Library Glasgow, at a salary of fifty pounds per annum. He was the author of numerous volumes of poetry, "A History of Scotland from 1707 to 1827," and editor of "The Harp of Caledonia." His death occurred on the 30th July, 1853.

Admiring nature's simple charms,
I left my humble home,
Awhile my country's peaceful plains
With pilgrim step to roam:
I mark'd the leafy summer wave
On flowing Irvine's side,
But richer far's the robe she wears
Within the vale of Clyde.

I roam'd the braes of bonnie Doon,
The winding banks of Ayr,
Where flutters many a small bird gay,
Blooms many a flow'ret fair;
But dearer far to me the stem
That once was Calder's pride,
And blossoms now, the fairest flower,
Within the vale of Clyde.

Avaunt! thou life-repressing north!
Ye withering east winds too!
But come, thou all-reviving west,
Breathe soft thy genial dew;
Until at length, in peaceful age,
This lovely floweret shed
Its last green leaf upon my tomb,
Within the vale of Clyde.

THE NIGHT IT FLEW, THE GREY COCK CREW.

JOHN STRUTHERS

The following verses form a sequel to Burns' famous song "O' Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut." (See page 153.)

The night it flew, the grey cock crew,
Wi' blythesome clap o'er a' the three,
But pleasure beam'd ilk moment new,
And happier still they hoped to be;
For they were nae fou', na, nae that fou,
But just a drap in ilka e'e;
The cock might craw, the day might daw,
They sippled aye the barley-bree.

The moon, that from her silver horn
Pour'd radience over tow'r and tree,
Before the fast approaching morn,
Sank far behind yon western sea.
Yet they were na fou, na, nae that fou,
But just a drap in ilka e'e;
The cock might craw, the day might daw,
They sippled aye the barley-brew.

And soon the gowden beams o' day
Ting'd a' the mountain taps sae hi'e,
And burnies sheen with bick'ring play
Awoke the morn's wild melody.
But aye they sat, and aye they sang,
"There's just a wee drap in our e'e;
And mony a day we've happy been,
And mony mae we hope to be."

The moon still fills her silver horn,
But ah! her beams nae mair they see;
Nor crawing cock, nor dawning morn,
Disturbs the worm's dark revelry.
For they were nae fou, na, nae that fou,
But clay-cauld death has clos'd ilk e'e,
And waefu' now the gowden morn
Beams on the graves o' a' the three.

Nae mair in learning Willie toils,
Nor Allan wakes the melting lay;
Nor Rab, wi' fancy-witching wiles,
Beguiles the hour o' dawning day.
For though they were nae very fou,
That wicked wee drap in the e'e
Has done its turn—untimely, now
The green grass waves o'er a' the three.

ON THE WILD BRAES OF CALDER.

JOHN STRUTHERS.

On the wild braes of Calder, I found a fair lily,
All drooping with dew in the breath of the morn,
A lily more fair never bloom'd in the valley,
Nor rose, the gay garden of art to adorn.
Sweet, sweet was the fragrance this lily diffused,
As blushing, all lonely, it rose on the view,
But scanty its shelter, to reptiles exposed,
And every chill blast from the cold north that blew.

Beneath yon green hill, a small field I had planted,
Where the light leafy hazel hangs over the burn;
And a flower such as this, to complete it, was wanted,
A flower that might mark the gay season's return.
Straight home to adorn it, I bore this fair lily,
Where, at morn, and at even, I have watch'd it with care;
And blossoming still, it is queen of the valley,
The glory of spring, and the pride of the year.

THE MAID OF ISLAY.

REV. WILLIAM DUNBAR.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee on grassy pillow,
Solitude! I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea breeze blowing,
Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the Maid of Islay,
Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;
'Twas for her the cheering smile aye
Beam'd with rapture in my eye,
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lighting's flash or thunder's roll,
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.

Cheerless o'er the wild heath wandering,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pondering,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

SAE WILL WE YET.

WALTER WATSON.

Walter Watson was born at Chryston, in Lamarkshire, on the 29th March, 1780. In his eighth year he was compelled to abandon school and engage himself to a farmer, the better to assist his father in providing bread for his family which consisted of two sons and four daughters. His evenings, however, he earnestly devoted to study and mental improvement, and in this manner acquired a considerable amount of useful knowledge which otherwise he would not have become possessed of. In 1791, he was apprenticed to a weaver, and about this time began to take a great delight in writing verses on simple and common subjects. He soon began to be known as a poet, and in 1808 published his first volume of poems and songs which was afterwards followed by two others. These volumes received a hearty welcome at the hands of the public, and achieved for their author a high reputation as a song writer. Watson died on the 13th Sept., 1845, and was interred in his native village of Chryston, not far from the house wherein he was born. He had reached the 75th year of his age.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your crack,
Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back,
Our hearts to dispondency we never will submit,
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself;
Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,
As we journey through life, let us live by the way.
Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,
For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;
We'll aye be the merrier the langer we sit,
For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!
Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,
For we've lippen'd aye to Providence and say will we yet.
And say will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,
And success to his forces by land and by sea!
His enemies to triumph we never will permit,
Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will they yet.
And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun',
For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes down,
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time enough to flit;
When we fell, we aye got up again, and say will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

THE BRAES O' BEDLAY.

WALTER WATSON.

The braes of Bedlay are situated a few miles north of Glasgow.

WHEN I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie,
My cares flee awa' like a thief frae the day;
My heart loups licht, an' I join in a sang
Amang the sweet birds on the braes o' Bedlay.
How sweet the embrace, yet how honest the wishes,
When luve fa's a-wooin', an' modesty blushes,
Whaur Mary an' I meet amang the green bushes
That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay.

There's nane sae trig or sae fair as my lassie,
An' mony a wooer she answers wi' "Nay,"
Wha fain wad ha'e her to lea' me alane
An' meet me nae mair on the braes o' Bedlay.
I fearna, I carena, their braggin' o' siller,
Nor a' the fine things they can think on to tell her,
Nae vauntin' can buy her, nae threatnin' can sell her,
It's luve leads her out to the braes o' Bedlay.

We'll gang by the links o' the wild rowin' burnie,
Whaur aft in the morning o' life I did stray,
Whaur luve was united and cares were beguiled
By Mary an' me on the braes of Bedlay.
Sae luvin', sae movin' I'll tell her my story,
Unmix'd wi' the deeds o' ambition for glory,
Whaur wide spreadin' hawthorns, sae ancient and hoary,
Enrich the sweet breeze on the braes o' Bedlay.

GLENDOCHART VALE.

RICHARD GALL.

Richard Gall is entitled to an honorable place among the song writers of Scotland. His songs are all of a sweet and pleasing nature, and many of them are looked upon as equal to a number of the compositions of Tannahill. Gall was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in December, 1776. His parents were in humble circumstances, and necessity compelled them to send him in his eleventh year to earn a living for himself. He was apprenticed to a builder, but afterwards entered into an engagement as a printer's apprentice in the office of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant.* He began to write verses at an early age, and the remarkable talent which he displayed in this respect attracted the attention of Burns and Hector Macneill, and they encouraged him and became his friends. His life, however, was very brief. He died of an abscess in the breast on May 10th, 1801, in his twenty-fifth year.

As I came through Glendochart vale,
  Whare mists o'ertap the mountains grey,
A wee bit lassie met my view,
  As cantily she held her way:
But O sic love each feature bore,
  She made my saul wi' rapture glow!
An' aye she spake sae kind and sweet,
  I couldna keep my heart in tow.

O speak na o' your courtly queans!
  My wee bit lassie fools them a':
The little cuttie's done me skaith,
  She's stown my thoughtless heart awa'.

Her smile was like the grey-e'ed morn,
When spreading on the mountain-green;
Her voice saft as the mavis' sang;
An' sweet the twinkle o' her een:
Aboon her brow, sae bonnie brent,
Her ravan locks waved o'er her e'e;
An' ilka slee bewitching glance
Conveyed a dart o' love to me.
O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

The lasses fair in Scotia's isle,
Their beauties a' what tongue can tell?
But o'er the fairest o' them a'
My wee bit lassie bears the bell.
O had I never mark'd her smile,
Nor seen the twinkle o' her e'e!
It might na been my lot the day,
A waefu' lade o' care to dree.
O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

RICHARD GALL.

"I remember when this song was exceedingly popular; its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigor, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet, soft school girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung."—*Cunningham.*

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O;
Thy neck is o' the siller dew
Upon the bank sae brierie, O.
Thy teeth are o' the ivory;
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee:
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie, O;
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie; O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I would dawt thee night, and day,
Nae ither warldly care I'd ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

RICHARD GALL.

This song was first published in "Johnson's Museum" and was for many years attributed to Burns. Even Dr. Currie included it in his edition of the poet's works.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
Fare thee weel before I gang;
Bonnie Doon, whare, early roamin',
First I weav'd the rustic sang.

Bowers adieu! whare, love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying—
Sweets that memory near shall tine.
Friends sae near my bosom ever,
Ye ha'e render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear preserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be.
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew:
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.

RICHARD GALL.

For mony lang year I ha'e heard frae my grannie,
Of brownies an' bogles by yon castle wa',
Of auld wither'd hags, that were never thought cannie,
An' fairies that danced till they heard the cock craw,
I leugh at her tales; an' last owk, i' the gloamin',
I dander'd, alane, down the Hazlewood green:
Alas! I was reckless, an' rue sair my roaming,
For I met a young witch wi' twa bonnie black een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,
When a' the lift round them is cloudless and blue:
I look'd again, an' my heart fell a dancing;
When I wad ha'e spoken, she glamour'd my mou'.
O wae to her cantraips! for dumpish I wander;
At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;
For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
The Hazlewood Witch wi' the bonnie black een.

I WINNA GANG BACK.

RICHARD GALL.

I winna gang back to my mammy again,
I'll never gae back to my mammy again,
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, &c.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to woo,
Wi' plaidie sae bonnie, an' bannet sae blue:
"O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"
An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.
O come awa', lassie, &c.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his doo,
An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';
While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichtered an' fain,
An' sigh'd out, "O Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain!"
While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;

Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stappin'-stane,
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

For mony lang year sin' I play'd on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years and ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, &c.

THE LOMOND BRAES.

WILLIAM CHALMERS.

William Chalmers was a native of Paisley. He was born in 1779 and died in 1843. A few years previous to his death he published a curious pamphlet entitled "Observations on the Weather in Scotland, showing what kinds of weather the various winds produce, and what winds are most likely to prevail in each month of the year."

"O, LASSIE, wilt thou go
To the Lomond wi' me?
The wild thyme's in bloom,
And the flower's on the lea;
Wilt thou go, my dearest love?
I will ever constant prove,
I'll range each hill and grove
On the Lomond wi' thee."

"O young men are fickle,
Not trusted to be,
And many a native gem
Shines fair on the lea:
Thou mayst see some lovely flower
Of a more attractive power,
And may take her to thy bower
On the Lomond wi' thee."

"The hind shall forsake
On the mountain the doe,
The stream of the fountain
Shall cease for to flow;
Ben-Lomond shall bend
His high brow to the sea,
Ere I take to my bower
Any flower, love, but thee."

She's taken her mantle
He's taken his plaid;
He coft her a ring,
And he made her his bride;
They're far o'er yon hills,
To spend their happy days,
And range the woody glens
'Mang the Lomond braes.

WILLIE WITH HIS WIG A-JEE.

WILLIAM CHALMERS.

OH, saw ye Willie frae the west?
Oh, saw ye Willie in his glee?
Oh, saw ye Willie frae the west?
When he had got his wig a-jee?
There's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
He towers it up in sic a key,
Oh, saw ye Willie hearty lad,
When he had got his wig a-jee.

To hear him sing a canty air,
He lilts it o'er sae charmingly,
That in a moment aff flies care,
When Willie gets his wig a-jee,
Let drones croon o'er a winter night,
A fig for them, whate'er they be,
For I could sit till morning light,
Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.

At kirk on Sundays, sic a change
Comes o'er his wig, and mou', and e'e,
Sae douse—you'd think a cannon ba'
Wad scarce ca' Willie's wig a-jee,

But when on Mondays he begins,
And rants and roars continually,
'Till ilk owk's end, the very weans
Gang daft—when Willie's wig's a-jee.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

ROBERT JAMIESON.

Robert Jamieson published in 1806, "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions; with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few originals by the Editor." He was born in 1780, and died in 1844.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
A bonnie, blythesome wee thing,
My dear, my constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be;
It warms my heart to view her,
I canna choose but lo'e her,
And oh! weel may I trow her
How dearly she loe's me!

For though her face sae fair be,
As nane could evermair be;
And though her wit sae rare be,
As seenil do we see;
Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,
Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,
Nor baith sae lang retained me,
But for her love to me.

When wealth and pride disown'd me,
A' views were dark around me,
And sad and laigh she found me,
As friendless worth could be;
When ither hope gaed frae me,
Her pity kind did stay me,
And love for love she ga'e me;
that's the love for me.

And, till this heart is cauld, I
That charm of life will hald by;
And, though my wife grow auld, my
Leal love aye young will be;
For she's my winsome wee thing,
My canty blythesome wee thing,
My tender, constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be.

THE QUERN LILT.

ROBERT JAMIESON.

The *cronach* stills the dowie heart,
The *jurram* stills the bairnie;
The music for a hungry wame
Is grinding o' the quernie.
And loes me o' my little quernie!
Grind the graddan, grind it:
We'll a' get crowdie whan it's done
And bannocks steeves to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize:
The lover prize his arles;
But gin the quernie gangna round,
They baith will soon be sareless.
Sae loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life
Drive merrily and rarely;
But graddan is the ballast gars
It steady gang and fairly.
Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,
And o'er the ingle hings us;
Let but the little quernie gae,
We're blythe, whatever dings us.
Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,
And sets his heart-strings dirlin',
When, comin' frae the hungry hill,
He hears the quernie birlin'!
Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and stride wi' young and auld,
And flytin' butt and ben be;
Let but the quernie play, they'll soon
A' lown and fidgin'-fain be.
Then loes me, &c.

POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.

JOHN GRIEVE.

John Grieve, to whom the Ettric Shepherd dedicated his poem, "Mador of the Moor," was born at Dunfermline, on September 12, 1781. He contributed a few songs to *The Forest Minstrel*, and will always be remembered for the generous aid which he and his business-partner, Mr. Henry Scott, extended to Hogg when he was just entering upon his famous literary career. "They would not suffer me," he says in his autobiography, "to be obliged to anyone but themselves for the value of a farthing; and without this sure support I never could have fought my way in Edinburgh." Grieve died at Edinburgh on April 4th, 1836, and his remains were interred in St. Mary's Churchyard at Yarrow.

'Twas summer tide: the cushat sang
His am'rous roundelay;
And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang
On flowers and leafy spray.
The coverlet of gloaming gray
On every thing was seen,
When lads and lasses took their way
To Polwarth on the Green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
And harmless revelry
Of young hearts all in unison
Wi' loves's soft wicherie;
Their hall the open-daisied lea,
While frae the welkin sheen
The moon shone brightly on the glee
At Polwarth on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
And cheeks of rosy hue,
And finer forms, without compare,
Than pencil ever drew;
But ane, wi' een of bonnie blue,
A' hearts confess'd the Queen,
And pride of grace and beauty too,
At Polwarth on the Green.

The miser holds his golden store,
And kings dominion gain;
While others in the battle's roar
For honor's trifles strain.
Away such pleasures! false and vain;
Far dearer mine have been,
Among the lowly rural train,
At Polwarth on the Green.

EXILE OF ULDOONAN.

JOHN GRIEVE.

Adieu to rock and to water-fall,
Whose echoes start among Albyn's hills.
A long adieu Uldoonan! and all
Thy wild wood steeps, and thy sparkling rills.
From the dreams the of my childhood and youth I awaken,
And all the sweet visions that fancy wove;
Adieu! ye lone glens, and ye braes of green bracken,
Endeared by friendship, and hope, and love.

The stranger came, and adversity's wind
Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;

I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find
Among the fields of my father's birth:
But my desolate spirit shall never be severed
From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,
Though within its bare walls lies the roof-tree all shivered,
And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

I hear before me the waters roar;
I see the galley in yonder bay,
All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,
And seems to chide my longer stay.
Uldoonan! when lingering afar from thy valley,
At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brime,
Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hail thee,
Without devotion and love like mine.

OH! DEAR WERE THE JOYS.

JOHN FINLAY.

John Finlay was born in 1782, at Glasgow. He published in 1808 a collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic ballads" in two volumes. He died in 1810.

Oh! dear were the joys that are past!
Oh! dear were the joys that are past;
Inconstant thou art, as the dew of the morn,
Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the eve,
When bearing thy fond faithless sigh!
And the moonbeam how dear that betray'd
The love that illumined thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,
Thou swar'st by the moon's sacred light;
But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,
It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith,
And broken a fond lover's heart;
Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting ray
I would trust more than thee and thy art!

I am wretched to think on the past—
Even hope now my peace cannot save!
Thou hast given to my rival thy hand,
But me thou hast doom'd to my grave.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

JOHN FINLAY.

Airlie Castle is situated in Forfarshire. In 1640 it was plundered and burned to the ground by the Covenanting party because its occupant had refused to subscribe the Covenant.

"It fell on a day, a bonnie simmer day,
When the corn grew green and early,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airlie.
Argyle has raised a hunder o' his men,
A hunder men and mairly,
And he's awa' by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,
She lookit lang and weary,
Till she has espied the great Argyle,
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come doun, come doun, Lady Ogilvie," he said,
"Come doun, and kiss me fairly,
Or I swear by the sword I hold in my hand,
I winna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie."

"I wadna kiss thee, fause Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly;
O I wadna kiss thee, fause Argyle,
Gin ye shouldna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie."
He has ta'en her by the waist sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury ?"
"Its up and its down by the bonnie burn-side,
Amang the plantings o' Airlie."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
Till they found it in the bonnie ploomb-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airlie.
He has ta'en her by the waist sae sma',
And oh! but she grat sairly!
And he has set her upon a bonnie knowe-tap,
To see the burning o' Airlie.

"Oh, I hae seven braw sons" she says,
"An' I bore them a' fa' sairly,
An' although I had as mony mair;
I wad gie them a' to Charlie.
But gin my Lord had been at hame
As he is wi' King Charlie,
There's no a Campell in a' Argyle,
Darst hae plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie."

THE BLACK-EED LASSIE.

CAPT. CHARLES GRAY.

Charles Gray was the author of two small lyrical volumes which won for him a considerable reputation as a poet. He was born at Anstruther-wester, on the 10th of March, 1782, and when twenty-three years of age secured a commission in the Woolwich division of the Royal Marines, from which he was retired on a captain's full pay in 1841. An ardent admirer of the Scottish muse, he contributed at one time to the Glasgow *Citizen*, a series of papers entitled "Cursory remarks on Scottish Song," and to this source subsequent writers on the same subject have acknowledged their many obligations for information unobtainable elsewhere. He died on the 13th of April, 1851. Only a few of his songs have become popular.

Wi' heart sincere I love thee, Bell,
But dinna ye be saucy, O!
Or a' my love I winna tell
To thee my black-eed lassie, O!
It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,
It's no thy little cherrie mou';
It's a' because thy heart's sae true,
My bonnie black-eed lassie.

It's no the witch-glance o' thy e'e,
Though few for that surpass ye, O!
That makes ye aye sae dear to me,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!
It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,
It's no love's dimple on thy chin;
It's a' thy modest worth within,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,
That a' wish to caress ye, O!
But, O! how I admire thy mind,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!
I've seen thy een like crystal clear,
Shine dimly through soft pity's tear;
These are the charms that mak thee dear,
To me my black-eed lassie, O!

MAGGIE LAUDER.

CAPT. CHARLES GRAY.

The following verses were written as a sequel to the well-known song of this name. (See page 4.)

THE cantie Spring scarce rear'd her head,
And Winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter came to Anster Fair,
And speir'd for Maggie Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green,
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
And to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife;"
And merry Maggie vaunted,
That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew so weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring—
And wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk and loud reports,
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
And since the marriage knot was tied,
Rob swears he couldna want her;
For he loves Maggie as his life
And Meg loves Rob the Ranter.

GRIM WINTER WAS HOWLIN'.

CAPT. CHARLES GRAY.

GRIM winter was howlin' owre muir and owre mountain,
And bleak blew the wind on the wild stormy sea;
The cauld frost had lock'd up each riv'let and fountain,
As I took the dreich road that leads north to Dundee.
Though a' round was dreary, my heart was fu' cheerie,
And cantie I sung as the bird on the tree;
For when the heart's light, the feet winna soon weary,
Though ane should gang further than bonnie Dundee!

Arrived at the banks o' sweet Tay's flowin' river,
I look'd as it rapidly row'd to the sea;
And fancy, whose fond dream still pleases me ever,
Beguiled the lone passage to bonnie Dundee!
There glowrin' about, I saw in his station
Ilk bodie as eydent as midsummer bee;
When fair stood a mark, on the face o' creation,
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee!

O! aye since the time I first saw this sweet lassie,
I'm listless, I'm restless, wherever I be;
I'm dowie, and donnart, and aften ca'd saucy;
They kenna its a' for the lass o' Dundee!
O! lang may her guardians be virtue and honor;
Though anither may wed her, yet well may she be;
And blessin's in plenty be shower'd down upon her—
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee!

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

CAPT. CHARLES GRAY.

O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!

When first his standard caught the eye,
His pibroch met the ear,
Our hearts were light, our hopes were high
For the young Chevalier.
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

The plaided chiefs cam' frae afar,
Nae doubts their bosoms steir;
They nobly drew the sword for war
And the young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

But he wha trusts to Fortune's smile
Has mickle cause to fear;
She blinket blythe but to begile
The young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

O dark Culloden—fatal field!
Fell source o' mony a tear;
There Albyn tint her sword and shield,
And the young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Now Scotland's "flowers are wede away;"
Her forest trees are sere;
Her Royal Oak is gane for aye,
The young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

SCOTIA'S SONS.

DANIEL MACPHAIL.

Daniel Macphail is said to have been a cabinet maker in Glasgow. He died in 1833.

Blythe, blythe around the nappie,
Let us join in social glee;
While we're here we'll ha'e a drappie—
Scotia's sons ha'e aye been free.

Our auld forbears, when ower their yill,
And cantie bickers round did ca',
Forsooth they cried, anither gill!
For sweirt we are to gang awa'.

Some hearty cock wad then ha'e sung
An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,
Syne pledged his cogue: the chorus rung,
Auld Scotia and her sons are free.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',
Till morn the screens o' light did draw:
Yet, dreich to rise, the carles roun'
Cried, Deoch an doras, then awa'!

The landlord then the nappie brings,
And toasts, Fu' happy a' may be,
Syne tooms the cogue: the chorus rings,
Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.

Then like our dads o' auld lang syne;
Let social glee unite us a',
Aye blythe to meet, our mou's to weet,
But aye as sweirt to gang awa'.

THE SOCIAL CUP.

CAPT. CHARLES GRAY.

First appeared in the "Harp of Caledonia," and subsequently in "Thomson's

Melodies." Joanna Baillie called it Captain Gray's "Jolly Song."

Blythe, blythe, and merry are me,
Blythe are we, ane and a'
Aften ha'e we cantie been,
But sic a nicht we never saw.

The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,
And meikle mirth has been our fa',
Then let the sang and toast gae roun'
Till chanticleer begins to craw:

Blythe, blythe, an' merry are we—
Pick and wale o' merry men;
What care we though the cock may craw,
We're masters o' the tappit-hen!

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal;
Wha cares though she had chappit twa;
We're licht o' heart and winna part,
Though time and tide may rin awa'!

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
Hearts that care can never ding;
Then let time pass—we'll steal his glass,
And pu' a feather frae his wing!

Now is the witchin' time of nicht,
When ghaists, they say, are to be seen;
And fays dance to the glow-worm's licht
Wi' fairies in their gowns of green.

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
Ghaists may tak' their midnicht stroll;
Witches ride on brooms astride,
While we sit by the witchin' bowl.

Tut! never speir how wears the morn—
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky,
And, gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry;

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
Blythe out owre the barley bree;
And let me tell, the moon hersel'
Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea!

Then fill us up a social cup,
And never mind the dapple-dawn,
Just sit awhile—the sun may smile
And licht us a' across the lawn,

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
See, the sun is keekin' ben;
Gi'e time his glass—for months may pass
Ere we ha'e sic a nicht again!

WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Few men have enriched the general literature of Scotland to a greater extent than Allan Cunningham. He was born at Blackwood in Dumfriesshire on December 7th, 1784. From his father, whom he describes as possessing "a warm heart, lively fancy, benevolent humor, and pleasant, happy wit," he inherited a taste for legendary and traditional lore, which early began to show itself in many excellent imitations of the old ballads which he composed. When he was seven years of age he listened to Burns one day reading aloud to the inmates of his father's cottage the immortal "Tam o' Shanter," and the estimation which he then formed of the genius of Burns became greater as he advanced in years, and enabled him, in 1834, to give to the world his valuable edition of the poet's works, in eight volumes, of which no less than five thousand copies were disposed of in a few days after its publication. Allan was sent in his eleventh year to learn the trade of a stone mason, and devoted whatever time he could spare during his apprenticeship to reading and mental improvement. He composed, with few exceptions, the ballads and songs contained in Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," a fraud which was only discovered after the work had been published in 1810. In the same year he proceeded to London, where he engaged himself as foreman to Francis Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, in whose employment he remained till his death. In 1813 he published "Songs, chiefly in the Rural Language of Scotland," which was followed nine years later by "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a poem of much dramatic interest. Among his other valuable works may be mentioned "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, with Introduction and Notes," in four volumes; "Paul Jones," a Romance in three volumes; "The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," in six volumes; and the "Life of Sir David Wilkie," in one volume. He was also an able contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *London Magazine*, the *Athenæum*, &c. He numbered among his personal friends Sir Walter Scott, The Ettrick Shepherd, Robert Southey and many other illustrious men of letters. In 1811, Cunningham was married to Jane Walker, of Preston Hill, near Dumfries, by whom he had four sons and one daughter. He died after a brief illness at London, on October 29th, 1842, and his remains were interred in the Kensal Green Cemetery.

There are various versions and fragments of "We're a' Noddin'" in existence, many of which can be traced as far back as 1560. The one here given by Allan Cunningham was contributed by him to "Thomson's Melodies."

Our guidwife's awa',
Now's the time to woo,
For the lads like lasses,
And the lasses lads too.
The moon's beaming bright,
And the gowan's in dew,
And my love's by my side,
And we're a' happy now.
And we're a' noddin',
Nid, nid noddin',
And we're a' noddin',
At our house at hame.

I have a wale of loves—
Nannie rich and fair,
Bessie brown and bonnie,
And Kate wi' curling hair;
And Bell young and proud,
Wi' gold aboon her brow,
But my Jean has twa een
That glow'r me through and through.
And we'er a' noddin', &c.

Sair she slights the lads,
Three lie like to dee,
Four in sorrow listed,
And five flew to the sea.
Nigh her chamber door
A' night they watch in dool,
Ae kind word frae my love
Would charm frae yule to yule.
And we're a' noddin', &c.

Our gudewife's come hame,
Now mute maun I woo;
My true love's bright glances
Shine a the chamber through;
O, sweet is her voice,
When she sings at her wark,
Sweet the touch of her hand,
And her vows in the dark.
And we're a' noddin', &c;

JOHN GRUMLIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Adapted from the old poem, "The Wife of Auchtermuchty," This is one of the songs which Allan Cunningham used to assert was a favorite among the peasantry of Nithsdale.

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon,
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow—
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer;
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer:
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirned, nor butter gat;
And a' gade wrang, and nought gade right;
He danced with rage, and grat;
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
A weary wife and sad,
And burst into a laughter loud,
And laughed as she'd been mad:
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon
And the green leaves on the tree,
If my wife should na win a penny a day,
She's aye have her will for me.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high:
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightening in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud.
The wind is piping, loud, my boys,
The lightening flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THERE DWALT A MAN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"I owe whatever is curious and humorous of this ancient song to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott, from whose recitation I wrote it. Whatever is new and dull must be attributed to me, since I ventured to alter the last lines of the second verse, and to add the third."—*Cunningham.*

There dwalt a man into the west,
And O but he was cruel,
For on his bridle night at e'en
He gat up and grat for gruel.
They brought to him a gude sheep head,
A napkin and a towel:
Gar tak' thae whim-whams far frae me,
And bring to me my gruel.

But there's nae meal in a' the house,
What will we do, my jewel?
Get up the powk and shake it out,
I winna want my gruel.
But there's nae milk in a' the house,
Nor yet a spunk o' fuel;
Gae warm it in the light o' the moon,
I winna want my gruel.

O lake-a-day for my first wife,
Wha was baith white and rosie,
She cheer'd me aye at e'ening fa'
Wi' something warm and cozie;
Farewell to pleasant draps o' drink,
To butter brose and gruel;
And farewell to my first sweet wife,
My cannie Nancy Newell.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel," speaks in the most laudatory terms of this song. It was first published in *Cromek's Remains*.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught now frae ruin my countrie to save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e:
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

First published in *Cromek's Remains.*

There lived a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town;
Blythe as the lark on gowan-tap,
When frae the nest but newly flown.
At kirk she won the auld folks' love,
At dance she was the young men's een;
She was the blythest aye o' the blythe,
At wooster-trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down;
Oh, there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town:

The grey hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying (sad to see!)
"The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie dead upon Culloden-lee!"

She tore her haffet-links of gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e;
"My father's head's on Carlisle wall,
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Nae tears could ever blin' my e'e;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there couldna be!

"He trysted me o' love yestreen,
Of love-tokens he gave me three;
But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
Oh, ne'er again to think o' me!
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie,
The fa' o' the leaf shall cover me cauld,
And wauken'd again I winna be."

Oh weep, oh weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blin' a mither's e'e;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses, sad to see.
Oh spring is blythesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
But oh! what spring can raise them up,
That lie on dread Culloden-lee?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie;
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
"But there's a day," quo' my God in prayer,
"When righteousness shall bear the gree;
I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's e'e!"

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou would aye be mine;
And I ha'e sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou would aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that loose sic bands,
And the heart that would part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose my band
But the finger o' God above.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down;
And love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'll sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.

The Beuk maun be ta'en when the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I call you;
If you go to the dewy wood,
Sorrow will befall you.

The ring-dove from the dewy wood
Is wailing sore and calling;
An' Annan water, 'tween its banks,
Is foaming far and falling.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
Come, my bonnie lady—
Upon the river's woody bank
My steed is saddled ready.

And for thy haughty kinsman's threats
My faith shall never falter—
The bridal banquet's ready made,
The priest is at the alter.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
The towers of merry Preston
Have bridal candles gleaming bright—
So busk thee, love, and hasten.

Come busk thee, love, and bowne thee
Through Tindal and green Mouswal;
Come, be the grace and be the charm
To the proud Towers of Mochusel.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I tell you;
For wit, and grace, and loveliness,
What maidens may excel you?

Though Annan has its beauteous dames,
And Corrie many a fair one,
We canna want thee from our sight,
Thou lovely and thou rare one.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
When the cittern's sounding,
We'll miss thy lightsome lily foot
Amang the blythe lads bounding.

The summer sun shall freeze our veins,
The winter moon shall warm us,
Ere the like of thee shall come again
To cheer us and to charm us.

THE WANTON WIFE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Nith, trembling to the reaper's sang,
Warm glitter'd in the harvest sun,
And murmured down the lanesome glen,
Where a wife of wanton wit did won.
Her tongue wagged wi' unhaly wit,
Unstent by kirk or gospel bann,
An' aye she wished the kirkyard mools
Green growing o'er her auld gudeman.

Her auld gudeman drapped in at e'en,
Wi' harvest heuk—sair toil'd was he;
Sma' was his cog and cauld his kail,
Yet anger never raised his e'e;
He bless'd the little, and was blythe,
While spak' the dame, wi' clamorous tongue,
O sorrow clap your auld beld pow,
And dance wi' ye to the mools, gudeman!

He hang his bonnet on the pin,
And down he lay, his dool to drie;
While she sat singing in the neuk,
And tasting at the barley bree.
The lark, 'mid morning's siller gray,
That wont to cheer him warkward gaun,
Next morning missed amang the dew
The blithe and dainty auld gudeman.

The third morn's dew on flower and tree
'Gan glorious in the sun to glow,
When sung the wanton wife to mark
His feet gang foremost o'er the knowe.
The first flight o' the winter's rime
That on the kirkyard sward had faun,
The wanton wife skiffed aff his grave,
A-kirking wi' her new gudeman.

A dainty dame I wat was she,
High brent and burnished was her brow,
'Mang lint-locks curling; and her lips
Twin daisies dawned through honey dew:
And light and loesome in the dance,
When ha' was het, or kirn was won;
Her brests twa drifts o' purest snaw,
In cauld December's bosom faun.

But lang ere winter's winds blew by,
She skirled in her lonesome bow;
Her new gudeman, wi' hazle rung,
Began to kame her wanton pow.
Her hearth was slokent out wi' care,
Toom grew her kist and cauld her pan,
And dreigh and dowie waxed the night,
Ere Beltane, wi' her new gudeman.

She dreary sits 'tween naked wa's,
Her cheek ne'er dimpled into mirth;
Half-happit, haurling out o' doors,
And hunger-haunted at her hearth.
And see the tears fa' frae her een,
Warm happin' down her haffits wan;
But guess her bitterness of saul
In sorrow for her auld gudeman!

I'LL GAR YE BE FAIN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Both the tune and the words of the song, 'I'll gar ye be fain to follow me,' are old. We give the version of it as altered and enlarged by Allan Cunningham. Most readers will remember the use made of this song in the historical novel of 'Old Mortality,' when Jenny Dennison obtains access for her mistress and herself to the imprisoned Morton, through means of her influence over Tam Haliday, the soldier on guard, and her characteristic female strategy. The passage is worth quoting. It will be observed that Sir Walter does not keep strictly to the words of the song.—'Haliday, with his carabine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occassionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon the table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air,

> 'Between St. Johnstone and bonnie Dundee,
> I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.'

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress to let her take her own way. 'I can manage the trooper weel enough,' she said, 'for as rough as he is—I ken their nature weel; but ye manna say a single word.' She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic raillery,

> 'If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
> My friends wad be angry, my minnie be mad:
> A laird or a lord they were fitter for me.
> Sae I'll never be fain to follow thee'—

'A fair challenge, by jove,' cried the sentinel turning round; 'but it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandoleers;'—then taking up the song where the damsel had stopt,

> 'To follow me ye weel may be glad,
> A share of my supper, a share of my bed;
> To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
> I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.'—

'Come my pretty lass and kiss me for my song,' &c".—*Blackie's Book of Scottish Song.*

As late by a sodger I happen'd to pass,
I heard him courting a bonnie young lass:
My hinnie, my life, my dearest, quo' he,
I'll make ye be fain to follow me.
Gin I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
Ilk ane o' our maidens would think I was mad;
For battles I never shall long to see,
Nor shall I be fain to follow thee.

O come wi' me, and I'll make you glad,
Wi' part o' my supper, and part o' my bed;
A kiss by land, and a kiss by sea,
I think ye'll be fain to follow me.
O' care or sorrow no sodgers know,
In mirth we march, and in joy we go,
Frae sweet St. Johnstone to bonnie Dundee,
Wha wadna be fain to follow me?

What heart but leaps when it lists the fife?
Ilk tuck o' the drum's a lease o' life—
We reign on earth, we rule on sea;
A queen might be fain to follow me.
Her locks were brown, her eyes were blue,
Her looks were blythe, her words were few—
The lads o' Dumfries stood staring dumb,
When sweet Jenny Primrose follow'd the drum.

TAK' IT, MAN, TAK' IT.

DAVID WEBSTER.

David Webster was a weaver for many years in Paisley. He was born at Dunblane on the 25th of September, 1789, and was destined by his parents for the Church. He began to write verses when very young and in 1835 published a volume of poems and songs, with the title of "Original Scottish Rhymes." He is said to have lived rather a dissolute and unhappy life, being more frequently to be found at the Paisley Tavern than at his loom. "Tak' It, Man, Tak' It" and "Donald Gunn" are his two best contributions to the Muse. He died on the 22d of January, 1837.

When I was a miller in Fife,
Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer
Said, Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
To help to be brose to your supper,
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
But someway by random it racket;
For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,
While the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.

Hey for the mill and the kill,
The garland and gear for my cogie,
Hey for the whisky and yill,
That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it's been lang in repute
For rogues to mak' rich by deceiving,
Yet I see that it does not weel suit
Honest men to begin to the thieving;
For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
Oh! I thought ilka dunt it would crack it;
Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't
Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.

Hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough
Might be deaved wi' its clamorous clapper;

Yet there's few but would suffer the sough
After kenning what's said by the happer.
I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
Saying, Shame, is your conscience no checkit?
But when I grew dry for a horn,
It changed aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles came wi' their pocks,
'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker;
Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
Ga'e them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
I had lang been accustom'd to drink,
And aye when I purposed to quat it.
That thing wi' its clappertie clink
Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life,
Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang o't,
Oh! I tauld a bit bodie in Fife,
A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't;
I have aye had a voice a' my days,
But for singing I ne'er got the knack o't;
Yet I tried whiles just thinking to please
The greedy wi' Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, &c.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
This far I can see through the matter,
There's men mair notorious to fame,
Mair greedy than me or the mutur!
For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
Or wi' safety the half we may mak' it,
Had some speaking happer within,
That said to them, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, &c.

DONALD GUNN.

DAVID WEBSTER.

Heard ye e'er o' Donald Gunn,
Ance sae duddy, dowf, and needy,
Now a laird in yonder toun,
Callous-hearted, proud and greedy.
Up the glen aboon the linn,
Donald met wi' Maggie Miller,
Wooed the lass amang the whins,
Because she had the word o' siller;
Meg was neither trig nor braw,
Had mae fauts than ane laid till her;
Donald looket ower them a',
A' his thought was on the siller.
Heard ye e'er, &c.

Donald grew baith braid and braw,
Ceased to bore the whinstone quarry,
Maggie's siller pays for a',
Breeks instead o' duddy barrie:
Though he's ignorant as a stirk,
Though he's doure as ony donkey;
Yet, by accidental jirk,
Donald rides before a flunkey.
Heard ye e'er, &c.

Clachan bairnies roar wi' fright,
Clachan dogs tak' to their trotters;
Clachan wives the pathway dicht
To tranquillise his thraward features
Gangrel bodies in the street
Beck and bow to make him civil,
Tenant bodies in his debt,
Shun him as they'd shun the devil.
Heard ye e'er, &c.

Few gangs trigger to the fair,
Few gangs to the kirk sae gaucie,—
Few wi' Donald can compare
To keep the cantel o' the causie:

In his breast a bladd o' stane,
Neith his hat a box o' brochan,
In his nieve a wally cane,
Thus the tyrant rules the clachan,
Heard ye e'er, &c.

THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

WILLIAM BROWN.

William Brown was the editor of the Edinburgh *Weekly Journal*, at one time a popular and flourishing Conservative newspaper. He was the son of an Aberdeen minister, and his brother Alexander was for many years Provost of Aberdeen. He died in 1809.

When our gutchers of auld made a troke wi' the laird
For a wee bit of grund to be a kail-yard,
It was to the brose that they had their regard.
O, the kail-brose of auld Scotland;
And oh the Scottish kail-brose.

Then our sodgers were steel frae the heel to the nose,
Wi' the plaid an' the kilt, the clay-more and the hose;
An' the bag o' oatmeal at their backs to be brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for Bailies and Mayor,
Nae kick-shaws o' puddins or tarts were seen there;
But a dish o' gude brose was the favorite fare.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

There was hotch-potch an' haggis, a feast for a lord,
An' sheep heads the fattest our hills could afford;
But a dish o' gude brose was the king o' the board.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

Whar then were our bucks, an' our bloods, an' our beaux,
Wi' their lang-leggit breeks an' their short-leggit hose?
The dewil a breek did we wear when we'd brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

Our baby bit lassies buskit up to be shows,
Their white-washen cheeks they wad blush like the rose,
Could they see how their grandmithers thrave upo' brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

Nae born coupers then sought to gather a pose
By grindin' aff puir bodies' faces the nose;
But man, wife, and wean, they got wamefu's o' brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

But now that the Thistle is joined to the Rose,
An' Scotchmen an' Englishmen nae mair at blows,
We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
Alas! the kail-brose of auld Scotland;
Alas! the Scottish kail-brose.

Yet gi'e but a Scotchman a cogue o' kail-brose,
A jorum o' whisky, an' prime weel his nose,
Wi' the French, wi' the Dons, wi' the Devil he'll close.
O, the kail-brose of auld Scotland;
An' oh, the Scottish kail-brose.

THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

MODERN VERSION.

"Ascribed," says Dr. Robert Chambers "to —— Sheriff, an Aberdeen poet."

When our ancient forefathers agreed
wi' the laird
For a wee piece o' grund, to be a
kail-yard,
It was to the brose that they paid
their regard;
O! the kail-brose o' auld
Scotland,
And O! the auld Scottish
kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I
suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd
our foes,
Just before they began they'd been
feasting on brose;
O! the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts
and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts, which
their dress did compose,
And a bag of oatmeal on their backs
to be brose;
O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for bailies or
mayor,
Nae kick-shaws, or puddings, or tarts,
were seen there;
But a cog o' gude brose was the
favorite fare;
O! the kail-brose, &c.

But when we remember the English,
our foes,
Our ancestors beat them with very
few blows;
John Bull oft cried, O! let us rin—
they've got brose!
O! the kail-brose, &c.

But, now that the Thistle is joined to
the Rose,
And the English nae langer are
counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal of our relish
for brose;
O, the kail-brose &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by
nature jocose,
Likes always to feast on a cogue o'
guid brose:
And, thanks be to Heaven, we've
plenty of those;
O! the kail-brose of auld
Scotland,
And O! the auld Scottish
kail-brose!

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

To lovers of Scottish songs the name of Alexander Rodger is familiar as that of the author of "Behave Yoursel' Before Folk," "My Gudeman says Aye to Me," and "Robin Tamson's Smiddy." He was born at East Calder, near Edinburgh, on the sixteenth of July, 1784. In his twelfth year he was apprenticed to a silversmith in Edinburgh, but on his father emigrating to Hamburg, in 1797, he was left in charge of some friends who resided at Glasgow, and by whom he was persuaded to exchange his trade of a silversmith to that of a weaver. He became, in early life, a republican of very extreme views, and suffered a short term of inprisonment in 1819 on account of some revolutionary articles which he contributed to a newspaper then in existence. In 1836 he was appointed sub-editor of the Reformers' Gazette, and held this position until his death, which occurred on the twenty-sixth of September, 1846. His remains were interred in the Necropolis of Glasgow, where a handsome monument has since been erected to his memory by his fellow-citizens.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er ye do, when out of view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teazed before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks with your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time, and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE ANSWER.

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' you do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawkie coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk!
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
While ye ensnare, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'elids steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
Ay, twenty times—before folk!

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When temptingly it offers me
So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' snawy white;
That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till't before folk!
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka charm, young, fresh an' warm,
Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk?

An' O! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my saul, let be,
Frae kissing you before folk!
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka glint conveys a hint
To tak' a smack—before folk?

Ye own, that were we baith our lane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
Could scarce desist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll ha'e a "blythesome bridal" made,
When ye'll be mine before folk!
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk;
For whereas then, ye'll aft get "ten,"
It winna be before folk!

MY GUDEMAN SAYS AYE TO ME.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

The first four lines form the chorus of an old song.

My gudeman says aye to me,
Says aye to me, says aye to me;
My gudeman says aye to me,
Come cuddle in my bosie!
Though wearin' auld, he's blyther still
Than mony a swankie youthfu' chiel,
And a' his aim's to see me weel,
And keep me snug and cozie.

For though my cheeks, where roses grew,
Ha'e tint their lively glowing hue,
My Johnnie's just as kind and true
As if I still were rosy.
Our weel-won gear he never drank,
He never lived aboon his rank,
Yet wi' a neebor blythe and frank,
He could be as jocose aye.

We ha'e a hame, gude halesome cheer,
Contentment, peace, a conscience clear,
And rosy bairns to us mair dear,
Than treasures o' Potosi:
Their minds are form'd in virtue's school,
Their fau'ts are check'd wi' temper cool,
For my gudeman mak's this his rule,
To keep frae hasty blows aye.

It ne'er was siller gart us wed,
Youth, health, and love, were a' we had,
Possess'd o' these we toil'd fu' glad,
To shun want's bitter throes aye;
We've had our cares, we've had our toils,
We've had our bits o' troubles whiles,
Yet, what o' that? my Johnnie's smiles
Shed joy o'er a' our woes aye.

Wi' mutual aid we've trudged through life,
A kind gudeman, a cheerfu' wife;
And on we'll jog, unvexed by strife,
Towards our journey's close, aye!

And when we've stretch'd upon our
bier,
Oh may our souls, sae faithfu' here,
Together spring to yonder sphere,
Where love's pure river flows aye.

IT'S NO THAT THOU'RT BONNIE.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no
that thou'rt braw,
It's no that thy skin has the whiteness
o' snaw,
It's no that thy form is perfection
itsel',
That mak's my heart feel what my
tongue canna tell:
But oh! its the soul beaming out frae
thine e'e,
That mak's thee sae dear and sae
lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild
blushing face,
Sae sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine
grace,
It's joyous to gaze on these tresses
sae bright,
O'ershading a forehead sae smooth
and sae white;
But to dwell on the glances that dart
frae thine e'e,
O Jeanie! it's evendown rapture to
me.

That form may be wasted by lingering
decay,
The bloom of that cheek may be
wither'd away,
Those gay gowden ringlets that yield
such delight,
By the cauld breath o' time may be
changed into white;
But the soul's fervid flashes that
brighten thine e'e,
Are the offspring o' heaven, and never
can die.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor
ev'r touch the shore,
Let me freeze on the coast of the
bleak Labradore,
Let me pant 'neath the glare of the
vertical sun,
Where no trees spread their branches,
nor streams ever run;
Even there, my dear Jeanie, still
happy I'd be,
If bless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

Without doubt one of the most humorour Scottish Songs in existence. It has become decidedly popular, all over the world.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a-laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
An' had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Though mony lads had sought her;
And what think ye o' my exploit?—
The time our mare was shoeing,
I slippit up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,
I've new anes for the makin';

But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle, your father,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na;—I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
At tyning o' his dochter;
Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;
So Robin an' our auld gudewife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

THE PEASANT'S FIRESIDE.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

How happy lives the peasant by his ain fireside,
Wha weel employs the present, by his ain fireside;
Wi' his wifie blythe and free, and his bairnie on his knee,
Smiling fu' o' sportive glee, by his ain fireside!
Nae cares o' state disturb him, by his ain fireside;
Nae foolish fashion curb him, by his ain fireside;
In his elbow-chair reclined, he can freely speak his mind,
To his bosom-mate sae kind, by his ain fireside.

When his bonnie bairns increase, around his ain fireside,
What health, content, and peace surround his ain fireside,
A' day he gladly toils, and at night delighted smiles
At their harmless pranks and wiles, about his ain fireside;
And while they grow apace, about his ain fireside,
In beauty, strength, and grace, about his ain fireside,
Wi' virtuous precepts kind, by a sage example join'd,
He informs ilk youthfu' mind, about his ain fireside.

When the shivering orphan poor draws near his ain fireside,
And seeks the friendly door, that guards his ain fireside,
She's welcomed to a seat, bidden warm her little feet,
While she's kindly made to eat, by his ain fireside.
When youthfu' vigor fails him, by his ain fireside,
And hoary age assails him, by his ain fireside,
With joy he back surveys all his scenes of bygone days,
As he trod in wisdom's ways, by his ain fireside.

And when grim death draws near him, by his ain fireside,
What cause has he to fear him, by his ain fireside?

With a bosom-cheering hope, he takes Heaven for his prop,
Then calmly down does drop, by his ain fireside.
Oh! may that lot be ours, by our ain fireside;
Then glad will fly the hours, by our ain fireside;

THE LASSES A' LEUGH.

The first stanza is by Robert Tannahill, the others are by Alexander Rodger.

The lasses a' leugh, and the carlin flate,
But Maggie was sitting fu' ourie and blate,
The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen;
Kiss'd yestreen; kiss'd yestreen,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen;
She blethered it round to her fae an' her freen,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen.

She loosed the white napkin frae 'bout her dun neck,
An' cried, The big sorrow tak' lang Geordie Fleck!
D'ye see what a scart I gat frae a preen,
By his tousling an' kissing at me yestreen;
At me yestreen, at me yestreen,
By his tousling an' kissing at me yestreen;
I canna conceive what the fallow could mean,
By his kissing sae meikle at me yestreen.

Then she pu'd up her sleeve an' shawed a blue mark,
Quo' she I gat that frae young Davy our clerk,
But the creature had surely forgat himsel' clean,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
I wonder what kepit my nails frae his een,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen.

Then she held up her cheek, an' cried, Foul fa' the laird,
Just leuk what I gat with his black birsie beard,
The vile filthy body! was e'er the like seen?
To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen;
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen;
To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen,
I'm sure that nae woman o' judgement need green
To be rubbit, like me, for a kiss yestreen.

Syne she tald what grand offers she aften had had,
But wad she tak' a man?—na, she wasna sae mad;
For the hale o' the sex she cared na a preen,
An' she hated the way she was kiss'd yestreen;
Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,
She hated the way she was kiss'd yestreen;
'Twas a mercy that naething mair serious had been,
For it's dangerous whiles to be kissed at e'en.

THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL.

The first stanza is by Robert Tannahill, the others are by Alexander Rodger.

Come hame to your lingels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
You're the king o' the dyvours, the talk o' the town,
Sae soon as the Munonday morning comes in,
Your wearifu' daidling again maun begin.
Gudewife, you're a skillet, your tongue's just a bell,
To the peace o' gude fallows it rings the death-knell,
But clack till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
The souter shall aye ha'e his Munonday's yill.

Come hame to your lap-stane, come hame to your last,
It's a bonnie affair that your family maun fast,
While you and your crew here a-guzzling maun sit,
Ye daised drunken gude-for nocht heir of the pit;
Just leuk, how I'm gaun without stocking or shoe,
Your bairns a' in tatters, an' fotherless too,
An' yet, quite content, like a sot, ye'll sit still,
Till your kyte's like to crack, wi' your Munonday's yill.

I tell you gudewife, gin you haud na your clack,
I'll lend you a reestle wi' this owre your back;
Maun we be abused an' affronted by you,
Wi' siccan foul names as "loon," "dyvour," an' "crew?"
Come hame to your lingels, this instant come hame,
Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame,
For I'll bring a' the bairns, an' we'll just ha'e our fill,
As weel as yoursel', o' your Munonday's yill.

Gin that be the gate o't sirs, come, let us stir,
What need we sit here to be pestered by her?
For she'll plague an' affront us as far as she can;
Did ever a woman sae bother a man?
Frae yill house to yill house she'll after us rin,
An' raise the hale town wi' her yelpin' and din;
Come, ca' the gudewife, bid her bring in her bill,
I see I maun quat takin' Munonday's yill.

MARY'S DREAM.

JOHN LOWE.

This exquisite song was composed about the year 1776. Its author, John Lowe, was a young man who had through his own exertions acquired an education that enabled him to fulfil the duties of a private tutor in a gentleman's family. This gentleman, we are told, was the happy possessor of two very accomplished and pretty daughters, the eldest of whom was engaged to be married to a sea captain. The wedding day had been fixed, the guests invited, and all had been made ready to give the gallant captain a grand old time welcome home, after a long voyage he had been absent on, when word was suddenly brought to the expectant bride that his ship had encountered a terrible gale and had gone down with nearly every soul on board. The captain must have stood by his ship to the last, as he was never afterwards heard of except in the imagination of Lowe. This unfortunate occurrence gave such a sudden shock to the young lady, that she lay for many days in a stupor between life and death, and although time somewhat restored her both in body and mind, she never afterwards could be induced to participate in the pleasures of society. It was at this time that the sensitive feelings of Lowe gave vent to the verses entitled "Mary's Dream," the poem on which his reputation as a poet wholly lasts, and which without doubt is one of the most pathetic pieces in the whole realm of poesy. It at once brought him into closer companionship with each member of the family, and very soon he became a suitor for the hand of the youngest lady. Upon his making, however, a declaration of his love to her he was not a little disappointed to have his proposals rejected, and taking this to heart he at once resigned his position and immigrated to this country. Here he opened a school in Fredericksburg, Va., but this not proving successful, he gave it up and returned to Scotland. He afterwards took orders in the Church of England, but he was never fortunate or even happy in after life. He died in 1798, at the age of forty-eight.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.
"O, Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horrow chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled:
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

MARY'S DREAM.

ORIGINAL WORDS.

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill,
Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every body's e'e;
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea—
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Pale, bending on his hollow e'e!
"O Mary dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thraws below the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

"The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it waked and raised the main,

And God he bore us down the deep—
Who strave wi' him, but strave in vain!
He stretch'd his arm, and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang but thee:
I look frae heaven aboon the storm;
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

"Tak' aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie."
Three times the grey cock flapt its wing,
To mark the morning lift it's e'e,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

A COGIE O' YILL.

ANDREW SHERIFF.

Andrew Sheriff was the author of a Scottish Pastoral, entitled, "Jamie and Bess," which was published at Aberdeen, in 1787. Burns in his third Northern Tour, refers to him as "a little decrepit body with some ability." He was editor of the *Aberdeen Chronicle* for a number of years.

A COGIE o' yill,
And a pickle aitmeal,
And a dainty wee drappie o' whisky,
Was our forefathers' dose,
For to sweel down their brose,
And keep them aye cheery and frisky.
Then hey for the whisky, and hey for the meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill,
Gin ye steer a' thegither they'll do unco weel,
To keep a chiel cheery and brisk aye.

When I see our Scots lads,
Wi' their kilts and cockauds,
That sae aften ha'e lounder'd our foes, man;
I think to mysel',
On the meal and the yill,
And the fruits o' our Scottish kail-brose, man.
Then hey, &c.

When our brave Highland blades,
Wi' their claymores and plaids,
In the field drove like sheep a' our foes, man;
Their courage and pow'r—
Spring frae this to be sure,
They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.
Then hey, &c.

But your spyndle-shank'd sparks,
Wha so ill fill their sarks,
Your pale-visaged milksops and bea
man;
I think when I see them,
'Twere kindness to gi'e them—
A cogie o' yill or o' brose, man.
Then hey, &c.

What John Bull despises,
Our better sense prizes,
He denies eatin' blanter ava, man;
But by eatin' o' blanter,
His mare's grown, I'll warrant her,
The manliest brute o' the twa, man.
Then hey, &c.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS GETS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

JOHN YOUNGER.

John Younger is better known throughout Scotland as the author of a prize essay on the Sabbath, than as a song writer. He published at one time a poem, entitled, "Thoughts as They Rise," which commanded a very extensive sale for a year or two, but which is now almost forgotten. He was the son of a shoemaker, and was born near Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, on the 5th of July, 1785. Before he had reached his tenth year he was busy at work as a shoemaker's apprentice, consequently his education must have been of a very limited nature. He managed, however, to save enough money during his apprenticeship to enable him to begin business on his own account when he was twenty-five years of age. During the latter portion of his life he was postmaster for the village of St. Boswell's. His death occurred on the 19th of July, 1860.

Oh, dinna be sae sair cast down,
My ain sweet bairnies dear,
Whatever storms in life may blaw,
Take nae sic heart o' fear.
Though life's been aye a checker'd scene
Since Eve's first apple grew,
Nae blade o' grass has been forgot,
O' its ain drap o' dew.

The bonnie flowers o' Paradise,
And a' that's bloom'd sinsyne,
By bank an' brae an' lover's bower,
Adown the course o' time,
Or 'neath the gardener's fostering hand
Their annual bloom renew,
Ilk blade o' grass has had as weel
Its ain sweet drap o' dew.

The oaks and cedars of the earth
May toss their arms in air,
Or bend beneath the sweeping blast
That strips the forest bare;
The flower enfolds while storms o'erpass.
Till sunshine spreads anew,
And sips, as does ilk blade o' grass,
Its lucent drap o' dew.

The great may loll in world's wealth
And a' the pomp o' state,
While labor, bent wi' eident cares,
Maun toil baith air and late.
The poor may gae to bed distrest,
With nae relief in view,
And rising like ilk blade o' grass,
Shine with the pearl o' dew.

Oh, what a gentle hand is His
That cleeds the lilies fair,
And o' the meanest thing in life
Takes mair than mother's care!
Can ye no' put your trust in Him,
With heart resign'd and true,
Wha ne'er forgets to gie the grass,
Ilk blade its drap o' dew.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

ALEXANDER LAING.

Alexander Laing was the author of a number of well-known songs. He was born at Brechin on the 14th of May, 1787, and in early life engaged in the business of a flax-dresser. By industry and care he accumulated a large fortune which enabled him to retire from business a few years before his death. He published in 1846 a collection of his songs and poems under the title of "Wayside Flowers," of which a second edition appeared in 1850. He also contributed largely to "The Harp of Caledonia." "The Book of Scottish Song" and "Whistle Binkie," His death took place at Brechin, on the 14th of October, 1857.

The standard on the braes o' Mar,
Is up and streaming rarely;
The gathering pipe on Loch-na-gar,
Is sounding lang and sairly.
The Highlandmen
Frae hill and glen,
In martial hue,
With bonnets blue,
With belted plaids
And burnish'd blades,
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry,
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure, and gallant Harry?
Macdonald's men,
Clan-Ranald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillavry's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowlan' men,
Of Callander and Airly.

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa',
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
We'll go—we'll go
And meet the foe
And fling the plaid,
And swing the blade,
And forward dash,
And hack and slash—
And fleg the German Carlie.

I WADNA GI'E MY AIN WIFE.

ALEXANDER LAING.

I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
For, oh! my dainty ain wife,
She's aye sae dear to me.
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better canna be;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

Though beauty is a fadin' flower,
As fadin' as it's fair,
It looks fu' well in ony wife,
An' mine has a' her share.
She ance was ca'd a bonnie lass—
She's bonnie aye to me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

Oh, couthy is my ingle-cheek,
An' cheery is my Jean;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane.
She's gude wi' a' the neebors roun',
An' aye gude wi' me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

But oh, her looks sae kindly,
They melt my heart outright,
When owre the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight.
She looks intil its bonnie face
An' syne looks to me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

TO THINK O' THEE.

JOHN BURTT.

O lassie I lo'e dearest,
Mair fair to me than fairest,
Mair rare to me than rarest;
How sweet to think o' thee!
When blythe the blue e'ed dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honied dew-drap
Still trembles at the flower-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss't for sake o' thee;
An' when by stream, or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments counting,
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red-rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or o'er the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out o'er the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
O think when cares distress thee,
O think when pleasures bless thee,
O' him that thinks o' thee!

ADVICE TO THE LASSIES.

JOHN BURTT.

Lassies, lookna sourly meek,
But laugh an' love in youth's gay morn;
If ance the bloom forsake your cheek,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

The secret favor that you meet,
Or the favor ye return,
If vainly ye let ithers see't,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Wi' care the tender moments grip,
When your cautious lovers burn;
But if you let that moment slip,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Be on your guard wi' Sir or Laird;
A' ties but that o' marriage spurn;
For if you grant what they may want,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

The lad that's wi' your siller ta'en,
Reject his vows wi' honest scorn;
For ance the glitterin' ore's his ain,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Widows rest you as ye are—
Nae lover now dare crook his horn;
But mak' him master o' you gear—
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Lassies that nae lads ha'e got,
But live in garrets lane and lorn,
Let ilk be carefu' o' her cat—
Ne'er think o' heuks—your haist is shorn.

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

WILLIAM GLEN.

There are very few Jacobite songs which equal in tenderness or appeal more directly to our feelings than "Waes me for Prince Charlie." The subject and the time to which the song refers are sufficient to engage the sympathy of every patriotic Scotsman, for it at once recalls the terrible dangers and privations through which Prince Charles passed before he made his escape to France, after the defeat of his army at the battle of Culloden. "For upwards of five months," says Dr. Robert Chambers, in his History of the Rebellion of 1745–6, "he had skulked as a proscribed fugitive through the mountains and seas of the West Highlands, often in the most imminent danger of being taken, and generally exposed to severe personal hardships. The narrowness of his own escapes is shown strikingly in the circumstance of many persons being taken immediately after having contributed to his safety, The reader must have already accorded all due praise to the people, who by their kindness and fidelity, had been the chief means of working out his deliverance. Scarcely any gentleman to whom he applied for protection, or to aid in effecting his movements, refused to peril their own safety on his account; hundreds, many of whom were in the hublest walk of life, had been entrusted with the secret, yet, if we overlook the beggar boy in South Uist, and the dubious case of Barrisdale, none had attempted to give him up to his enemies. Thirty thousand pounds had been offered in vain for the life of one human being, in a country where the sum would have purchased a princely estate."

"Waes me for Prince Charlie" has always been an exceedingly popular song. It has captivated the hearts of all classes. Even Royalty has been charmed by its touching sentiments, as the following anecdote, related by Alex. Whitelaw, will show:

"During a late visit of her Majesty, the Queen to the North, this song received a mark of royal favor which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane had engaged Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, to sing before Her Majesty. A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to the Queen, that she might signify her pleasure as to those she would wish to hear, when Her Majesty immediately fixed upon the following: 'Lochaber no More,' 'The Flowers of the Forest,' 'The Lass o' Gowrie,' 'John Anderson, my Jo, John,' 'Cam' ye by Athol?' and 'The Laird o' Cockpen.' The present song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but Her Majesty herself asked if he could sing 'Waes me for Prince Charlie," which fortunately he was able to do. The selection of songs which the Queen made displays eminently her sound taste and good feeling. A better, or one more varied, both as regards music and words, taking the number of pieces into account, could not easily be formed."

William Glen the author of "Waes me for Prince Charlie," was born at Glasgow on November 14th, 1789. He was in business for many years in his native city as a manufacturer, and met with one or two severe losses in trade at different times, which tinged the latter years of his life with much unhappiness. He was elected one of the managers of the "Glasgow Merchant's House" and a director of the "Chamber of Commerce." In 1815 he published a volume of his musings, with the title, "Poems: Chiefly Lyrical." He died in December, 1826.

A WEE bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was, "Waesme for Prince Charlie!"
Oh, when I heard the bonnie soun',
The tears cam drappin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a song ye borrow?
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dule an' sorrow?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind an' rain!—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he's pressed by want—
On every side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys:
An' whare was't that your Prince lay doun,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hover'd on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
'Twas, "Waes me for Prince Charlie!"

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

WILLIAM GLEN.

Said to have been composed in honor of the 71st, or Glasgow regiment of light infantry, who took a leading part in this famous battle.

SING a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gi'e to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.

Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet crousely crack,
Let Joseph rin the the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gi'e truth and honor to the Dane,
Gi'e German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gi'e Britain a Vittoria.
The English Rose was ne'er sae red,
The Shamrock waved where glory led,
An' the Scottish Thistle rear'd its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought and mony fell;
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The Eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.
Britannia's glory there was shown,
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon they field, Vittoria!
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,
An' deck his lowly honor'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day,
A prelude to Vittoria.
Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys.
Barossa an' Vittoria!

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

WILLIAM GLEN.

"Blink O'er the Burn, Sweet Betty" is the title of a very old song, of which there are various fragments in existence.

Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me;
Blink over the burn sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang alang wi' thee;
Though father and mither forbade it,
Forbidden I wadna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang alang wi' thee.

The cheek o' my love's like the rose-bud,
Blushing red wi' the mornin' dew,
Her hair's o' the loveliest auburn,
Her ee's o' the bonniest blue;
Her lips are like threads o' the scarlet,
Disclosing a pearly row;
Her high swelling, love heaving bosom
Is white as the mountain snow.

But it is na her beauty that hauds me,
A glitterin' chain winna lang bind;
'Tis her heavenly seraph-like sweetness,
An' the graces adornin' her mind;

She's dear to my soul as the sunbeam
Is dear to the summer's morn,
An' she says. though her father forbade it,
She'll ne'er break the vows she has sworn.

Her father's a canker'd auld carle,
He swears he will ne'er gi'e consent;
Such carle should never get daughters,
Unless they can mak' them content;
But she says, though her father forbade it,
Forbidden she winna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang alang wi' thee.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

William Laidlaw the author of this beautiful song, was born at Blackhouse, Yarrow, in 1780. He became the amanuensis and trusted companion of Sir Walter Scott, and assisted him greatly by aiding him in procuring materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." He possessed a wonderful memory, replete with information and incidents relating to Scottish history, ballads and songs. He was the author of various poems and songs, many of which, by their beauty and fancy, prove him to have been a favorite with the muses. He died in 1845.

"Lucy's Flittin'" is admired very much by all genuine lovers of Scottish song for its sweet simplicity and purity of language. Lucy, an innocent orphan girl, is leaving the house in the glen where she had been at service during the summer, and the tears start to her eyes as she begins to realize that she is now parting with her old master and the many neighbors who have been so friendly to her since the day when she first came among them. As she passed down the glen she meets one who had evidently become something more than a friend to her, and who is now so grieved at this separation that he can only hold out his hand to her and say, "Fare ye weel, Lucy;" and is then compelled to run indoors to hide the emotion with which he is struggling, and which tells its own story so plainly. So Lucy resumes her journey promising herself to love him and cherish the bonnie blue ribbon he gave her, and listening the while to the little birds, whose songs all seem to end in the same sad refrain of "Fare ye weel, Lucy." She cannot help wondering why her poor heart seems to be breaking, or why she should wish to become any greater or better than what she really is, if she was not born to be any better, and moralizing thus, she reaches a turn in the glen which hides from her view the old house with its surroundings. She stays for a moment to say good bye to them all, and is rewarded by seeing again her faithful lover who is now gazing fondly after her. Nor does she ever see him again, for soon afterward we are told she was laid in her cold grave, and poor Jamie is left to mourn her loss. The subject is certainly a very simple one, but the composition as a whole is a very sweet and pathetic little piece of poetical fiction. One must, however, be familiar with the Scottish language to thoroughly appreciate its beauty. The last stanza is said to have been written by James Hogg. He frequently asserted that he alone was responsible for the death of poor Lucy.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her old master and neebors sae dear;
For Lucy had served in the glen a' the simmer;
She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;

"Fare ye weel, Lucy," quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
As down the burn side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy," was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin';
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that puts my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
Yestereen, when he ga'e me't and saw I was stabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but Fare ye weel, Lucy,
It made me I neither could speak, hear nor see;
He could na say mair but just Fare ye weel, Lucy,
Yet that will I mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie—she turn'd and she look'it,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie, and cheerless;
And weel may he greet on the banks o' the burn;
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

ALAKE FOR THE LASSIE.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

Alake for the lassie! she's no right at a',
That lo'es a dear laddie, an' he far awa';
But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,
That lo'es a dear lad, when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin', my heart it grew fain
To see my dear laddie, to see him again;
My heart it grew fain, an' lap light at the thought
Of milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

The bonnie gray morn scarce had open'd her e'e,
When we set to the gate a' wi' nae little glee;
I was blythe, but my mind oft misga'e me right sair,
For I hadna seen Jamie for five months an' mair.

I' the hirin' right soon my dear Jamie I saw,

I saw nae ane like him, sae bonnie and braw;
I watch'd an' baid near him, his motion to see,
In hopes aye to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in ony ae place:
At length I gaed up an' just smiled in his face,
I wonder aye yet my heart brackna in twa—
He just said, "How are ye?" and steppit awa'.

My neeber lads strave to entice me awa';
They roos'd me, an' hecht me ilk thing that was braw;
But I hatit them a', an' I hatit the fair,
For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leal, and his manners sae kind!
He's someway gane wrang, he may alter his mind;
An' sud he do sae, he's be welcome to me;
I'm sure I can never like ony but he.

HER BONNIE BLACK E'E.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

On the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander,
The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;
I think on my lassie, her gentle mild nature,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, and loud loud the win' blaws,
An' simmer's gay cleedin' drives fast frae the tree;
I heedna the win' nor the rain when I think on
The kind lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,
The cauld norlan' win' ca's the drift owre the lea;
Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the mountain,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,
Tho' a' neat an' bonnie, they're naething to me!
I sigh an' sit dowie, regardless what passes,
When I miss the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When thin twinklin' starnies announce the gray gloamin',
When a' round the ingle's sae cheerie to see;
Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',
Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin', an' laughin', the lave they are merry,
Tho' absent my heart like the lave I maun be;
Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but I oft turn dowie,
An' think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fair form frae my mind's awa' never,
She's dearer than a' this hale warld to me;
An' this is my wish, May I leave it, if ever
She row on anither her love-beaming e'e.

GLOOMY FEBER'WAR.

DR. PATRICK BUCHAN.

The first verse is by Robert Tannahill. Patrick Buchan, the celebrated ballad collector was born at Peterhead, in 1790. He began life as a printer and in 1819 compiled the "Annals of Peterhead," a small volume which he printed on a press of his own construction. In 1824 he astonished his friends and brought himself into public notice by publishing a treatise in which he endeavored to prove that animals were possessed of souls. He was one of Sir Walter Scott's warmest friends and frequently passed many days with him at Abbotsford. He died at London on the 19th of September, 1854.

Thou cauld gloomy Feber'war,
Oh! gin thou wert awa'!
I'm wae to hear thy soughin' winds,
I'm wae to see thy snaw;
For my bonnie braw young Hieland-man,
The lad I lo'e sae dear,
Has vow'd to come and see me,
In the spring time o' the year.

A silken bam' he gae me,
To bin' my gowden hair;
A siller brooch and tartan plaid,
A' for his sake to wear:
And oh! my heart was like to break,
(For partin' sorrows sair,)
As he vow'd to come and see me,
In the spring time o' the year.

Aft, aft as gloaming dims the sky,
I wander out alane,
Whare buds the bonnie yellow whins,
Around the trystin' stane:
'Twas there he press'd me to his heart,
And kiss'd awa' the tear,
As he vow'd to come and see me,
In the spring time o' the year.

Ye gentle breezes saftly blaw,
And cleed anew the wuds:
Ye lav'rocks lilt your cheery sangs,
Amang the fleecy cluds;
Till Feber'war and a' his train,
Affrighted disappear—
I'll hail wi' you the blythesome change,
The spring time o' the year.

SONG OF THE SCOTTISH EXILE.

DAVID VEDDER.

David Vedder was for many years a valuable contributor to *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, *The Christian Herald*, *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*, etc. His principal songs, however, appeared in Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," and "Whistlebinkie." He was born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. Having become a sailor at an early age he rapidly rose through the different grades of his profession, until, when still a young man, he was promoted captain of a vessel and made several successful voyages to Greenland. In 1826 he published a volume of poems entitled "The Covenanter's Communion and other Poems," which was soon followed by "Arcadian Sketches" He died at Edinburgh on the 11th of February, 1854.

Oh! the sunny peaches glow,
And the grapes in clusters blush;
And the cooling silver streams
From their sylvan fountains rush;
There is music in the grove,
And there's fragrance on the gale;
But there's nought so dear to me
As my own Highland vale.

Oh! the queen-like virgin rose,
Of the dew and sunlight born,
And the azure violet,
Spread their beauties to the morn;
So does the hyacinth,
And the lily pure and pale;
But I love the daisy best
In my own Highland vale.

Hark! hark! those thrilling notes!
'Tis the nightingale complains;
Oh! the soul of music breathes
In those more than plaintive strains

But they're not so dear to me
As the murmur of the rill.
And the bleating of the lambs
On my own Highland hill.

Oh! the flow'rets fair may glow,
And the juicy fruits may blush,
And the beauteous birds may sing,
And the crystal streamlets rush;
And the verdant meads may smile,
And the cloudless sun may beam,
But there's nought beneath the skies
Like my own Highland home.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

DAVID VEDDER.

Farewell to thee Scotland, thy verdure is blighted,
Thy daisies are steeped in the blood of the brave;
And I, who thy wrongs with the sword would have righted,
Am tossed like a fugitive serf on the wave!
Impelled to the pursuit, by gold and by vengence,
My foemen are swift as the storm-driven rack;
From the fierce brutal tribes, they've selected their engines,
The beagles and blood-hounds are scenting my track.

Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy hills are receding,
So beagles and blood-hounds can track as they may;
But my heart to its centre is wounded and bleeding,
For thousands who fell on Culloden's dark day.
The hill fox's howl, and the lone widow's wailings,
Commingle at midnight, 'midst tempest and rain;
And the red mountain streamlets by smouldering sheilings,
Brawl hoarsely and fiercely the dirge of the slain.

The chieftains and heroes who followed my banner
Are pining in dungeons, and bleaching on walls;
Or, stripped of their all, saving conscience and honor,
The grass growing rank on their hearths and their halls.
Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy loftiest mountain
Is fading and blending with ocean and sky,
I groam—for my tears are dried up at the fountain—
A wanderer I've lived, and an exile I'll die.

KATE DALRYMPLE.

WILLIAM WATT.

William Watt was born at West Linton, Peeblesshire, in 1792, and died in April, 1859. To trade he was a weaver. The closing period of his life was chequered by misfortune and domestic bereavement.

In a wee cot-house far across the muir,
Where the peesweeps, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,
There lived an auld maid for mony lang years,
Wham ne'er a wooer did e'er ca' his dearie.
A lanely lass was Kate Dalrymple,
A thrifty queen was Kate Dalrymple;
Nae music, exceptin' the clear burnie's wimple,
Was heard round the dwellin' o' Kate Dalrymple.

Her face had a smack' o' the gruesome and grim,
Whilk did frae the fash o' a' wooers defend her;
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,
That brang folk in min' o' the auld witch o' Endor.
A weagle in her walk had Kate Dalrymple,
sneevil in her talk had Kate Dalrymple;
And mony cornelian and cairngorn pimple
Did bleeze on the dun face o' Kate Dalrymple.

She span tarry woo' the hale winter through,
For Kate ne'er was lazy, but eident and thrifty;
She wrocht 'mang the peats, coil'd the hay, shore the corn,
And supported hersel' by her ain hard shift aye.
But ne'er a lover cam' to Kate Dalrymple,
For beauty and tocher wanted Kate Dalrymple;
Unheeded was she by baith gentle and simple,
A blank in the warld seemed puir Kate Dalrymple.

But mony are the ups and downs in life,
Aft the dice-box o' fate's jumbled a' tapsalterrie;
Sae Kate fell heiress to a friend's hale estate,
And nae langer for lovers had she cause to weary.
The squire cam' a-wooing o' Kate Dalrymple,
The priest scrapin', booin', fan' out Kate Dalrymple;
And on ilk wooer's face was seen love's smiling dimple,
And noo she's nae mair Kate—but *Miss Dalrymple.*

Her auld cuttystool, that she used at her wheel,
Is flung by for the saft gilded sofa sae gaudy;
And noo she's array'd in her silks and brocade,
And can rank noo for ruffs and muffs wi' ony lady.
Still an unco fash to Kate Dalrymple,
Was dressing and party clash to Kate Dalrymple;
She thocht a half-marrow, bred in line mair simple,
Wad be a far fitter match for Kate Dalrymple.

She aftentimes thocht, when she dwelt by hersel',
She could wed Willie Speedystool the sarkin weaver;
And now to the wabster she the secret did tell,
And for love or for int'rest, Will did kindly receive her.
He flang by his heddles for Kate Dalrymple,
He burnt a' his treddles doun for Kate Dalrymple;
Though his right e'e doth skellie, and his lang leg doth limp ill,
He's wedded to and bedded noo wi' Kate Dalrymple.

THE EWE-BUCHTING'S BONNIE.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

The first stanza of this excellent song was composed by Lady Grizell Baillie, the authoress of "Were Na my heart licht I wad dee." Thomas Pringle says that he transcribed it from a portion of a letter in the handwriting of Lady Baillie, addressed to her brother Patrick, who was at the time an exile in Holland. Pringle was born at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale, on January 5th, 1789, and was educated at the grammar school at Kelso. In 1808 he was appointed one of the clerks at the Register House in Edinburgh, and while there he wrote a poem entitled "The Mirror," which attracted much attention from the public, and was the means of introducing him to Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg. In 1817 he started the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, but owing to some misunderstanding with the publishers it was shortly afterwards discontinued. He then became the editor of *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany* and conducted at the same time, a semi-weekly newspaper called the *Star*. In 1820 he emigrated to South Africa, and was appointed keeper of the Government Library at Cape Town. This position he held till 1826, when he returned to London and became the Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. He died on December 5, 1834, and was interred in the Bunhill Field Cemetery, where a tombstone has since been erected to his memory.

O THE ewe-buchting's bonnie baith e'ening and morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn;
While we're milking they're lilting baith pleasant and clear;
But my heart's like to break when I think' on my dear;
O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn:
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free—
But alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee!

O the sheep herding's lightsome amang the green braes
Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slaes,
Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent the saft gale,
And the cushat croods lonesomely down in the dale,
There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn,
And blythe lilts the laverock aboon the green corn,
And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—
But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign clime!

O the hay-making's pleasant, in bright sunny June—
The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune;
But while others are joking and laughing sae free,
There's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my e'e.
At e'en i' the gloaming adown by the burn,
Fu' dowie, and wae, aft I daunder and mourn;
Amang the lang broom I sit greeting alane,
And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youtheid were heartsome and gay,
When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw brae,
When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-bells
By the Cayles ferny howms and on Hounam's green fells.
But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the laird,
To win honor and gowd—(gif his life it be spared!)
Ah! little care I for wealth, favor or fame,
Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame!

Then round our wee cot though gruff winter could roar,
And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door;
Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles to clink
And a barley-meal scone were the best on our bink;

Yet, he wie his hirsel, and I wi' my wheel,
Through the howe o' the year we wad fen unco weel;
Till the lintwhite, and laverock, and lambs bleating fain,
Brought back the blythe time o' ewe-buchting again.

A FAREWELL SONG.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adeiu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted, howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

I'll bid my heart be still,
And check each struggling sigh;
And there's none e'er shall know
My soul's cherished woe,
When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name;
Ah! 't is therefore I mourn,
He ne'er can return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay,
For peace and freedom won,
Like my lost lovers knell,
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his dirge alone.

My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim,
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

KELVIN GROVE,

THOMAS LYLE.

"Kelvin Grove" was first published in the *Harp*, of Renfrewshire, about 1820, and at once became exceedingly popular. The authorship was at first erroneously ascribed to Mr. John Sim, but satisfactory proofs were afterwards made public showing conclusively that it was the composition of Thomas Lyle. "In support of his claim," says Alexander Whitelaw, "Mr. Lyle stated that he was in the habit of corresponding with Mr. Sim during the publication of the *Harp*, of Renfrewshire—that he sent him the song of 'Kelvin Grove,' with another song, to be published anonymously in the work—that Mr. Sim having transcribed them both, they were found among his papers after his departure and naturally enough supposed to be his own. So satisfactorily did Mr. Lyle establish his claim, that Mr. Purdie, music-seller, Edinburgh, was induced to become the purchaser of the copyright from him, although he had previously bargained for the copyright with Mr. Sim's executors for a few pounds."

Thomas Lyle was born at Paisley in 1792. He received a first-class education and graduated with honors as a surgeon from the Glasgow University. In 1827 he collected together and published a small volume of ancient ballads and songs with notes, &c., and to this little work the lovers of Scottish song are much indebted for a great deal of information which is at once both interesting and valuable. He died at Glasgow in 1859.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O!
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O!

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O!
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O!
Where the glens rebound the call,
Of the roaring water's fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O!

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O!
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O!
There the May pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O!

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O!
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O!
Yet with fortune on my side
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O!

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O!
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O!
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O!

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O!
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O!
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant-scented breer,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O!

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O!
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O!
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

DUNOON.

THOMAS LYLE.

"The glow worm, on mild summer evenings, especially after a shower of rain, is to be found in great abundance among the long grass and moss between Dunoon and the Holy-Loch, where the surrounding scenery renders this singular insect doubly interesting. The female is larger than the male, and emits a beautiful light (apparently phosphorescent, but not really so), for the purpose of attracting the male; this issues from the four last rings of the abdomen; the male has a power of emitting a feeble light but very disproportionate to that of the female. Two or three of these insects inclosed in a glass vase will give a light sufficient to enable a person to read in the darkest night. There are fifty-two species of this insect scattered over the four quarters of the globe, of which two only are found in our own country, viz., the glow-worm and the fire-fly.—*Lyle.*

SEE the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp,
From a beam of the rising moon;
On the heathy shore at evening fall,
'Twixt Holy Loch and dark Dunoon;
Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
From the dew-clad moorland flower,
Invite my wandering footsteps there,
At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
Bids my lone steps seek the shore,
There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
Meets the dash of the fisher's oar;
And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
As she seaward tracks her way;
All else are asleep in the still calm night,
And robed in the misty gray.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,
And the night breeze sweeps the hill;
It's sweet, on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
To wander at fancy's will.
Eliza! with thee, in this solitude,
Life's care's would pass away,
Like the fleecy clouds over gray Kilmun,
At the wake of early day.

MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

REV. JAMES NICHOL.

The Rev. James Nichol was born at Innerleithen, in Peebleshire, on the 28th of September, 1769. He was minister of Traquair, for many years. In 1805, he published two volumes of poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. He was also a valuable contributor to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, &c. His death occurred, after a brief illness, on the 5th of November, 1819.

MY dear little lassie, why what's a' the matter?
My heart it gangs pittypat—winna lie still;
I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better,
Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill
My heads's turn'd quite dizzy, an' aft, when I'm speaking,
I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak;
I gaze aye for something I fain wad be seeking,
Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I wad seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of,
And yet when to ruse ye the neebor lads try,
Though it's a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far off,
I could see 'em ilk ane, an' I canna tell why.
When we tedded the hayfield, I raked ilka rig o't,
And never grew weary the lang simmer day;
The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, when the kirn-supper joys mak' us cheerie.

'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried yere sweet mou';
Dear save us! how queer I felt whan I cam' near ye,
My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell how.
When we dance at the gloamin' it's you I aye pitch on,
And gin you gang by me how dowie I be;
There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitching,
That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

WHERE QUAIR RINS SWEET.

REV. JAMES NICHOL.

Where Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I'll watch ye wi' a lover's care,
And wi' a lover's e'e, lassie;
I'll weary heaven wi' mony a prayer,
And ilka prayer for thee lassie.

'Tis true I ha'e na mickle gear;
My stock it's unco sma, lassie;
Nae fine-spun foreign claes I wear,
Nor servants tend my ca', lassie.

But had I heir'd the British crown,
And thou o' low degree, lassie,
A rustic lad I wad ha'e grown,
Or shared that crown wi' thee, lassie.

Whenever absent frae thy sight,
Nae pleasure smiles on me, lassie,
I climb the mountain's towering height
And cast a look to thee, lassie.

I blame the blast blaws on thy cheek;
The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,
The gales that steal thy breath sae sweet,
My love and envy share, lassie.

If for a heart that glows for thee,
Thou wilt thy heart resign, lassie,
Then come my Nancy, come to me—
That glowing heart is mine, lassie.

Where Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

HALUCKET MEG.

REV. JAMES NICHOL.

Meg, muckin' at Geordie's byre,
Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang:
Ilk daud o' the scartle strake fire,
While, loud as a lavrock, she sang!
Her Geordie had promised to marrie,
An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,
Not dreamin' the job could miscarrie,
Already seem'd mistress an' mair!

My neebors, she sang, aften jeer me,
An' ca' me, daft, halucket Meg,
An' say, they expect soon to hear me
I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!
An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,
An' Geordie, poor fallow! they ca'
An' auld doitet hav'rel!—Nae matter,
He'll keep me aye brankin' an' braw!

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
That the white o' his e'e is turn'd out,
That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
That his mou to his lug's rax'd about;
But they needna let on that he's crazie,
His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa';
Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,
For, fient a hair has he ava!

But a weel-plenish'd mailin has Geordie,
An' routh o' gude goud in his kist,
An' if siller comes at my wordie,
His beauty, I never wull miss't!
Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,
Think love-raptures ever will burn!
But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder,
Wull cauld as an iceshogle turn!

There'll just be ae bar to my pleasure!
A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,
He's sic a hard, ne'er-be-gawn miser,
He likes his saul less than his gear!
But though I now flatter his failin',
An' swear nought wi' goud can compare,
Gude sooth! it sall soon get a scailin',
His bags sall be mouldie nae mair?

I dream't that I rode in a chariot,
A flunkie ahint me in green;
While Geordie cried out, he was harriet,
An' the saut teer was blindin' his een;
But though 'gainst my spendin' he swear aye,
I'll ha'e frae him what ser's my turn;
Let him slip awa' when he grows wearie,
Shame fa' me! gin lang I wad mourn!

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin',
Was cloutin' his breeks i' the bauks,
An' when a' his failins she brang in,
His strang, hazel pike-staff he taks:
Designin' to rax her a lounder,
He chanced on the lather to shift,
An' down frae the bauks, flat's a flounder,
Flew, like a shot-starn frae the lift!

But Meg, wi' the sight, was quite haster'd,
An' nae doubt, was bannin' ill luck;
While the face o' poor Geordie was plaster'd,
And his mou' was fill'd fu' wi' the muck!
Confound ye! cried Geordie, an' spat out
The glaur that adown his beard ran;
Preserve us! quo' Meg, as she gat out
The door,—an' thus lost a gudeman!

BLAW SAFTLY, YE BREEZES.

REV. JAMES NICHOL.

Blaw saftly, ye breezes, ye streams, smoothly murmur,
Ye sweet-scented blossoms, deck every green tree;
'Mong your wild-scatter'd flow'rets aft wanders my charmer,
The sweet lovely lass wi' the black rollin' e'e.
But round me let nature and wilderness seem,
Blast each flow'ret that catches the sun's early beam,
For pensive I ponder, and languishin' wander,
Far frae the sweet rosebud on Quair's windin' stream!

Why, Heaven, wring my heart wi' the hard heart o' anguish?
Why torture my bosom 'tween hope and despair?
When absent frae Nancy, I ever maun languish!
That dear angel smile, shall it charm me nae mair?
Since here life's a desert, an' pleasure's a dream,
Bear me swift to those banks which are ever my theme,
Where, mild as the mornin' at simmer's returnin',
Blooms the sweet lovely rosebud on Quair's windin' stream.

GET UP, GUDEWIFE.

From Ritson's Scots songs published in 1794, and quoted from a manuscript of the time of Charles I, in the British Museum.

Get up, gudewife, don on your claise,
And to the market mak' you boune:
'Tis lang time sin' your neebors rase;
They're weel nigh gotten into the toune.
See ye don on your better goune,
And gar the lasse big on the fyre.
Dame, do not look as ye wad frowne,
But doe the thing whilk I desyre.

I spier what haste ye hae, gudeman!
Your mother staid till ye war born;
Wad ye be at the tother can,
To scoure your throat sae sune this morn?
Gude faith, I haud it but a scorne,
That ye suld with my rising mell;
For when ye have baith said and sworne,
I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Gudewife, we maun needs have a care,
Sae lang's we wonne in neebor's rawe,
O' neeborheid to tak' a share,
And rise up when the cock does crawe;
For I have heard an auld said sawe,
"They that rise last big on the fyre,"
What wind or weather so ever blaw,
Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.

Nay, what do ye talk of neeborheid?
Gif I lig in my bed till noone,
By nae man's shins I bake my breid,
And ye need not reck what I have done.
Nay, look to the clooting o' your shoone,
And with my rising do not mell:
For, gin ye lig baith sheets abune,
I'll do but what I will mysel'.

Gudewife, ye maun needs tak' a care
To save the geare that we ha'e won:
Or lye awa baith plow and car,
And hang up Ring when a' is done.
Then may our bairns a-begging run,
To seek their mister in the myre.
Sae fair a thread as we ha'e won!
Dame, do the thing whilk I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a-begging gang,
Ye seem sae weel to bear the pocke;
Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
To seek your meat amang gude folke.
In ilka house ye'll get a locke,
When ye come whar your gossips dwell.
Nay, lo you luik sae like a gowke,
I'll do but what I list mysel'.

Gudewife, you promised, when we were wed,
That ye wad me truely obey;
Mess John can witness what you said,
And I'll go fetch him in this day;
And, gif that haly man will say,
Ye's do the thing that I desyre,
Then sall we sune end up this fray,
And ye sall do what I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jack—
I'll tak' my pleasure at my ease;
I care not what you say a placke—
Ye may go fetch him gin ye please.
And, gin ye want ane of a mease,
Ye may e'en gae fetch the deil frae helle;
I wad you wad let your japin cease,
For I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Well, sin' it will nae better bee,
I'll tak' my share, or a' be gane:
The warst card in my hand sall flee,
And i' faith, I wait I can shifte for ane.
I'll sell the plow, and lay to wadd the waine,

And the greatest spender sall beare the bell:
And then, when all the gudes are gane,
Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel'.

MY AULD MAN.

From Ritson's Scots songs, 1794.

In the land of Fife their lived a wicked wife,
And in the town of Cupar then,
Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,
Oh when will ye die, my auld man?

In cam her cousin Kate, when it was growing late,
She said, What's guid for an old man?
O wheit-breid and wine, and a kinnen new slain;
That's guid for an auld man.

Cam ye in to jeer, or cam ye in to scorn,
And what for cam ye in?
For bear-bread and water, I'm sure is much better—
It's ower guid for an auld man.

Now the auld man's deid, and, without remeid,
Into his cauld grave he's gane:
Lie stlll wi' my blessing! of thee I ha'e nae missing;
I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair than three-quarters of a year,
She was married to a young man then,
Who drank at the wine, and tippled at the beer,
And spent mair gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and howe grew her een,
And cauld grew her pat and her pan:
And now she sighs, and aye she says,
I wish I had my silly auld man!

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'

MRS. SCOTT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

The following version of this song was published in Cromek's "Select Scottish Songs." It was written about the year 1810, and has since gained considerable celebrity, probably from the fact that it is written with so much of the genuine spirit of the original version.

The grass had nae freedom o' growin'
As lang as she wasna awa',
Nor in the toun could there be stowin'
For wooers that wanted to ca'.
Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',
Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw;
The toun was for ever in brulyies;
But now the lassie's awa'.

Wooed, and married, and a',
Married, and wooed, and a';
The dandalie toast of the parish,
She's wooed, and she's carried awa'.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,
His wooin' it wad ha'e been sma':
She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',
Nor cardin', nor spinnin' ava;
But a' her skill lies in her buskin':
And, O, if her braws were awa',
She sune wad wear out o' fashion,
And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
And, O, she was bonnie and braw;
She cried on her gudeman to gi'e her
An ell o' red ribbon or twa.
He took, and he set down beside her
A wheel and a reel for to ca';
She cried, Was he that way to guide her?
And out at the door and awa'.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
Wha said Lassie, how gaes a'?
Quo' she, Was it for nae ither
That I was married awa',

But to be set down to a wheelie,
And at it forever to ca'?
And syne to hae't reel'd by a chieldie
That's everly crying to draw.

Her mither said till her, Hech, lassie!
He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa;
There'll be little to put in the tassie,
Gif ye be so backward to draw;
For now ye should work like a tiger,
And at it baith wallop and ca',
Sae lang's ye ha'e youdith and vigor,
And weanies and debt keep awa',

Sae swift away hame to your haddin',
The mair fule ye e'er came awa';
Ye maunna be ilka day gaddin',
Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw;
For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
And wi' him should cannilie draw;
Or else ye deserve to be knockit—
So that's an answer for a'.

Young Luckie thus fand hersel' mither'd,
And wished she had ne'er come awa';
At length wi' hersel' she consider'd,
That hameward 'twas better to draw;
And e'en tak' a chance o' the landin'.
However that matters might fa':
Folk maunna on freits aye be standin'
That's wooed, and married, and a'.

THE OLD SCOTTISH BROADSWORDS.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

John Gibson Lockhart, the eminent author, and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was born in the Manse of Cambusnethan, County of Lanark, on June 12th, 1794. He was educated at the Glasgow University, and in 1816 became an advocate. The practice of law, however, becoming distasteful to him he turned his attention to literature, and soon became a successful contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The first work which he ventured on publishing, viz., "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," became at once widely popular, and has since had an enormous sale. In 1818, Lockhart received an introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and five years later became united in marriage to the poet's eldest daughter Sophia. She is described as "a lady who possessed much of the conversational talent, the unaffected good humor, and liveliness of her father." Her death occurred at London, on May 17th, 1837. In 1826, Lockhart became the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and in 1834 he was honored by the degree of D. C. L. being conferred upon him. From this period down to his death his contributions to the literature of Great Britain are many, and embrace a variety of subjects. His most valuable works are the following: "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," in seven volumes; "Life of Robert Burns;" "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte;" "Valerius, a Tale of Ancient Rome;" "Adam Blair," a Scotch story; "Reginald Dalton," a novel; and his famous translations from the "Spanish Ballads." In 1853 Lockhart was compelled to resign his position as editor of the *Quarterly Review* on account of ill health With a view of obtaining rest and quiet he proceeded to Italy, but finding after a few months stay there that he was still in impaired health, he returned home, and after a brief stay at London, he was conveyed to Abbotsford, where he died on November 25, 1854. His remains were interred in Dryburgh Abbey, very near to the spot where sleeps in peace the illustrious author of "Waverly." Lockhart composed a number of patriotic songs, among them "The Old Scottish Broadswords," for the special use of the Midlothian Yeomanry, of which he was a member.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave,
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honor his grave.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore;
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gorden, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham.
All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth—
Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the north:
Then go blazon their numbers, their names and their worth.
All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race;
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Captain Paton was for many years one of the best known characters in Glasgow. He was the son of a physician in that city, and was born in 1739. At a comparatively early age he obtained a commission as a Captain in a regiment which had been raised for the Dutch Government, and spent some years with it in active service. On his return to Scotland he took up his residence in a house opposite the Old Exchange, beside the Cross in Glasgow. The following further particulars in relation to him we take from Dr. Strang's "Glasgow and its Clubs." "Every sunshine day, and sometimes even amid shower and storm, about the close of the past and commencement of the present century, was the worthy captain in the Dutch service seen parading the *plainstanes*, opposite his own residence in the Trongate, donned in a suit of snuff-colored brown or 'genty drab,' his long spare limbs encased in blue striped stockings, with shoes and buckles, and sporting ruffles of the finest cambric at his wrists, while adown his back hung a long queue, and on his head was perched a small three-cocked hat, which, with a *politesse tout a fait Francais*, he invariably took off when saluting a friend. Captain Paton, while a denizen of the camp, had studied well the noble art of fence, and was looked upon as a most accomplished swordsman, which might easily be discovered from his happy but threatening manner of holding his cane, when sallying from his own domicile towards the coffee-room, which he usually entered about two o'clock, to study the news of the day in the pages of the *Courier*. The gallant captain frequently indulged, like Othello, in speaking

> 'Of moving incidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.'

and of his own brave doings on the tented field 'at Minden and at Dettingen,' particularly when seated around a bowl of his favorite cold punch, made with limes from his own estate in Trinidad, and with water newly drawn from the Westport well." Captain Paton died at Glasgow on the 30th of July, 1807, having reached the age of sixty-eight. His remains were not interred in the Ram's-horn Kirk, however, as Lockhart has it, but in the High Church burying ground.

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead.
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-color,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine
They were whiter than the snow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton:
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know,
They would see him with his Courier
In the middle of the row—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop
Which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsay
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro—
Oh! I shall n'er take pot-luck with
Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly rin to the West-port,
And a stoup of water bring:
Then would he mix the genuine stuff
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow—
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of
Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So and So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con* but not the *pro*—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen

How he fought with a French Major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below—
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the Captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the coffee-room
From which now he stayed away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view;
So the Captain made his test'ment
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn-kirk
'Tis the way we all must go—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed
For this prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of
Captain Paton no mo'e!

JEANIE MORRISON.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

William Motherwell was born in Glasgow on the 13th of October, 1797. From the time he was able to read, he evinced a decided preference and taste for poetry, and in 1819 became the editor of *The Harp*, of Renfrewshire. In the same year he was appointed sheriff clerk deputy of Renfrew—a position which he held for sixteen years. He was an enthusiastic antiquarian and devoted many of his leisure hours to the early history of Scottish literature—particularly poetry. In 1827 he edited and published a collection of Scottish ballads, with an historical introduction to the same, which at once set aside a number of popular but erroneous statements and beliefs which had prevailed in connection with many of those interesting relics of a by-gone age. He established a magazine in Paisley, to which he contributed a number of his finest songs, but which has long since ceased to exist. While busily engaged in collecting materials for a life of the poet Tannahill, he died suddenly in a fit of apoplexy at the age of thirty-eight. He was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends for his superior talents, tastes and qualities. A collected edition of his poems was published shortly after his death, and the warm acknowledgment it received from the public showed the respect in which the author had been held by all classes.

There are very few Scottish songs of modern date that can equal "Jeanie Morrison" in tenderness and feeling. The heroine was a real schoolmate of Motherwell's, whose beauty and childish companionship left so indelible an impression on his young heart that he retained his love for her during all the future years of his existence. They never met, however, after separating in childhood.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never, can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years

Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my e'en wi' tears:
They blind my e'en wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think!
When baith bent doun owre ae braid page
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads'
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
When'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! Oh, mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon;
The simmer leaves hung o'er our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye ha'e been to me!
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,

I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

HIE GERMANIE.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Oh wae be to the orders that march'd my luve awa',
And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears doun fa'!
Oh wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
For they ha'e ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart to me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the screich o' day,
And the wee wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet the morn was grey;
The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see,
But waes me for my sodger lad that march'd to Germanie.

Oh, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
Oh dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw drift in the teeth!
And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my e'e,
When I gaed there to see my luve embark for Germanie.

I looked owre the braid blue sea, sae lang as could be seen
Ae wee bit sail upon the ship, that my sodger lad was in;
But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship sail'd speedilie,
And the waves and cruel wars ha'e twinn'd my winsome luve frae me.

I never think o' dancin', and I downa try to sing,
But a' the day I spier what news kind neibor bodies bring;
I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
Syne for every loop that I cast on, I'm sure to let doun three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be;
But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae my e'e;
Oh they ha'e nae winsome luve like mine in the wars o' Germanie!

WEARIE'S WELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the brume bank
And look'd in the burn,
But sidelang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky.
The burn babbled freely
Its luve to each flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
Above or around:
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears flll'd mine e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me!

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lee;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw claes,
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever!
My first luve and last;
May thy joys be to come,
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me,
But light, as thy love, may
It fleet over thee.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die,
And sadness hath o'ershadow'd now
Thy once bright eye;
But, look on me, the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
Thy step is sad and slow,
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmur'd sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measur'd phrase
We gave our passion name:
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts fond flame
And long imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doom'd lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness, meet
In this, in this.
Farewell!

A STEED! A STEED!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A Steed! a steed of matchless speede!
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse—
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,

The clangor of the trumpet lowde—
Be soundes from heaven that come.
And, oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war-cries swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine!
Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
Us to the fielde againe.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Heart-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our businesse is like men to fighte,
And hero-like to die!

THE EXILE'S SONG.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Robert Gilfillan was a native of Dunferline. He was born on the 7th of July, 1798, and in his thirteenth year was sent to learn the trade of a cooper. This occupation, however, not proving very congenial to him, he entered into an engagement, in his twenty-third year, as a clerk with a wine merchant, in whose service he remained for upwards of nineteen years. He afterward became Collector of Poor's Rates in Leith. Gifted with a talent for verse making, which he inherited from his mother, he contributed at various times a number of beautiful lyrical pieces to the periodicals of the day, which at once became popular. He published a volume of these in 1831, entitled "Original Songs," which has since passed through three extensive editions. Gilfillan died on the 4th of December, 1850, in his fifty-second year.

Oh! why left I my hame,
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea;
But I canna get a blink
O, my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O, my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie,
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again!
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

MANOR BRAES.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Where Manor stream rins blythe an' clear,
And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.

The purple heath was just in bloom,
And bonnie waved the upland broom,
The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
Or, heedless wandered at their will.

'Twas there, 'mid Nature's calm repose,
Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
I met a maiden fair to see,
Wi' modest look and bashfu' e'e:
Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn where summer blends wi' spring,
So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'Twas bliss to look—to linger there!

Ilk word cam' frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win and sense to charm,
So much of nature, nought of art,
She'll live enthroned within my heart!
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild-flowers sprang;
Oh! let me dwell where beauty strays,
By Manor stream an' Manor braes.

I speir'd gif ane sae young and fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blush'd wi' downcast e'e.
The parting cam' as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb;
Yet I'll return ere many days,
To live an' love 'mang Manor braes.

A CANTY SANG.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,
Will naebody gi'e us a canty sang?
There's naething keeps nights frae turning owre lang
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

If folk wad but sing when they're gaun to flyte,
Less envy ye'd see, less anger and spite;
What saftens doun strife, and mak's love mair strang,
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang?
Like a canty sang, &c.

If lads wad but sing when they gang to woo,
They'd come na aye hame wi' thoum i' their mou';
The chiel that wi' lasses wad be fu' thrang,
Suld learn to lilt to them a canty sang.
A canty sang, &c.

When fools become quarrelsome owre their ale,
I'se gi'e ye a cure whilk never will fail,—
When their tongues get short an' their arms get lang,
Aye drown the din wi' a canty sang!
A canty sang, &c,

I downa bide strife, though fond o' a spree,
Your sair wordy bodies are no for me:
A wee dribble punch, gif it just be strang,
Is a' my delight, an' a canty sang!

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,
Will naebody gi'e us a canty sang?
There's naething keeps nights frae turning owre lang
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

JANET AND ME.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O, wha are sae happy as me and my Janet?
O, wha are sae happy as Janet and me?

We're baith turning auld, and our walth is soon tauld,
But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.
She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
And aye her blythe smile welcomes me frae my toil,
As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at a beuk she is mending the cleading,
She's darning the stockings when I sole the shoon;
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're weary;
And syne we sup sowans when ance we are done.
She's baking a scone while I'm smoking my cutty,
While I'm i' the stable she's milking the kye;
I envy not kings when the gloaming time brings
The canty fireside to my Janet and I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay bigging,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa';
We've twa wads o' linen, o' Janet's ain spinning,
As thick as dog-lugs, and as white as the snaw!
We've a kebbuck or twa, and some meal i' the girnel;
Yon sow is our ain that plays grunt at the door;
An' *something*, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted kist,
That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doubt, we have haen our ain sorrows and troubles,
Aften times pouches toom, and hearts fu' o' care;
But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows and losses,
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share;
I've an auld rusty sword, that was left by my father,
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae;
We ha'e friends ane or twa, that aft gi'e us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're wae.

The laird may ha'e gowd mair than schoolmen can reckon,
An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e;
His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
But are they mair happy than Janet and me?
A' ye wha ne'er kent the straight road to be happy,
Wha are na content wi' the lot that ye dree,
Come down to the dwellin' of whilk I've been telling,
Ye'se learn it by looking at Janet an' me!

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.

JOHN IMLAH.

Although John Imlah was the author of several volumes of poems and songs only a few of his lyrical compositions have become popular. He was born at Aberdeen on the 15th of November, 1799, and is said to have composed snatches of song from his early boyhood. He was sent to learn the trade of a piano-forte maker and after finishing his apprenticeship proceeded to London where he procured a situation with Messrs. Bradford, the celebrated piano-forte manufacturers. He was a constant contributor for many years to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* and many of his finest pieces were given a place in *Macleod's National Melodies.* He died on the 9th of January, 1846.

There lives a young lassie
Far down yon lang glen;
How I lo'e that lassie
There's nae ane can ken!
Oh! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithful I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan
Her smiling wee mou';
An' white as the gowan
Her breast and her brow!
Wi' a foot o' a fairy
She links o'er the lea;
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me!

She sings sweet as onie
Wee bird of the air,
And she's blithe as she's bonnie,
She's guid as she's fair;
Like a lammie sae airy
And artless is she,
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me!

Where yon tall forest timmer,
An' lowly broom bower,
To the sunshine o' simmer
Spread verdure an' flower;
There, when night clouds the cary,
Beside her I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

OH! GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS.

JOHN IMLAY.

Oh! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins—
Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins
By the foot o' Bennachie!

I've roam'd by Tweed, I've roam'd by Tay,
By Border Nith, and Highland Spey,
But dearer far to me than they
The braes o' Bennachie.

When blade and blossoms sprout in spring,
And bid the burdies wag the wing,
They blythely bob, and soar, and sing
By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gow'd and leaves o' green,
I fain would be where aft I've been
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still
At the foot o' Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie.

Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins—
Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins
By the foot o' Bennachie.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

JOHN IMLAY.

LOVED land of my kindred, farewell—and for ever!
Oh! what can relief to the bosom impart;
When fated with each fond endearment to sever,
And hope its sweet sunshine withholds from the heart!
Farewell, thou fair land! which till life's pulse shall perish,
Though doom'd to forego, I shall never forget;
Wherever I wander, for thee will I cherish
The dearest regard and the deepest regret.

Farewell, ye great Grampians, cloud-robed and crested!
Like your mists in the sunbeam ye melt in my sight;
Your peaks are the king-eagle's thrones—where have rested
The snow-falls of ages—eternally white.
Ah! never again shall the falls of your fountains
Their wild murmur'd music awake on mine ear;
No more the lake's lustre that mirrors your mountains,
I'll pore on with pleasure—deep, lonely, yet dear.

Yet—yet Caledonia! when slumber comes o'er me,
Oh! oft will I dream of thee, far, far away;
But vain are the visions that rapture restore me,
To waken and weep at the dawn of the day.
Ere gone the last glimpse, faint and far o'er the ocean,
Where yet my heart dwells—where it ever shall dwell,
While tongue, sigh, and tear, speak my spirit's emotion,
My country—my kindred—farewell, oh, farewell!

A' BODY'S LIKE TO BE MARRIED BUT ME.

ANONYMOUS.

Appeared in *The Scots Magazine*, July, 1802.

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
And thought o' the time that was fast fleein' by'er,
She said to hersel' wi' a heavy hoch hie,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa',
And though I've had wooers mysel' ane or twa,
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er could yet see,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, would ha'e me fu' fain
Who has baith a house an' a yard o' his ain:
But before I'd gang to it I rather wad die,
A wee stumpin' body! he'll never get me.

There's Dickey, my cousin, frae Lunnun cam' down,
Wi' fine yellow buskins that dazzled the town;
But, puir deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my e'e,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

But I saw a lad by yon saughie burn side,
Wha weel wad deserve ony queen for his bride,
Gin I had my will soon his ain I would be,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie should,
My frien's, if they kenn'd it, would surely run wud;
For tho' bonnie and guid, he's no worth a bawbee,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

'Tis hard to tak' shelter behint a laigh dyke,
'Tis hard for to tak' ane we never can like,
'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain wad be wi',
Yet it's harder that a' should be married but me.

A GUID NEW YEAR TO ANE AN' A'.

P. LIVINGSTONE.

A guid New Year to ane an' a',
An' mony may ye see
An' during a' the years to come,
O happy may ye be.
An' may ye ne'er hae cause to mourn,
To sigh, or shed a tear,
To ane an' a', baith great an' sma'
A hearty guid New Year.
A guid New Year, &c.

Oh time flies fast, he winna wait,
My friend, for you or me;
He works his wonders day by day,
And onward still doth flee.
O wha can tell when ilka ane,
I see sae happy here,
Will meet again an' merry be,
Anither guid New Year?
A guid New Year, &c.

We twa hae baith been happy lang,
We ran about the braes;
In yon wee cot beneath the tree,
We spent our early days.
We ran about the burnie's side,
The spot will aye be dear:
An' those that used to meet us there
We'll think on mony a year.
A guid New Year, &c.

Now let us hope our years may be,
As guid as they hae been;
And trust we ne'er again may see
The sorrows we hae seen.
And let us wish that ane an' a',
Our friends baith far an' near,
May aye enjoy in times to come
A hearty guid New Year.
A guid New Year, &c.

BE KIND TO AULD GRANNIE

ARCHIBALD MACKAY.

Archibald Mackay was born in Kilmarnock, in 1801. He published several editions of his poems, and was the author of an excellent History of Kilmarnock.

Be kind to auld Grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale,
When ye were wee bairnies, tot, totting about,
She watch'd ye when in, and she watch'd ye when out;
An' aye when ye chanc'd in your daffin and fun,
To dunt your wee heids on the cold staney grun',

She lifted ye up, an' she kissed ye fu' fain,
Till a' your bit cares were forgotten again.
Then, be kind to auld Grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shattered tree bending low in the gale.

When first in your breast rose that feeling divine,
That's waked by the tales an' the sangs o' langsyne,
Wi' her auld-warl crack she wad pleasure inspire,
In the lang winter nichts as she sat by the fire ;
Or melt your young hearts wi' some sweet Scottish lay,
Like "The Floo'rs o' the Forest," or "Auld Robin Gray."
Though eerie the win' blew around ha' an' cot,
Grim winter an' a' its wild blasts were forgot.
Then, be kind to auld Grannie, for noo she is frail,
Like a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

An' mind, though the blythe day o' youth noo is yours,
Time will wither its joys, as wild winter the floo'rs ;
An' your step that's noo licht as the bound o' the roe,
Wi' cheerless auld age may be feeble and slow ;
An' the friends o' your youth to the grave may be gane,
An' ye on its brink be tott'rin' alane;
O, think how consoling some friend would be then,
When the gloaming o' life comes like mist ower the glen.
Then, be kind to old Grannie, for noo she is frail,
Like a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

OUR AULD SCOTS SANGS.

ARCHIBALD MACKAY.

Oh, weel I lo'e our auld Scots sangs,
The mournfu' and the gay;
They charm'd me by a mither's knee,
In bairnhood's happy day:
And even yet, though owre my pow
The snaws of age are flung,
The bluid loups joyfu' in my veins
Whene'er I hear them sung.

They bring the fond smile to the cheek,
Or tear-drap to the e'e;
They bring to mind auld cronies kind,
Wha sung them aft wi' glee.
We seem again to hear the voice
Of mony a lang-lost frien';
We seem again to grip the hand
That lang in dust has been.

And, oh, how true our auld Scots sangs
When nature they portray!
We think we hear the wee bit burn
Gaun bickering doun the brae ;
We see the spot, though far awa';
Where first life's breath we drew,
And a' the gowden scenes of youth
Seem rising to the view.

And dear I lo'e the wild war strains
Our langsyne minstrels sung—
They rouse wi' patriotic fires
The hearts of auld and young ;
And even the dowie dirge that wails
Some brave but ruin'd band,
Inspires us wi' a warmer love
For hame and fatherland.

Yes, leese me on our auld Scots sangs,
The sangs of love and glee,
The sangs that tell of glorious deeds
That made auld Scotland free.
What though they sprung frae simple bards,
Wha kent nae rules of art?
They ever, ever yield a charm
That lingers round the heart.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

C. JEFFREYS.

I HAVE heard the mavis singing
His love song to the morn,
I have seen the dewdrop clinging
To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dewdrop on the rose;
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle!

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world can own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone;
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

BONNIE AGGIE LANG.

JAMES MACDONALD.

James Macdonald was born in the parish of Fintry, Stirlingshire, in 1807. He was educated with a view of entering the ministry at the University of Glasgow, but abandoned the study of Theology in early life on account of ill health and became a school teacher. Unsuccessful in his choice of a profession, he latterly became a proof-reader in a large printing establishment in Glasgow. Two different collections of hymns, which he composed for the use of Sunday-schools, have gained for him a certain degree of popularity in Scotland. He died at Catrine, in Ayrshire, on the 27th of May, 1848.

OR ere we part, my heart leaps hie to sing ae bonnie sang,
About my ain sweet lady-love, my darling Aggie Lang;
It is na that her cheeks are like the blooming damask rose,
It is na that her brow is white as stainless Alpine snows,
It is na that her locks are black as ony raven's wing,
Nor is't her e'e o' winning glee that mak's me fondly sing.

But, oh! her heart, a bonnie well, that gushes fresh an' free
O' maiden love, and happiness, and a' that sweet can be;
Though saft the sang o' simmer winds, the warb'ing o' the stream,
The carolling o' joyous birds, the murmur o' a dream,
I'd rather hear a gentle word frae Aggie's angel tongue,
For weel I ken her heart is mine—the fountain whar it sprung.

Yestreen I met her in a glen about the gloamin' hour;
The moon was risen o'er the trees, the dew begemm'd ilk flower,
The weary wind was hush'd asleep, an' no a sough cam' nigh,
E'en frae the waukrife stream that ran in silver glintin' by;
I press'd her milk-white han' in mine—she smiled as angels smile,
But ah! frae me her tale o' love this warld maunna wile.

I saw the silver light o' heaven fa' on her bonnie brow,
An' glitter on the honey-blabs upon her cherry mou';
I saw the lily moonbeams steal the redness o' the rose,
An' sleep upon her downy check in beautiful repose.

The moon rose high, the stream gaed by, but aye she smiled on me,
An' what she wadna breathe in words she tauld it wi' her e'e.

I've sat within a palace hall amid the grand an' gay,
I've listen'd to the carnival o' merry birds in May,
I've been in joyous companies, the wale o' mirth an' glee,
An' danced in nature's fairy bowers by mountain, lake and lea;
But never has this heart o' mine career'd in purer pride,
As in that moonlit glen an' bower, wi' Aggie by my side.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

CHARLES D. SILLERY.

Let the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,
His pasture of perfume, and rose-cover'd dells;
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountain,
For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells,
And dreadful your wrath as the foam-flashing fountain,
That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue-bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus for ever and ever—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming,
And green are your groves with their cool crystal wells,
And bright are your broadswords, like morning dews gleaming
On blue-bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue-bells.

Awake! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather,
Ye mermaids, arise from your coralline cells—
Come forth with your chorus, all chanting together—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus, for ever and ever—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

OLD SCOTLAND I LOVE THEE.

ANDREW PARK.

Andrew Park was a native of Renfrew. He was born on the 7th of March, 1807, and was educated at the Glasgow University. His principal poem, "Silent Love," has achieved a remarkable degree of popularity both at home and abroad. He died at Glasgow on the 27th of December, 1863, and was interred in the Paisley Cemetery.

Old Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea;
Though asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

Thy cloud-cover'd hills that look up
from the seas,
Wave sternly their wild woods aloft
in the breeze;
Where flies the bold eagle in freedom
on high,
Through regions of cloud in its wild
native sky!
For old Scotland, I love thee! &c.

O name not the land where the olive-
tree grows,
Nor the land of the shamrock, nor
land of the rose;
But show me the thistle that waves
his proud head
O'er heroes whose blood for their
country was shed.
For old Scotland, I love thee! &c.

Then tell me of bards and of warriors
bold,
Who wielded their brands in the
battles of old,
Who conquer'd and died for their
loved native land,
With its maidens so fair, and its
mountains so grand!
For old Scotland, I love thee! &c.

HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

ANDREW PARK.

Hurrah for the Highlands! the stern
Scottish Highlands,
The home of the clansman, the brave,
and the free;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the
mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the island-
less sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to
the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of
light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman
bounds o'er the seas
In his fleet, tiny bark, through the
perilous night.
Then hurrah for the Highlands! &c.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sun-
shine, and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in mad-
ness on high;
For there it has might that can war
with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are
cleaving the sky.
Then hurrah for the Highlands! &c.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt
on its charms;
I have wander'd through Erin, that
gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true
Scottish heart warms—
For her heather is blooming, her
eagles are free!
Then hurrah for the Highlands! &c.

MY WEE, WEE WIFE.

ALEXANDER HUME.

Alexander Hume was born at Kelso, in 1809. He received a good common English education, and in 1827 obtained a position as head bookkeeper in a brewer's office. In early life he connected himself with a literary and scientific association in London, the leading members of which conducted and published a monthly magazine, and to this publication he soon became a successful contributor. He died at Northhampton, England, in 1851, leaving a family of six children and very many personal friends to mourn his loss. A complete edition of his works was published at London in 1845. The majority of his songs are of a pathetic and affectionate nature, and a few of them have obtained a permanent place among the standard songs of his country.

My wee wife dwells in yonder cot,
My bonnie bairnies three;
Oh, happy is the husband's lot
Wi' bairnies on his knee.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three;
How bright is day, how sweet is life,
When love lights up the e'e.

The king o'er me may wear a crown,
Have millions bow the knee,
But lacks he love to share his throne,
How poor a king is he!
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
Let kings ha'e thrones, 'mang world's strife
Your hearts are thrones to me.

I've felt oppression's galling chain,
I've shed the tear of care,
But feeling aye lost a' its pain,
When my wee wife was near.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
The chains we wear are sweet to bear,
How sad could we go free!

OH! YEARS HAE COME.

ALEXANDER HUME.

Oh! years ha'e come, and years ha'e gane,
Sin' first I sought the warld alane,
Sin' first I mused wi' heart sae fain
On the hills o' Caledonia.
But oh! behold the present gloom—
My early friends are in the tomb,
And nourish now the heather bloom
On the hills o' Caledonia.

My father's name, my father's lot,
Is now a tale that's heeded not,
Or sang unsung, if no forgot
On the hills o' Caledonia.
O' our great ha' there's left nae stane—
A' swept away, like snaw lang gane;
Weeds flourish o'er the auld domain
On the hills o' Caledonia.

The Ti'ot's banks are bare and high,
The stream rins sma' an' mournfu' by,
Like some sad heart maist grutten dry
On the hills o' Caledonia.
The wee birds sing no frae the tree,
The wild flowers bloom no on the lea,
As if the kind things pitied me
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But friends can live, though cold they lie,
An' mock the mourner's tear an' sigh,
When we forget them, then they die
On the hills o' Caledonia.
An' howsoever changed the scene,
While mem'ry and my feeling's green,
Still green to my auld heart an' een
Are the hills o' Caledonia.

"DINNA YE HEAR IT?"

ALEXANDER M'LAGGAN.

Alexander M'Laggan was born at Bridgend, Perth, on the 3d of April, 1811, and died at Edinburgh, in 1879. He was to trade a plumber, but latterly he devoted himself almost exclusively to literary pursuits.

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she longed for the peace of her dear native glen.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart,
The foes of Auld Scotland for ever will fear it;

"We are saved!—we are saved!" cried the brave Highland maid,
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O, dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O, dinna ye hear it?

A moment the tempest of battle was hush'd,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal:
Again to their shot-shattered ramparts they rush'd—
Again roar'd the cannon, again flash'd the steel!
Still the Highland maid cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
The death-mists are thick, but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing 'The Campbells are coming!'
They are charging and cheering! O, dinna ye hear it!"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? &c.

Ye heroes of Lucknow, fame crowns you with glory;
Love welcome's you home with glad songs in your praise;
And brave Jessie Brown with her soul stirring story,
Forever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to our Queen, and the hearts who defend her!
Success to our flag! and when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Cambells are coming!"
And an angel voice crying, "O, dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it!
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O, dinna ye hear it!"

BONNIE MARY HAY.

ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD.

Bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet,
For thy eye is the slae, thy hair is the jet;
The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek;
O! bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will you gang wi' me,
When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn-tree;
To the hawthorn-tree, the bonnie berry-den,
And I'll tell you Mary, how I lo'e you then?

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's haliday to me,
When thou art couthie, kind and free;
There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,
My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay,
But come to the bower by the hawthorn brae;
But come to the bower, and I'll tell you a' what's true,
How, Mary, I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

SCOTLAND, I HAVE NO HOME BUT THEE!

ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD.

Scotland, thy mountains, thy valleys and fountains,
Are famous in story—the birthplace of song;
Thy daughters the fairest, the sweetest, the rarest,
Well may thy pilgrims long for their home.

Trace the whole world o'er, find me a fairer shore,
The grave of my fathers! the land of the free!
Joy to the rising race! Heaven send them ev'ry grace;
Scotland, dear Scotland, I have no home but thee!

Glow on, ye Southern skies, where fruits wear richer dyes
To pamper the bigot, assassin, and slave;
Scotland, to thee I'll twine, with all thy varied clime,
For the fruits that thou bearest are true hearts and brave.

Trace the whole world o'er, find me a fairer shore,
The grave of my fathers! the land of the free!
Joy to the rising race! Heaven send them ev'ry grace;
Scotland, dear Scotland, I have no home but thee!

MEMORIES DEAR.

Aft, aft hae I pondered on scenes o' my childhood,
The days ance sae happy, oh, come back again!
When I pu'd the wild daisies that spangled the greenwood,
And gied them awa' to my wee lovers then.
I'd hide frae my playmates 'mang trees and keep keekin',
And laughin' and jumpin' wi' innocent glee—
And when I was wearied wi' hidin' and seekin',
Fa' asleep and then waken, and chase the wild bee.
Oh! memories dear.

Oh, weel hae I mind o' the sweet sunny rambles
Far down by the green banks, dear streams to me noo,
Sair jaggin' my wee hands wi' puin' the brambles,
And gatherin' them in till my daidle was fu';
How I'd stay out a-roamin' till late i' the gloamin',
Returnin' when diamonds jewelled the sky;
My mither then kissed me, looked upward and blessed me,
And said there were heaven's lichts beamin' on high.
Oh! memories dear.

Oh! since then sic tossin' on life's stormy ocean,
Wi' hope for my beacon as onward I toiled—
A vision cam' o'er me when spirits were droopin',
My mither seemed near me and blest her ain child.
Hopes lamp brightened up wi' the sweet recollection
O' that mither's blessin' I lo'ed weel to earn;
Aye stamped on my heart is that purest affection,
My mither's words—"Bless ye! God prosper my bairn."
Oh! memories dear.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOW'S LAMENT.

THOMAS SMIBERT.

Thomas Smibert was born in Peebles, on the 8th of February, 1810. He became a popular contributor to *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*, and, in 1842, was appointed sub-editor of *The Scotsman*. His principal prose work, viz.: "Clans of the Highlands of Scotland," is an exceedingly valuable book on the subject of which it treats. He died at Edinburgh, on the 16th of January, 1854.

Afore the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken-tree,
In a' our water side
Nae wife was bless'd like me.
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were 'round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens,
I see him 'mang the ferns—
The lover o' my teens,
The faither o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloamin' aye drew near,
But my a's now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel'
Reca' my waes to mind;
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tyned;
For wha our wheat will saw,
And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' pass'd awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet;
I ken it's fancy a'
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heaven abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune
In pity o' her maen
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

HAME IS AYE HAMELY.

ROBERT L. MALONE.

Robert L. Malone was born at Anstruther in Fife, in 1812. He published a volume of poetry in 1845 entitled "The Sailor's Dream and other Poems." His death took place at Greenock on the 5th of July, 1850.

Oh! hame is aye hamely still, though poor at times it be,
An' ye winna find a place like hame in lands beyond the sea;
Though ye may wander east an' west, in quest o' wealth or fame,
There's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame!
Oh! there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame!

There's gowd in gopens got, they say, on India's sunny strand,
Then wha would bear to linger here in this bleak, barren land?
I'll hie me owre the heaving wave, and win myself a name,
And in a palace or a grave forget my Hieland hame.

'Twas thus resolved the peasant boy, and left his native stream,
And Fortune crown'd his every wish, beyond his fondest dream;
His good sword won him wealth and power, and loud and loud acclaim;
But could not banish from his thoughts his dear-loved mountain hame.

No! the peasant's heart within the peer beat true to nature still,
For on his vision oft would rise the cottage on the hill;
And young companions, long forgot, would join him in the game,
As erst in life's young morning, around his Hieland hame.

Oh! in the Brahmin, mild and grey, his father's face he saw;
He thought upon his mother's tears the day he gaed awa';
And her he loved—his Hieland girl—there's magic in the name—
They a' combine to wile him back to his far Hieland hame.

He sigh'd for kindred hearts again, and left the sunny lands,
And where his father's cottage stood, a stately palace stands;
And with his grandchild on his knee—the old man's heart on flame—
'Tis thus he trains his darling boy to cherish thoughts of hame.

Oh! hame is aye hamely, dear, though poor at times it be—
Ye winna find a spot like hame in lands beyond the sea;
Oh! ye may wander east or west, in quest o' wealth or fame,
But there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame,
Oh! there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

ROBERT L. MALONE.

Though fair blooms the rose in gay Anglia's bowers,
And green be thy emblem, thou gem of the sea,
The greenest, the sweetest, the fairest of flowers,
Is the thistle—the thistle of Scotland, for me!

Far lovelier flowers glow, the woodlands adorning,
And breathing perfume over moorland and lea,
But there breathes not a bud on the freshness of morning
Like the thistle—the thistle of Scotland, for me!

What scenes o' langsyne even thy name can awaken,
Thou badge of the fearless, the fair, and the free,

And the tenderest chords of the spirit are shaken;
The thistle—the thistle of Scotland, for thee!

Still'd be my harp, and forgotten its numbers,
And cold as the grave my affections must be,
Ere thy name fail to waken my soul from her slumbers;
The thistle—the thistle of Scotland for me!

On the fields of their fame, while proud laurels she gathers,
Caledonia plants, wi' the tear in her e'e,
Thy soft downy seeds on the graves of our fathers;
The thistle—the thistle of Scotland for me!

NAEBODY KENS YE.

ROBERT L. MALONE.

Are ye doin' ought weel, are ye thrivin' my man?
Be thankfu' to Fortune, for a' that she sen's ye;
Ye'll hae plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',
When ye needna their countenance a' body kens ye.
A' body kens ye, &c.

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn,
An' awa' wi' the ebb drift the favors she lends ye,
Cauld friendship will then leave ye lanely to mourn;
When ye need a' their friendship, then naebody kens ye.
Naebody kens ye, &c.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,
An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befriend ye,
A five guinea note, man, will part ye as wide
As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye.
Naebody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't man, the siller, the siller,
It's the siller that break's ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye;
When your pockets are toom, an' nae wab i' the loom,
Then tak' ye my word for't, there's naebody kens ye.
Naebody kens ye, &c.

But think nae I mean that a' mankind are sae,
It's the butterfly frien's that misfortune should fear aye,
There are friends worth the name,
Guid sen' they were mae,
Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye.
They bodies ken ye, &c.

The frien's wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,
But aye frae our faes in our absence defen's us,
Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace,
Wha scorns to disown us, when naebody kens us.
They bodies ken ye, &c.

JEANIE'S LAMENT.

PETER STILL.

I never thocht to thole the waes
It's been my lot to dree;
I never thocht to sigh sae sad
When first I sigh'd for thee.

I thocht your heart was like mine ain,
As true as true could be;
I couldna think there was a stain
In ane sae dear to me.

When first amang the dewy flowers,
Aside yon siller stream,
My lowin' heart was press'd to yours,
Nae purer did they seem;
Nae purer seem'd the draps o' dew,
The flowers on whilk they hung,
Than seem'd the heart I felt in you
As to that heart I clung.

But I was young an' thochtless then,
An' easy to beguile,
My mither's warnin's had nae weight
'Bout man's deceitfu' smile.
But noo, alas! when she is dead,
I've shed the sad, saut tear,
And hung my heavy, heavy head
Aboon my father's bier!

They saw their earthly hope betray'd,
They saw their Jeanie fade;
They couldna thole the heavy stroke,
An' baith are lowly laid!
Oh, Jamie! but thy name again
Shall ne'er be breathed by me,
For, speechless through yon gow'ny glen,
I'll wander till I die.

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

Thomas C. Latto, the author of this humorous and favorite song, was born at Kingsbarns, Fifeshire, on the 1st of December, 1818. He was educated at St. Andrew's University, and, in 1838, became assistant to Mr. John Hunter, W. S., Edinburgh, afterwards Auditor of the Court of Session. He also acted for some years as private secretary to the late Prof. Aytoun. In 1852, Latto entered into business on his own account as a commission agent, in Glasgow, but this occupation not proving congenial to his tastes he relinquished it and set sail for New York. Here he has since been engaged in various literary and mercantile pursuits. He was a well-known contributor to "Whistle Binkie," "The Book of Scottish Song," and many of his pieces have adorned the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THERE'S meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whyles mair than in a score;
But wae betak' the stowin smack
I took ahint the door.

O laddie, whisht! for sic a fricht
I ne'er was in afore;
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door.
The wa's are thick—ye needna fear;
But, gin they jeer and mock,
I'll swear it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal;
An' as for me, I could ha'e creept
Into a mouse's hole.
The mither look't—saff's how she look't!—
Thae mither's are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

The douce gudeman, tho' he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome,
For by the fire he fuffed his pipe,
An' never fasht his thumb;
But, titterin' in a corner, stood
The gawky sisters four—
A winter's nicht for me they micht
Ha'e stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
The bauld gudewife began;
Wi' that a foursome yell gat up—
I to my heels and ran.
A besom whiskit by my lug,
And dishclouts half-a-score;
Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,
At kissin 'hint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

This humorous and deservedly popular song was written by Mr. Latto in early life. It appeared in Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," without the author's name being attached to it, but in the index of authors it is properly credited to him. Some twenty years ago an article appeared in the *New York Weekly Dispatch*, claiming that the song was written by a John Paterson, whose widow was then living in Grand street. It seems that this party had been in the habit of singing it for many years as one of his own productions; but the matter having been brought to the notice of Mr. Latto he had no difficulty in proving that Paterson was laboring under a hallucination. We have Mr. Latto's authority for stating that he is the author of the song.

THE laddies plague me for a sang,
I e'en maun play the fule,
I'll sing them ane aboot the days
When we were at the schule.
Though now the frosty pow is seen
Whaur ance wav'd gowden hair;
An' mony a blythsome heart is cauld
Sin' first we sported there.

When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule;
An' O, sae merry pranks we play'd
When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore
That used our lugs to pu',
An' Rob the pest, an' Sugar Pouch,
An' canny Davie Dow.
O do ye mind the maister's hat,
Sae auld, sae bare an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side
An' sent it soomin' down?
When we, &c.

We thocht how clever a' was plann'd,
When, whatna voice was that?
A head is raised aboon the hedge,
"I'll thank ye for my hat!"
O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,
Our het an' tinglin' paws,
O weel I mind his awfu' look,
An' weel I mind the taws!
When we, &c.

O do ye mind at countin' time,
How watchfu' he has lain,
To catch us steal frae ithers' slates
An' jot it on our ain?
An' how we fear'd at writin' hour,
His glunches an' his glooms,
How mony times a day he said,
Our fingers a' were thooms?
When we, &c.

I'll ne'er forget the day ye stood,
('Twas manfu' like,) yoursel',
An' took the pawmies an' the shame
To save wee Johnnie Bell;
The maister fand it out belyve,
He took ye on his knee,
An' as he gaz'd into your face,
The tear was in his e'e.
When we, &c.

But mind ye lad, yon afternoon
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had crack't auld Jenny's pane
When playin' at the ba'.
Nae pennies had we; Jenny grat;
It cut us to the core;
Ye took ye're mither's hen at nicht
And left it her door.
When we, &c.

An' sic a steer his granny made,
When talepyet Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Syne row'd him down the brae.
But how the very maister leuch
When leein' saddler Wat,
Cam' in an' threep't that cripple Tam
Had chas'd an' kill'd his cat.
When we, &c.

Ah, laddies, ye may wink awa',
Truth maunna aye be tauld,
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are just sic like's the auld.
An' are na we but laddies yet,
An' get the name o' men?
How sweet at ane's fireside to live
The happy days again;

When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule,
An' fling the snawba's ower again
We flang when at the schule.

THE BONNIE BLIND LASSIE THAT SITS I' THE SUN.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

This little gem was first published in Blackie's "*Book of Scottish Song*."

O hark to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin',
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see,
Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' in her pitifu' pittance is won,
Hersel' tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam, wi' her mither,
A sodger's puir widow, sair wasted an' gane;
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither
And left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.
She left Jeanie weepin', in His holy keepin'
Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win',
We had little siller, yet a' were gude till her,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu' frae mornin' to e'enin'
She sits thro' the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear,
Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle and winnin',
To a' the folks round, the wee lassie is dear.
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her,
The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun,
For though she has naething, proud hearted this wee thing,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

OUR AIN WIFE.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

First published in *TheLadies Own Journal*, Edinburgh.

O THERE'S nae wife like our ain wife in a' the Borristoun,
There's nae dame like our ain dame for mony miles aroun';
She is a wee bit bodie an' I'm a muckle man,
But the feck o' a' the gear we hae my wee bit wifie wan.

She aye had sic an eydent gait, while ithers sat she ran,
While ithers gossip't on the stair, she took her wheel an span,
Fu' bonny were the sheets an' shinin' were the claes
She saw wi' joy set out to bleach upon the gow'ny braes.

A waefu' house wad ours be gin
Maggie were awa',
For a' the helpless bairnies a blacken't
coal to blaw;
What could we do without her ? we
could na move a fit;
We've muckle to be thankfu' for; she
clouts our duddies yet.

She's haen her times o' trouble, mair
maybe than her share,
A weary, weary, widdle, an' ithers' lade
to bear;
But her heart is unco big an' she
never will gie in,
While there's a turn o' wark to do,
she'll see the housie clean.

O bairnies! ye are thochtless whyles,
ye dinna ken her fecht;
The little shouther shouldna bear the
heaviest o' the wecht;
Your hands should wait upon her sae
to help her a' you can,
For she is a wee bit bodie, tho' I'm a
muckle man.

O there's nae wife like our ain wife
in a' the Borristoun,
There's nae dame like our ain dame
for mony miles aroun',
An' maybe yet we'll see her sit, a
leddy in the lan',
A wee bit smilin' bodie beside her
muckle man.

WE NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RINS DRY.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

Written for this work at the special request of the editor.

BE lookin' out for fell auld age in
sunny days o' youth,
Keep rain draps that ye dinna need
ere comes the Autumn drouth.
Let aye some pennies ye can spare be
cannily laid by;
"We never miss the water till the well
rins dry."

The wee bit stockin' fittie, that has
its private neuk,
Comes just as handy in the end as
weel-lined pocket beuk;
Tak' tent an' no be wasterfu', the
winter's drawing nigh;
"We never miss the water till the well
rins dry"

But be na parsimonious, I canna
thole the coof,
Wha sees the beggar at his door an'
doubles up his loof,
O dinna let him gang his wa's wi'
mutter'd bitter cry;
"We never miss the water till the well
rins dry."

There's plenty gude within this warld
fu' quietly to be done,
Wark needfu' to be hurried through
an' mair to be begun,
But Charity maun hae the means nor
Pity lack supply;
"We never miss the water till the well
rins dry."

There's just ae water I wad hint that
ne'er shortcoming knows
The mair ye drink o't, aye the mair
your pitcher over-flows,
The Water o' the Well o' Life; come
drink your fill an try;
It's brim is gurgling ever bright; its
fount is never dry.

ORDÉ BRAES.

ROBERT NICOLL.

Among the many excellent song writers which Scotland produced shortly after the death of Burns, there is none more worthy of mention than Robert Nicoll, the author of "Ordé Braes." He was born at Little Tulliebeltane, Perthshire, on the 7th of January, 1814, and in early life gave great promise of winning for himself a prominent place among the lyrical poets of his country. He attended the parish school for a few years, but the greatest portion of his education he derived from his mother—a worthy and shrewd Scottish woman. Fond of reading ballads, novels and songs, he contributed a number of the latter to the local newspapers before he was fifteen years of age, and in his nineteenth year produced a novel of considerable length, which was published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* and attracted a good deal of attention at the time. In 1834, he established a reading club in Dundee, but this did not prove as successful an enterprise as he had anticipated, and he soon withdrew from the management of it. In 1835, he published a small volume of poems and lyrics, and a year later was highly gratified on receiving an appointment as editor-in-chief of the *Leeds Times.* During his short connection with this newspaper, he introduced many improvements in the general management of it, and brought it up to a standard of excellence which it had not previously attained. Failing health, however, soon compelled him to resign his post, and he returned to Edinburgh, where he died in December, 1837, at the early age of twenty-four.

His remains were interred in the churchyard of North Leith, near Edinburgh, and a monument was shortly afterward erected to his memory on the spot which he had made famous, the Ordé Braes. Many of his songs have become decidedly popular, not only in Scotland, but in other parts of the world.

THERE'S nae hame like the hame o' youth,
Nae ither spot sae fair;
Nae ither faces look sae kind
As the smilin' faces there.
An' I hae sat by mony streams,
Hae travell'd mony ways;
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
Is on bonnie Ordé Braes.

An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' to wander 'mong the ferns;
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown
An' gather glossy slaes,
By the birnies' side, an' aye sinsyne
I ha'e loved sweet Ordé Braes.

The memories o' my father's hame
An' its kindly dwellers a',
O' the friends I loved wi' a young heart's love
Ere care that heart could thraw,
Are twined wi' the stane so' the silver burn,
An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gouden broom
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

Aince in a day there were happy hames
By the bonnie Ordé's side;
Nane ken how meikle peace an' love
In a straw-roof'd cot can bide.
But the hames are gane, and the hand o' time
The roofless wa's doth rage;
Laneness an' sweetness hand in hand
Sang ower the Ordé Braes.

Oh! an' the sun were shinin' now,
An' oh! an' I were there,
Wi' twa, three friends o' auld lang syne
My wanderin' joy to share!
For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
The flock o' the hills doth graze,
Some kind hearts live to love me yet,
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

BONNIE BESSIE LEE.

ROBERT NICOLL.

BONNIE Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles,
And mirth round her ripe lip was aye dancing slee;

And light was the footfa', and winsome the wiles,
O' the flower o' the parochin, our ain Bessie Lee!
Wi' the bairns she would rin, and the school laddies paik,
And o'er the broomy braes like a fairy would flee,
Till auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her sake—
There was life in the blythe blink o' bonnie Bessie Lee!

She grat wi' the wayfu', and laughed wi' the glad,
And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she;
And a tongue that could jeer too, the little limmer had,
Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie Lee!
She could sing like the lintwhite that sports 'mang the whins,
An' sweet was her note as the bloom to the bee—
It has aft thrilled my heart whaur our wee burnie rins,
Where a' thing grew fairer wi' bonnie Bessie Lee.

And she whiles had a sweetheart, and sometimes had twa,
A limmer o' a lassie; but atween you and me,
Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa',
Though mony a ane had sought it frae bonnie Bessie Lee.
But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last—
For ten years had parted my auld hame and me—
And I said to mysel', as her mither's door I passed,
Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie Lee?

But Time changes a' thing—the ill-natured loon!
Were it ever sae rightly, he'll no let it be;
And I rubbit at my een, and I thought I would swoon,
How the carle had come roun' about our ain Bessie Lee!
The wee laughling lassie was a gude wife grown auld,
Twa weans at her apron, and ane on her knee,
She was douce too, and wise-like—and wisdom's sae cauld;
I would rather hae the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.

THE BONNIE ROWAN BUSH.

ROBERT NICOLL.

The bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen,
Where the burnie clear doth gush,
In yon lane glen;
My head is white and auld,
An' my bluid is thin an' cauld;
But I lo'e the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

My Jeanie first I met
In yon lane glen,
When the grass wi' dew was wet
In yon lane glen;
The moon was shining sweet,
An' our hearts wi' love did beat,
By the bonnie, bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Oh! she promised to be mine,
In yon lane glen,
Her heart she did resign,
In yon lane glen;
An' mony a happy day
Did o'er us pass away,
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Sax bonnie bairns had we
In yon lane glen—
Lads an' lassies young an' spree,
In yon lane glen;
An' a blyther family
Than ours there cou'dna be,
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Now my auld wife's gane awa'
Frae yon lane glen,
An' though summer sweet doth fa'
On yon lane glen—
To me its beauty's gane,
For, alake! I sit alane
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

THE MUIR O' GORSE AN' BROOM.

ROBERT NICOLL.

I WINNA bide in your castle ha's,
Nor yet in your lofty towers;
My heart is sick o' your gloomy hame,
An' sick o' your darksome bowers;
An' oh! I wish I were far awa'
Frae their grandeur an' their gloom,
Where the freeborn lintie sings its sang
On the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

Sae weel as I like the healthfu' gale
That blaws fu' kindly there,
An' the heather brown, an' the wild blue-bell
That wave on the muirland bare;
An' the singing birds, an' the humming bees,
An' the little lochs that toom
Their gushing burns to the distant sea
O'er the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

Oh! if I had a dwallin' there,
Biggit laigh by a burnie's side,
Where ae aik tree, in the summer time,
Wi' its leaves that hame might hide,
Oh! I wad rejoice frae day to day,
As blythe as a young bridegroom;
For dearer than palaces to me
Is the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom!

In a lanely cot on a muirland wild,
My mither nurtured me;
O' the meek wild flowers I playmates made,
An' my hame wi' the wandering bee.
An' oh! if I were far awa'
Frae your grandeur an' your gloom,
Wi' them again, an' the bladden gale,
On the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

THE BONNIE HIELAND HILLS.

ROBERT NICOLL.

OH! the bonnie Hieland hills,
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills,
The bonnie hills o' Scotland O!
The bonnie Hieland hills.

There are lands on the earth where the vine ever blooms,
Where the air that is breathed the sweet orange perfumes;
But mair dear is the blast the lane shepherd that chills
As it wantons along o'er our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

There are rich garden lands wi' their skies ever fair;
But o' riches or beauty we mak' na our care;
Wherever we wander ae vision aye fills
Our hearts to the burstin'—our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

In our lone and deep valleys fair maidens there are,
Though born in the midst o' the elements' war;
O sweet are the damsels that sing by our rills,
As they dash to the sea frae our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

On the moss-cover'd rock wi' their broadswords in hand,
To fight for fair freedom, their sons ever stand;
A storm-nursed bold spirit each warm bosom fills,
That guards frae a' danger our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills,
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills;
The bonnie hills o' Scotland O!
The bonnie Hieland hills.

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING BRIDGE.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

William Sinclair was born at Edinburgh in 1811. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, but afterwards accepted a situation in the Custom House at Liverpool. He began at an early age to contribute songs and poems to the newspapers and various popular magazines. In 1843 he published "Poems of the Fancy and the Affections" a work which has had a very large sale.

To Scotland's ancient realm
Proud Edward's armies came,
To sap our freedom, and o'erwhelm
Our martial force in shame:
"It shall not be!" brave Wallace cried;
"It shall not be!" his chiefs replied;
"By the name our fathers gave her,
Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,
We'll all her dearest rights redeem—
Our own broadswords shall save her!"

With hopes of triumph flush'd,
The squadrons hurried o'er
Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving rush'd
Like wild waves to the shore:
"They come—they come!" was the gallant cry;
"They come—they come!" was the loud reply;
"O strength, thou gracious Giver!
By Love and Freedom's stainless faith,
We'll dare the darkest night of death—
We'll drive them back for ever!"

All o'er the waving broom,
In chivalry and grace,
Shone England's radiant spear and plume,
By Stirling's rocky base:
And, stretching far beneath the view,
Proud Cressingham! thy banners flew,
When, like a torrent rushing,
O God! from right and left the flame
Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
Great Edward's legions crushing!

High praise, ye gallant band,
Who, in the face of day,
With a daring heart and a fearless hand,
Have cast your chains away!
The foeman fell on ever side—
In crimson hues the Forth was dyed—
Bedew'd with blood the heather
While cries triumphal shook the air—
"Thus shall they do, thus shall they dare,
Wherever Scotsmen gather!"

Though years like shadows fleet
O'er the dial-stone of Time,
Thy pulse, O Freedom! still shall beat
With the throb of manhood's prime!
Still shall the valor, love, and truth,

That shone on Scotland's early youth,
From Scotland ne'er dissever;
The Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle stern
Shall wave around her Wallace cairn,
And bless the brave for ever!

BONNIE STRATHNAVER.

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

John Stuart Blackie, late Professor of Greek, in the University of Edinburgh, was born at Glasgow in 1809. He was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh and afterward studied at Gottingen, Berlin, and Rome. In 1834 he published an English version of "Goethe's Faust"; in 1850 a translation of the Æschylus in two volumes; in 1857 "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece with other Poems;" in 1861 "Lyrical Poems" also "Musa Burschicosa, a book of songs for students and University men;" in 1866 a translation of the Iliad in ballad measure; in 1870 a volume of war songs of the German's; and in 1874 "Horae Hellenicae," being a collection of essays and discussions on important points of Greek Philology and Antiquity. In 1852 he was elected to the chair of Greek in the Edinburgh University and thanks to his perseverance and Scottish patriotism was the means in 1876 of founding a chair of Celtic Literature in the same University. He is a most enthusiastic admirer of Scottish songs.

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
With thy stream softly flowing and mead spreading wide,
Bonnie Strathnaver! where now are the men
That peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?
Bonnie Stratnaver where now are the men
That peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Sweet is the breath of the birks on thy side;
But where is the blue smoke that curl'd from thy glen,
When thy lone hills were dappled with dwellings of men?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! O fearful to tell
Are the harsh deeds once done on thy bonnie green dell!
When to rocks of the storm-brewing ocean were driven
The men on thy green turfy walks who had thriven.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

When the strong-sinew'd lad and the light-tripping maid,
Look'd their last on the hills where their infancy stray'd;
When the grey drooping sire, and the old hirpling dame,
Were chased from their hearths by the fierce spreading flame.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Wide is the ruin that spreads on thy side!
The bramble now climbs o'er the old ruin'd wall,
And the green fern is rank in the tenantless hall
Of Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Vain are the tears that I weep on thy side;
The praise of the bard is the meed of the glen,
But where is the charm that can bring back the men
To Bonnie Strathnaver!

HAIL, LAND OF MY FATHERS!

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Hail, land of my fathers! I stand on thy shore,
'Neath the broad fronted bluffs of thy granite once more;
Old Scotland, my mother, the rugged, the bare,
That reared me with breath of the strong mountain air.
No more shall I roam where soft indolence lies
'Neath the cloudless repose of the featureless skies,
But where the white mist sweeps the red furrow'd scaur,
I will fight with the storm and grow strong by the war!

What boots all the blaze of the sky and the billow,
Where manhood must rot on inglorious pillow?
'Tis the blossom that blooms from the taint of the grave
'Tis the glitter that gildeth the bonds of the slave.
But Scotland, stern mother, for struggle and toil
Thou trainest thy children on hard, rocky soil;
And thy stiff-purposed heroes go conquering forth,
With the strength that is bred by the blasts of the north.

Hail, Scotland, my mother! and welcome the day
When again I shall brush the bright dew from the brae,
And light as a bird, give my foot to the heather,
My hand to my staff, and my face to the weather,
Then climb to the peak where the ptarmigan flies,
Or stand by the linn where the salmon will rise,
And vow never more with blind venture to roam
From the strong land that bore me—my own Scottish home.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

James Ballantine was born in Edinburgh on the 11th of June, 1808, and died there on the 18th of December, 1877. He was the head of the eminent firm who executed the stained glass windows for the Houses of Parliament. Many of his songs made their first appearance in "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," and "Whistle Binkie."

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil mind;
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, hae faith an' ye'll win through
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart, or tears flow from your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer when the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parched and dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel ower proud and hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e,
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

She was Naebody's bairn, she was Naebody's bairn,
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,
Afore a kind word or a look she could earn,
For naebody cared about Naebody's bairn.

Though faither or mither ne'er own'd her ava,
Though rear'd by the fremmit for fee unco sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern,
For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's bairn.

Though toited by some, and though lightlied by mair,
She never compleened, though her young heart was sair,
And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld airn
Whiles glist in the blue e'e o' Naebody's bairn.

Though nane cheer'd her childhood, an' nane hail'd her birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth;
And when the earth doom'd her in laigh nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak' again Naebody's bairn.

She cam smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
Like lown simmer gloamin' she faded awa,
And lo! how serenely that lone e'ening starn
Shines on the greensward that haps Naebody's bairn!

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

This song has gained for itself a well merited popularity all over the world.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn sits pokin' in the ase,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face;
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air!

His wee chubby face, an' his towzy curly pow,
Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowerin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
He sees little sodgers puin' them a' doun;
Warlds whomlin' up an' doun, blazin' wi' a flare,
Losh! how he loups, as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken ?
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—
There are mair folks than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that Daddy Care,
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek at the light;
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken—heads are turn'd—wi' castles in the air.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

MARY MAXWELL CAMPBELL.

"I composed this song when very young, after traveling from morning to night through Highland scenery with a member of the family of Lochiel."—*Note by the Autheress.*

"Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, was descended from ancestors distinguished no less for their personal prowess than their social virtues. He is still fondly remembered in the Highlands as "the gentle Lochiel." On the Prince's landing, Lochiel used many arguments to induce him to return to France, and there await a more favorable opportunity for the intended enterprise; but finding Charles determined to "put all to the hazard," he cried, "Then I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power." In the ballad of "Tranent Muir," Mr. Skirving says:

> "The great Lochiel, as I heard tell,
> Led Camerons on in cluds, man;
> The morning fair, and clear the air,
> They loos'd wi' devlish thuds, man.
>
> Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
> And soon did chace them aff, man;
> On Seaton Crafts they buff'd their chafts,
> And gar'd them rin like daft, man."

Lochiel was wounded at Culloden, but effected his escape to France, where he was appointed to the command of a regiment in the French service. He died in 1748."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

THERE'S many a man of the Cameron clan
That has follow'd his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron Men.

Oh proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gather'd before.
I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true—
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said
That whatever men dare, they can do.
I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

LAMENT FOR GLENCOE.

MARY MAXWELL CAMPBELL.

Ye loyal Macdonalds, awaken! awaken!
Why sleep ye so soundly in face of the foe!
The clouds pass away, and the morning is breaking;
But when will awaken the Sons of Glencoe?
They lay down to rest with their thoughts on the morrow,
Nor dreamt that life's visions were melting like snow;
But daylight has dawn'd in the silence of sorrow,
And ne'er shall awaken the Sons of Glencoe.

Oh! dark was the moment that brought to our shealing
The black-hearted foe with his treacherous smile,
We gave him our food with a brother's own feeling;
For then we believed there was truth in Argyle.
The winds howl a warning, the red lightning flashes,
We heap up our faggots a welcome to show;
But traitor's are brooding on death near the ashes
Now cold on the hearths of the Sons of Glencoe.

My clansmen, strike boldly—let none of ye count on
The mercy of cowards who wrought us such woe;
The wail of their spirits, when heard on the mountain,
Must surely awaken the Sons of Glencoe.
Ah! cruel as adders, ye stung them while sleeping;
But vengeance shall track ye wherever ye go,
Our loved ones lie murder'd; no sorrow nor weeping,
Shall ever awaken the Sons of Glencoe.

THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

ALEXANDER A. RITCHIE.

Alexander A. Ritchie was born at Edinburgh, in 1816. He was apprenticed to a sign painter, but soon became distinguished for his skill as an artist. Many of his paintings were exhibited at the annual exhibitions of the Scottish Academy, in Edinburgh, where they commanded universal praise and admiration. He was the author of a number of lyrical pieces, but the present song is the only one which has attained any degree of popularity. He died in 1850.

Sweetly shines the sun on auld Edinbro' toun,
And mak's her look young and cheerie;
Yet I maun awa' to spend the afternoon
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

And you maun gang wi' me, my winsome Mary Grieve,
There's nought in the world to fear ye;
For I ha'e ask'd your minnie, and she has gi'en ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

Oh, the sun winna blink in thy bonnie blue een,
Nor tinge the white brow o' my dearie;
For I'll shade a bower wi' rashes lang and green
By the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

But, Mary, my love, beware ye dinna glower
At your form in the water so clearly,
Or the fairy will change you into a wee, wee flower,
And you'll grow by the Wells o' Wearie.

Yestreen as I wander'd there a' alane,
I felt unco douf and drearie,
For wanting my Mary, a' around me was but pain
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

Let fortune or fame their minions deceive,
Let fate look gruesome and eerie;
True glory and wealth are mine wi' Mary Grieve,
When we meet by the Wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me, my bonnie Mary Grieve,
Nae danger will daur to come near ye;
For I ha'e ask'd your minnie, and she has gi'en ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

ROBIN ADAIR.

ROBERT D. JAMIESON.

The version of Robin Adair, commencing, "What's this dull town to me?" is an Irish song, consequently we do not insert it in this collection. The following version is a prettier song in all respects. Mr. Colin Brown says of the air:—"It is impossible to conceive how any combination of nine separate measures of music of three tones each, or only thirty-four notes in all, could be more replete with the very soul of melody. It belongs to a class of gems which bear the impress of remote antiquity. Few of such peerless beauty can be found in music, so simple in construction, and so full of power and pathos."

ART thou for ever gane,
Robin Adair?
While I am left alane,
Robin Adair.
Can I believe thou art
Torn from my aching heart;
How can I bide the smart,
Robin Adair?

Still is thy bosom now,
Robin Adair;
Cauld is thy manly brow,
Robin Adair.
Wintry this world to me,
Pleasure it canna gie—
I am bereft o' thee,
Robin Adair.

But true love canna dee,
Robin Adair.
Sweet thocht to comfort me,
Robin Adair.
Soon shall we meet again,
Where joys that never wane,
Shall banish ilka pain,
Robin Adair.

ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL.

"This fine song, founded on an old Gaelic story, first appeared in "The Wanderer," a periodical published in Glasgow in 1818. The author was Walter Weir, a house painter. It is sometimes called 'Ellen Boideachd,' or 'Ellen the beautiful.' The music, by Smith, has been greatly admired."—*Lyric Gems of Scotland.*

Row weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel, my merry men a',
For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bowers,
And there's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it danc'd light on the merry wee waves,
And it flew ower the water sae blue,

And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright,
But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu.

Ohon! for fair Ellen, ohon!
Ohon! for the pride of Strathcoe—
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.

THE LASSIE'S WARDROBE.

ANONYMOUS.

Taken from *Chambers's Journal*, No. 175. It is there said to have been written by an old unmarried lady as a kind of burlesque on her own habits and history.

A LASS lived down by yon burn-braes,
And she was weel provided wi' claes;
She had three mutches a' but twa,
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', tak' her awa',
Nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa';
She had three mutches, a' but twa,
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.

She had a gown, it was just at the making,
It wanted the forebreadth, it wanted the backing;
It wanted the sleeves, the lining and a',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had twa stockings, they were at the knitting,
They wanted the legs, they wanted the fitting,
They wanted the heids, the heels, and a',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had a shawl, it was just like a riddle,
It wadna been the waur o' the threid and the needle;
For the middle was holed, and the border awa',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had a pouch to haud her siller,
Wi' it she thocht to catch the miller;
But she tint the pouch, the siller, and a',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had a kist to haud her claes,
It might ha'e ser'd her a' her days;
But, like a gowk, she gied it awa',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

Sae now she lives in a wee bit garret,
Without a friend but a cat and a parrot;
For her father is dead, and her mither, and a',
And nae bonnie lad has ta'en her awa'.
Ta'en her awa', &c.

And what can she do but live her lane,
Sin' a' her hopes o' marriage are gane;
For she's auld, she's bald, she's wrinkled, and a',
And nae bonnie lad will tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

Now listen, fair damsels, to my lays,
Ye wha are vain about your claes;
For if ye're no guid as weel as braw,
O nae bonnie lad will tak' ye awa'.

Tak' ye awa', tak' ye awa',
Nae bonnie lad will tak' ye awa',
If ye're no guid as well as braw,
O nae bonnie lad will tak' ye awa'.

THE LAND OF THE BRIGHT BLOOMING HEATHER.

HUGH MACDONALD.

Hugh Macdonald was born at Glasgow on the 4th of April, 1817. His parents were poor but industrious people who endeavored to give their son an education that would fit him for the duties of life. After leaving school he strove hard to increase the limited amount of learning which he had acquired, and when quite young began contributing poems to the local newspapers. In 1848, he became sub-editor of the Glasgow *Citizen*, and in 1855 accepted the post of Editor-in-Chief of the Glasgow *Times*. His prose writings, viz.: "Rambles around Glasgow" and "Days at the Coast," are well known throughout Scotland and have had a large circulation. He died in 1860, leaving a widow and five children. A collected edition of his songs and poems was published soon after his death, from the proceeds of which his family were enabled to live comfortably.

Here's a health to the land of the mountain and glen,
To the land of the lake and the river,
Where the wild thistle grows in her rude, rocky den,
Proud Freedom's stern emblem for ever.
The land of the claymore, the kilt, and the plaid,
The bagpipe, the bonnet, and feather;
Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land of the hero and bard,
The birth-place of Ossian and Wallace;
The land of bright mem'ries, of brave hearts who dared
Gory death in each cause Freedom hallows.
The land of the eagle, the oak, and the pine,
Where the free storms of heaven do gather;
Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather,

Here's a health to the land of the bannock and brose,
The land of the sheep's-head and haggis;
Of warm hearts to friends, and cauld steel to foes,
When to battle they venture to drag us;
The land of braw lassies and leal-hearted men,
Where beauty and worth twine together;
Let's join heart and hand, all upstand-in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land where we first saw the light,
The home of our kindred and lovers,
Whose sod yet shall screen us in death's gloomy night,
As now many loved ones it covers;
May virtue and freedom stand firm by her side,
Each dark weed that stains her soon wither;
Then join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

BONNIE GREENLAW.

HUGH MACDONALD.

Oh! the cauld breath o' winter, sae bitter and keen,
Has stown frae the woodlands their mantles o' green;

Nae wee bird sings sweetly, nae flower blossoms braw;
A' nature's grown cheerless at bonnie Greenlaw.

But 'tisna the sang o' the mavis we mourn,
Nor the wee droopin' harebell sae withered and torn—
There's a form and a face, there's a sweet smile awa',
That once gladden'd winter at bonnie Greenlaw.

Short syne seems the time when in simmer's nicht gloom,
Wi' laughin' and daffin', we pu'd the lawbloom,
We scawr'd the wee lambs o'er the fresh dewy lea,
While jinkin' in joy round the auld, saughen tree.

When the bright sun o' harv'st slippit down to his bed,
We soucht the row'n tree for his berries sae red;
While the short hours o' gladness sped smilin' awa',
Undimm'd by a' care frae the woods o' Greenlaw.

When the sweet spring returns, and cauld winter is gone,
The primrose and gowans we'll welcome again;
But there's ae flower, I ween, we lo'ed better than a'
That we'll ne'er meet again 'mang the woods o' Greenlaw.

THE WEE PRIMROSE.

HUGH MACDONALD.

On a green mossy bank,
'Neath a bonnie birk tree,
By a burnie that danced
To its ain voice o' glee,
A sweet yellow primrose
On March ope'd her een,
Like wee starnies o' gowd
In a bricht clud o' green.

O sweet sang the merle
In the hour o' her birth,
An' the lark tauld his joy
Frae the lift to the earth;
While the wud-mouse peeped out
Frae a grey-lickened stane,
To welcome the flower
That bids winter begane.

Though March whusslit keen
Through the cauld drapeless wud,
The bonnie birk tree
'Gan to smile an' to bud;
Sayin' summer is near,
Since the primrose is come,
I'll don my green kirtle,
An' welcome her home.

The wee robin cam' there
Wi' his sere-breasted bride,
And they biggit their nest
At the primrose's side;
An' sweet frae the birk tree
He sang air an' late
To sooth the wee heart
O' his sweet clokin' mate.

THE LASS I SAW YESTREEN.

HUGH MACDONALD.

The weary sun to rest has gane
O'er ocean's breast of blue,
And gloamin' comes wi' dewy wings,
And starnies on her brow;
The merle amang the listenin' woods
His partin' sang has gi'en,
And scented silence turns my heart
To ane I saw yestreen.

Oh! sweet's yon pale wee primrose flower,
Gemm'd wi' her beads of dew,

And sweet yon blue-eed violet,
The breckan keekin' through;
But, oh! they're cauld unto the heart,
And dimsome to the een,
Beside the bonnie blushin' flower—
The lass I saw yestreen.

Let ithers pu' the lily fair
Frae aff her droopin' stem,
Or frae the sweetly-scented brier
Her blushing diadem.
The bonnie flower that I wad pu'
Is peerless a' I ween,
Amang the sweets that summer wears
Around her kirtle green.

The gilded joys were never mine
That wealth's gay minions feel,
Nor mine their pomp and pride of heart
Wha rank's high turrets speel;
Yet, Fortune, there's a friendly hand,
Your frowns are a' forgi'en,
Gin ye'll entwine her heart wi' mine
Wha charm'd my e'e yestreen!

THE LASSIE O' CARMYLE.

HUGH MACDONALD.

'Twas on a bonnie simmer morn,
The fields were wet wi' dew,
And Clutha's banks were clad wi' flowers
Of fairest form and hue;
The wild birds sang their sweetest notes,
Blythe Phœbus ceased to smile,
As wand'ring forth I chanced to meet
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, &c.

Her glowing cheek outrivall'd far
The rosebud's sweetest hue;
Her hair was like the raven's wing,
Her eyes a lovely blue.
O'ercome with love and sweet suprise,
Entranced I stood awhile,
Then fondly clasp'd, in warm embrace,
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, &c.

Yon sweet wee gowan on the bank
Wi' her could ne'er compare;
The primrose pale, the violet's blue,
Were ne'er so sweet and fair.
I told my love wi' artless tongue,
Wi' heart unstain'd by guile;
She blush'd, she smiled, but noo she's mine,
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, &c.

Unheeded now, ambition scales
The slipp'ry hill of fame;
Unenvied now, pale av'rice gains
Blind fortune's fickle game.
For what are rank or fame to me
Compared wi' her sweet smile?
My heart's first treasure still shall be
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, &c.

THE DUSKY HOUR.

HUGH MACDONALD.

Oh! dear to me's the dusky hour
That weeps o'er parting day,
That shuts the daisy's gowden e'e,
And stills the throstle's lay;
That wins the laverock frae the lift
Into his bed of green,
And brings me blythe o'er bank and brae
To meet my bonnie Jean.

Then saft the rustling e'ening winds
Gang wand'ring through the gloam,
Sweet wafting on their dewy wings
Each slumb'ring flower's perfume.

They breathe a tale of blossoms rare,
That blush in dells unseen,
And mind me of my bosom flower,
My lowly blooming Jean.

I've gazed upon the beauteous forms
That Fancy loves to trace—
The brightest gems that art can boast
Of loveliness and grace;
But, oh! they want the witching power
That thrills my heart at e'en,
When love lichts up the gloamin' hour
Wi' glances of my Jean.

The laverock 'mang the blushing clouds
May woo the wak'ning day,
The lintie lilt to list'ning noon
A lightsome loving lay;
Give me the hour that gems the flower,
And opes the starnies een—
The trysted hour that brings to me
My winsome blooming Jean.

MY HEATHER HILLS.

JOHN BALLANTINE.

O GLADSOME is the sea wi' its heaving tide,
And bonnie are the plains in their simmer pride;
But the sea wi' its tide, and the plains wi' their rills,
Are nae half sae dear, as my heather hills.
I can heedless look on the siller sea,
I may tentless muse on the flow'ry lea;
But my heart wi' a nameless rapture thrills
When I gaze on the cliffs o' my heather hills.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for my heather hills,
Where the bonnie thistle waves to the sweet blue bells,
And the wild mountain floods heave their crests to the clouds,
Syne foam down the steeps o' my heather hills.

O! aft in my roving youthfu' days,
I've nestled and row'd on their sunny braes;
And pouket the bloom and the sweet harebells
Aff the bonnie broomy knowes o' my heather hills.
I hae herried the nest o' the wild muircock,
I hae clamber'd the steeps o' the raven's rock,
I hae courted my love in their rocky fells,
And won a sweet bride on my heather hills.
Then hurrah, &c.

I cling to their braes like the bud to the thorn,
For 'mang their heather knowlets sae free was I born;
And the hame o' my youth is my lov'd hame still,
'Neath the kindly shade o' a heather hill.
And when nature fails, row'd in my plaid,
I'll lay me down on a heather bed;
And patiently wait till kind heaven wills
To waft me awa' frae my heather hills.
Then hurrah, &c.

THE PROOF O' THE PUDDIN'S THE PREEIN' O'T.

DAVID TAYLOR.

YOUNG Maggie looks weel, neither foolish nor vain,
But love keeps folk whiles frae the seein' o't;

I'll ken better after I mak' her my ain,
For the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
We think lassies at first gentle, modest and kind,
Like goddesses lovely, exalted in mind;
But will we think sae, when in wedlock we're joined?
The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

I maun tak' the lassie for better for waur,
My fortune nane need try the spaein' o't;
For wha can pry into futurity far?
The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
I'll study to please her as weel as I can,
An' gi'e her my siller to wair when it's wan;
I think she will follow economy's plan,
But the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

She says what is best, aye to do she will try,
But what if she's tryin' the leein' o't?
Hooever, I'll come to the truth by and by,
For the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
But takin' a wife is a serious joke,
It's something like buying a pig in a poke;
She may be a guid ane, she may be a mock,
The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

MY AIN GUDEMAN.

DAVID TAYLOR.

O dear, dear me
Is my ain gudeman,
For kindly, frank, and free,
Is my ain gudeman.
An' though thretty years hae fled
An' five sin' we were wed,
Nae bitter word I've had
Wi' my ain gudeman.

I've had seven bonnie bairns
To my ain gudeman,
An' I've nursed them i' their turns
For my ain gudeman.
An' ane did early dee,
But the lave frae skaith are free,
An' a blessin' they're to me
An' my ain gudeman.

I cheerie clamb the hill
Wi' my ain gudeman,
An' if it's Heaven's will
Wi' my ain gudeman,
In life's calm afternoon
I wad toddle cannie doun,
Syne at the foot sleep soun
Wi' my ain gudeman.

IF MY DEAR WIFE.

From *Maidment's North Country Garland*, 1824.

If my dear wife should chance to gang,
Wi' me, to Edinburgh toun,
Into a shop I will her tak',
And buy her a new goun.
But if my dear wife should hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, The auld will do,
By my word she shall ha'e her will.

If my dear wife should wish to gang,
To see a neebor or friend,
A horse or a chair I will provide,
And a servant to attend.
But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, I'll walk on foot,
By my word she shall ha'e her will.

If my dear wife shall bring me a son,
As I expect she will,
Cake and wine I will provide,
And a nurse to nurse the child.
But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, She'll nurs't hersel',
By my word she shall ha'e her will

I'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TROW.

AN OLD SONG. FROM C. K. SHARPE'S BALLAD BOOK, 1824.

I'll gar our gudeman trow
I'll sell the ladle,
If he winna buy to me
A bonnie side-saddle,
To ride to kirk and bridal,
And round about the town;
Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow
I'll tak' the fling-strings,
If he winna buy to me
Twal bonnie gowd rings;
Ane for ilka finger,
And twa for ilka thoom;
Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow
That I'm gaun to die,
If he winna fee to me
Valets twa or three,
To bear my train up frae the dirt,
And ush me through the town;
Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gi'e my gown room!

ANNIE LAURIE.

FROM C. K. SHARPE'S BALLAD BOOK.

"These two verses, which are in a style wonderfully tender and chaste for their age, were written by a Mr. Douglas, of Finland, on Annie, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of Maxwelton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddel, of Minto. As Sir Robert was created Baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record, that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife; she was married to Mr. Ferguson, of Craigdarroch."—*Chambers.*

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MODERN VERSION.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on.
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

Dr. Robert Chambers, in his collection of "Scottish Songs," published in 1827, gives the following version of "Jenny's Bawbee," which is said to have been the composition of a clergyman in Galloway, and, so far as we can learn, the name of the author has never been made public.

WHEN gloamin' o'er the welkin steals,
And brings the ploughman frae the fiel's,
Oh, Jenny's cot, amang the shiels,
Is aye the hame to me.
To meet wi' her my heart is fain,
And parting gi'es me meikle pain;
A queen and throne I would disdain
For Jenny's ae bawbee.

Tho' braws she has na mony feck,
Nae riches to command respec',
Her rosy lip and lily neck
Mair pleasure gi'e to me.
I see her beauties, prize them a',
Wi' heart as pure as new-blawn snaw;
I'd prize her cot before a ha',
Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.

Nae daisy, wi' its lovely form,
Nor dewdrop shining frae the corn,
Nor echo frae the distant horn,
Is half sae sweet to me!
And if the lassie were my ain,
For her I'd toil through wind and rain,
And gowd and siller I would gain
Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.

O SING TO ME THE AULD SCOTS SANGS.

REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

O SING to me the auld Scots sangs
I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my faither wished to hear
The sangs my mither sung.
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee;
An' I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet
The auld Scots sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the auld Scots sangs,
The blithesome or the sad,
They mak me smile when I am wae,
And greet when I am glad;
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tear dims my e'e,
And the Scots blood leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing thae sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow o' the past,
Where mem'ry loves to dwell;
Tho' hair grow grey, and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scots sangs to me.

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

From "Blackie's Book of Scottish Songs." The following verses have frequently been pronounced the best version of "We're a' Noddin'." The name of the author is unknown:

Gude e'en to ye, Kimmer,
And are ye alane?
O come and see how blythe are we,
For Jamie he's cam' hame.
And O, but he's been lang awa',
And O, my heart was sair
As I sobbed out a lang farewell—
Maybe to meet nae mair.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

O, sair ha'e I fought,
Ear' and late did I toil,
My bairnies for to feed and cleed—
My comfort was their smile;
When I thocht on Jamie far awa',
An' o' his love sae fain,
A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart,
We'd maybe meet again.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knockit at the door
I thocht I kent the rap,
And little Katie cried,
"My daddie he's cam' back."
A stoun gaed through my anxious breast
As thochtfully I sat,
I raise, I gazed, fell in his arms,
And bursted out and grat.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

William Cameron was born in the Parish of Dunipace, Stirlingshire, on December 3, 1801. He was for some time Schoolmaster at Armadale, near Bathgate: from there he removed to Glasgow where he engaged in mercantile pursuits for upwards of twenty-five years. He died at Glasgow in 1877.

O bright the beaming queen o' night
Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
And softly sheds her silver light
O'er mountain, path, and dale.
Short is the way, when light's the heart
That's bound in love's soft spell;
Sae I'll awa' to Armadale,
To Jessie o' the Dell,
To Jessie o' the Dell,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell,
The bonnie lass o' Armadale,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes
Beside my Jessie's cot,
We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes,
In that sweet rural spot.
The wee short hours danced merrily,
Like lambkins on the fell;
As if they join'd in joy wi' me
And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
I'll love her till I dee;
For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
And kind as kind can be.
This night in mutual kind embrace,
Oh, wha our joys may tell;
Then I'll awa to Armadale,
To Jessie o' the Dell.

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

Meet me on the gowan lea,
Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary;
Meet me on the gowan lea,
My ain, my artless Mary.

Before the sun sinks in the west,
And nature a' ha'e gane to rest,

There to my fond, my faithful breast,
Oh let me clasp my Mary.
Meet me, &c.

The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
The lintie in the bosky dell,
Nae blyther than your bonnie sel',
My ain, my artless Mary.
Meet me, &c.

We'll join our love notes to the breeze
That sighs in whispers through the trees,
And a' that twa fond hearts can please
Will be our sang, dear Mary.
Meet me, &c.

There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
While to my faithfu' bosom prest;
Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
As me and my dear Mary.
Meet me on the gowan lea,
Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary;
Meet me on the gowan lea,
My ain, my artless Mary.

O DINNA CROSS THE BURN, WILLIE.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

O DINNA cross the burn, Willie,
Willie dinna cross the burn;
For big's the spate and loud it roars,
O dinna cross the burn.

Your folks a' ken you're here the night,
And sair they would me blame;
Sae bide wi' me till mornin' light,
Indeed ye're no gaun hame.
Ha'e ye nae care about yoursel',
To brave that fearfu' storm?
Some twa three hours a tale may tell
We noo can hardly form.
O dinna cross, &c.

O bide, dear Willie, here the night,
O bide till morning here—
Your faither he'll see a' things right,
And ye'll ha'e nocht to fear.
Sae dark's the lift, nae moon is there,
The rain in torrents pours—
Ah! see the lightnin's dreadfu' glare,
Hear how the thunder roars.
O dinna cross, &c.

Awa' he rode, nae kindness could
His wild resolve o'erturn;
He plunged into the foaming flood,
But never cross'd the burn.
And noo, though ten lang years ha'e past
Since that wild storm blew by,
Ah! still the maniac hears the blast,
And still the crazy cry.
O dinna cross, &c.

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

HUGH AINSLIE.

CAN you lo'e, my dear lassie,
The hills wild and free;
Whar' the sang o' the shepherd
Gars a' ring wi' glee?
Or the steep rocky glens,
Where the wild falcons bide?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er war in rigs!
Or the bonnie loune lee,
Where the sweet robin bigs?
Or the sang o' the lintie,
Whan wooin' his bride?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
That loups amang linns?

Or the bonnie green howmes,
Where it cannilie rins,
Wi' a cantie bit housie,
Sae snug by its side?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride!

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

HUGH AINSLIE.

The Rover o' Lochryan, he's gane,
Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a better keel
Ne'er bowl'd owre the back o' a wave.
It's no' when the loch lies dead in his trough
When naething disturbs it ava;
But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea;
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
An' the rover that's dear to me;
But when that the clud lays its cheek to the flud,
An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
When the win' sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
An' the sea that he glories to ride.
Oh, merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi' the helm heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
As his ee's upon Galloway's land.

"Unstent and slack each reef an' tack,
Gae her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd through a heavier sea afore,
An' she'll roar through a heavier yet.
When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
In the tempest's angry moan,
We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift
O' the wave that heaves us on."

DOWIE IN THE HINT O' HAIRST.

HUGH AINSLIE.

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst,
At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,
When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow bauld,
And the wuds are hingin' yellow;
But oh, it's dowier far to see
The wa'-gang o' her the heart gangs wi',
The dead-set o' a shinin' e'e—
That darkens the weary warld on thee.

There was mickle love atween us twa—
Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder;
And the thing on yird was never made,
That could ha'e gart us sunder.
But the way of Heaven's aboon a' ken,
And we maun bear what it likes to sen'—
It's comfort, though, to weary men,
That the warst o' this warld's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come and gae,
Just kent, and just forgotten;
And the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,
Gin anither year lie rotten.

But the last look o' that lovely e'e,
And the dying grip she ga'e to me,
They're settled like eternitie—
Oh, Mary! that I were wi' thee.

SCOTLAND YET.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

Henry Scott Riddell will always be kindly remembered by his countrymen everywhere, for the many sweet and patriotic lyrics which he added to the national minstrelsy of Scotland. He was born at Sorbie, in Dumfriesshire on the 23d of September, 1798, and although his family were in comfortable circumstances, yet his early education was very deficient and consisted principally in what he managed to teach himself while acting the part of a cowherd or shepherd's boy among the hills and glens. "According to my ability," he says, "I studied while wandering among the mountains, and at intervals, adopting my knee for my desk, wrote down the results of my musing." He soon acquired a taste for ballad and song literature, and while studying these also began to develop a talent for verse making. This talent he eagerly strove to cultivate, and, as the following incident, which he relates, will show, it soon brought him prominently before the notice of his neighbors, and gained for him a local reputation as a poet: "I usually carried a lot of these writings in my hat, and by and by, unlike most other young authors, I got a publisher unsought for. This was the wind, which, on a wild day, swept my hat from my head, and, scattering its contents asunder from their fold, sent them away over hill and dale like a flock of wild fowl. I recovered some where they had halted in bieldy places; others of them went further, and fell into other hands, and particularly into those of a neighbor who a short while previously, had played an unmanly part relating to a sheep and the march that ran between us. He found his unworthy proceeding boldly discussed in an epistle which, I dare say, no other carrier would ever have conveyed to him but the unblushing mountain blast. He complained to others, whom he found more or less involved in his own predicament, and the thing went disagreeably abroad. My master, through good taste and feeling was vexed, as I understood, that I should have done anything that gave ground for accusation, though he did not mention the subject to myself; but my father, some days after the mischief had commenced, came to me upon the hill, and not in very good humor, disapproved of my imprudent conduct. As for the consequences of this untoward event, it proved the means of revealing what I had hitherto concealed—procuring for me a sort of local popularity little to be envied. I made the best improvement of it, as I then thought, that lay in my power—by writing a satire upon myself."

Shortly after the above incident had occurred he removed to Biggar, where he attended a school until he had become proficient in nearly all of the ordinary branches of education. He next entered the University of Edinburgh as a theological student, and a few years later graduated as a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. He took up his residence at Teviothead, where it is said the Duke of Buccleuch allowed him the use of a cottage, a small annuity and a grant of land! He never took any active part in the Church. During his life-time he published several books of poetry and songs, and quite a number of the latter have become universal favorites with all classes of people in Scotland. "He sings," says Dr. Rogers, "of the mountain wilds and picturesque valleys of Caledonia, and of the simple joys and habits of rural or pastoral life. His style is essentially lyrical, and his songs are altogether true to nature. Several of his songs, such as 'Scotland Yet,' 'The Wild Glen sae Green,' 'The Land of Gallant Hearts,' and 'The Crook and Plaid,' will find admirers while Scottish lyric poetry is read or sung."

Mr. Riddell died in 1870, at the age of seventy-two. The following verses taken from his poem, "The Minstrel's Grave," would form an appropriate inscription for a monument to his memory:

* * * * * * *

Oh! thou wert beloved from the dawn of thy childhood,
Beloved till the last of thy suffering was seen,
Beloved now that o'er thee is waving the wildwood,
And the worm only living where rapture hath been.

* * * * * * *

Yet sleep, gentle bard! for, though silent forever,
Thy harp in the hall of the chieftain is hung;
No time from the mem'ry of mankind shall sever
The tales that it told and the strains that it sung.

A collected edition of his poetical works, in two volumes, edited with a memoir by Dr Brydon, of Hawick, was published at Glasgow, in 1872.

Gae, bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae, bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing anither sang
Ere a' my glee be past,
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me,—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honors three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dash down the dells;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's dales and Scotland's vales,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a the honors three.

The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foeman's dearest bluid,
To dye her auld gray plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me,—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honors three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang,
Gi'e me the hills where Ossian lies,
And Coila's minstrel sang.
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken nae to be free,
Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honors three.

SCOTIA'S THISTLE.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

Scotia's thistle guards the grave,
Where repose her dauntless brave;
Never yet the foot of slave
Has trod the wilds of Scotia.
Free from tyrant's dark control—
Free as waves of ocean roll—
Free as thoughts of minstrel's soul,
Still roam the sons of Scotia.

Scotia's hills of hoary hue,
Heaven wraps in wreathes of blue,
Watering with its dearest dew
The heathy locks of Scotia.
Down each green-wood skirted vale,
Guardian spirits, lingering, hail
Many a minstrel's melting tale,
As told of ancient Scotia.

When the shades of eve invest
Nature's dew-bespangled breast,
How supremely man is blest
In the glens of Scotia!
There no dark alarms convey
Aught to chase life's charms away;
There they live, and live for aye,
Round the homes of Scotia.

Wake, my hill harp! wildly wake!
Sound by lee and lonely lake,
Never shall this heart forsake
The bonnie wilds of Scotia.
Others o'er the ocean's foam
Far to other lands may roam,
But for ever be my home
Beneath the sky of Scotia!

THE LAND OF GALLANT HEARTS.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of lovely forms,
The island of the mountain-harp,
The torrents and the storms;
The land that blooms with freeman's tread,
And withers with the slave's,
Where far and deep the green woods spread,
And wild the thistle waves.

Ere ever Ossian's lofty voice
Had told of Fingal's fame,
Ere ever from their native clime
The Roman eagles came—
Our land had given heroes birth,
That durst the boldest brave,
And taught, above tyrannic dust,
The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
And how his foemen fell?
Or how on glorious Bannockburn
The work went wild and well?
Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of honor'd graves,
Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart
While yet the thistle waves.

WHEN THE GLEN ALL IS STILL.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

When the glen all is still, save the stream of the fountain,
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the dark heath to roam,
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting her mate to return to his home—
Oh! meet me Eliza, adown by the wild-wood,
Where the wild daisies sleep 'mong the low-lying dew,
And our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the fair star, in heaven's deep blue.

Thy locks shall be braided in drops of the gloaming,
And fann'd by the far-travel'd breeze of the lawn;
The spirits of heaven shall know of thy coming,
And watch o'er our joy till the hour of the dawn.
No woes shall we know of dark fortune's decreeing,
Of the past and the future my dreams may not be,
For the light of thine eye seems the home of my being,
And my soul's fondest thoughts shall be gather'd to thee.

WE'LL MEET YET AGAIN.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

We'll meet yet again, my loved fair one, when o'er us
The sky shall be bright, and the bowers shall be green,
And the visions of life shall be lovely before us,
As the sunshine of summer that sleeps o'er the scene.
The woodlands are sad when the green leaves are fading,
And sorrow is deep when the dearest must part,
But for each darker woe that our spirit is shading
A joy yet more bright shall return to the heart.

We'll meet yet again, when the pain, disconcerting
The peace of our minds in a moment like this,
Shall melt into nought, like the tears of our parting,
Or live but in mem'ry to heighten our bliss.
We have loved in the hours when a hope scarce could find us;
We've loved when our hearts were the lightest of all,
And the same tender tie that has bound, still shall bind us,
When the dark chain of fate shall have ceased to enthral.

We'll meet yet again, when the spirit of gladness
Shall breathe o'er the valley, and brighten its flowers,
And the lone hearts of those who have long been in sadness
Shall gather delight from the transport of ours;
Yes, thine are the charms, love, that never can perish,
And thine is the star that my guide still shall be,
Alluring the hope in this soul that shall cherish
Its life's dearest treasures, to share them with thee.

THE BOWER OF THE WILD.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

I FORMED a green bower by the rill o' yon glen,
Afar from the din and the dwellings of men;
Where still I might linger in many a dream,
And mingle my strains wi' the voice o' the stream.
From the cave and the cliff, where the hill foxes roam,
Where the earn has his nest and the raven his home,
I brought the young flower-buds ere yet they had smiled,
And taught them to bloom round my bower of the wild.

But the fair maidens came, from yon vale far away,
And sought my lone grotto still day after day,
And soon were the stems of their fair blossoms shorn
That the flowers of the bard might their ringlets adorn.
Full fair were they all, but the maiden most fair
Would still have no flower till I pull'd it with care;
And gentle, and simple, and modest, and mild,
She stole my lone heart in the bower of the wild.

The summer is past, and the maidens are gone,
And this heart, like my grotto, is wither'd and lone,
And yet, with the winter, I'll cease not to mourn,
Unless, with the blossoms, these fair ones return.
Oh! had they ne'er come, or had ne'er gone away,
I sing in my sorrow still day after day,
The scene seems a desert—the charm is exiled,
And woe to my blossoms and my bower of the wild!

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

I WINNA love the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love, that's only felt by few;

For he that has this bosom a' to
fondest love betray'd,
Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that
wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true to his lassie—
he's aye true to his lassie,
Who wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild
his fleecy flocks to view,
While o'er him sweet the laverock sings,
new sprung frae 'mang the dew;
His doggie frolics roun' and roun',
and may not weel be stay'd,
Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that
wears the crook and plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

At noon he leans him down upon the
high and heathy fell,
And views his flocks, beneath him a',
fair feeding in the dell;
And there he sings the songs o' love,
the sweetest ever made;
O! how happy is the laddie that wears
the crook and plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and
the lily-flowers sae meek,
Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the
heath-bell like my cheek;
His words are sweet and tender, as
the dews frae heaven shed;
And weel I love to list the lad who
wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

When the dews begin to fauld the
flowers, and the gloaming shades
draw on,
When the star comes stealing through
the sky, and the kye are on the loan,
He whistles through the glen sae sweet,
the heart is lighter made
To ken the laddie hameward hies who
wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn grey,
that's growing in the glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' aye,
when nane on earth can ken,
To woo and vow, and there I trow,
whatever may be said,
He kens aye unco weel the way to row
me in his plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

The youth o' mony riches may to his
fair one ride,
And woo across the table cauld his
madam-titled bride;
But I'll gang to the hawthorn grey,
where cheek to cheek is laid,
Oh! nae wooers like the laddie that
rows me in his plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

To own the truth o' tender love what
heart wad no comply,
Since love gives purer happiness than
aught aneath the sky?
If love be in the bosom, then the heart
is ne'er afraid;
And through life I'll love the laddie
that wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

OH! TELL ME WHAT SOUND.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

Oh! tell me what sound is the sweetest
to hear—
The sound that can most o'er our
being prevail?
'Tis the sweet melting voice of the
maid we love dear,
When chanting the songs of her
own native vale.
More thrilling is this than the tone of
the gale,
Awakening the wind-harp's wild
wandering lore;

More sweet than the songster that sings in the dale,
When the strains of the rest of the warblers are o'er.

Oh! tell me what light of the earth or the sky
Can the deepest delight to the spirit impart?
'Tis the bright beaming radiance that lives in the eye
Of the maid that affection has bound to the heart.
More charming is this than the glory of art,
More lovely than rays from yon heavens above;
It heightens each joy, as it soothes every smart,
Enchanting our souls with the magic of love.

Oh! tell me what drop is most melting and meek
That aught 'neath the azure of heaven can share ?
'Tis the tear-drop that falls o'er the dear maiden's cheek
When she breathes o'er her lover her sigh and her prayer!
More tender is this—more celestial and fair—
Than the dew-drop that springs from the chamber of morn;
A balm that still softens the ranklings of care,
And heals every wound that the bosom hath borne.

THE MINSTREL'S BOWER.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

Oh, lassie! if thou'lt gang to yonder glen wi' me,
I'll weave the wilds amang a bonnie bower for thee;
I'll weave a bonnie bower o' the birks and willows green,
And to my heart thou'lt be what nae other e'er has been.

When the dew is on the flower, and the starlight on the lea,
In the bonnie green-wood bower I'll wake my harp to thee;
I'll wake my hill-harp's strain, and the echoes o' the dell
Shall restore the tales again that its notes o' love shall tell.

Oh, lassie! thou art fair as the morning's early beam,
As the image of a flower reflected frae the stream;
There's kindness in thy heart, and there's language in thine e'e,
But ah ! its looks impart nae sweet tale o' love to me !

Oh, lassie ! wert thou mine I wad love thee wi' such love
As the lips can ne'er define, and the cold can never prove;
In the bower by yonder stream our happy home should be,
And our life a blissful dream, while I lived alone for thee.

When I am far away my thoughts on thee shall rest,
Allured, as by a ray, frae the dwellings o' the blest;
For beneath the clouds o' dew, where'er my path may be,
Oh! a maiden fair as thou, I again shall never see !

WHEN THE STAR OF THE MORNING.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

When the star of the morning is set,
And the heavens are beauteous and blue,

And the bells of the heather are wet
With the drops of the deep-lying dew;
'Mong the flocks on the mountains that lie,
'Twas blythesome and blissful to be,
When these all my thoughts would employ;
But now I must think upon thee.

When noontide displays all its powers,
And the flocks to the valley return,
To lie and to feed 'mong the flowers
That bloom on the banks of the burn;
O sweet, sweet it was to recline
'Neath the shade of yon hoar hawthorn tree,
And think on the charge that was mine;
But now I must think upon thee.

When gloaming stole down from the rocks,
With her fingers of shadowy light,
And the dews of the eve in her locks,
To spread down a couch for the night;
'Twas sweet through yon green birks to stray,
That border the brook and the lea;
But now, 'tis a wearisome way,
Unless it were travel'd with thee.

All lovely and pure as thou art,
And generous of thought and of will,
Oh, Mary! speak thou to this heart,
And bid its wild beating be still;
I'd give all the ewes in the fold—
I'd give all the lambs on the lea,
By night or by day to behold
One look of true kindness from thee.

THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

When my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle grey o'er the world's dewy breast,
I'll take my plaid and hasten through yon woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

I'll meet her by the trysting-tree that's standin' a' alane,
Where I ha'e carved her name upon yon little moss grey stane,
There I will fauld her to my breast, and be mair bless'd I ween
Than a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild glen sae green.

Her head reclined upon this heart, in simple bliss I'll share
The pure, pure kiss o' tender love that owns nae earthly care,
And spirits hovering o'er us shall bless the heartfelt scene,
While I woo my bonnie lassie, in the wild glen sae green.

My fauldin' plaid shall shield her frae the gloamin's chilly gale;
The star o' eve shall mark our joy, but shall not tell our tale—
Our simple tale o' tender love—that tauld sae oft has been
To my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen sae green.

It may be sweet at morning hour, or at the noon o' day,
To meet wi' those that we lo'e weel, in grove or garden gay;
But the sweetest bliss o' mortal life is at the hour o' e'en,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen sae green.

O! I could wander earth a' o'er, nor care for aught o' bliss,
If I might share, at my return, a joy sae pure as this;
An' I could spurn a' earthly wealth—a palace and a queen,
For my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen sae green.

THE WEE AULD MAN.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

About the closin' o' the day
  The wild green woods amang O,
A wee auld man cam' down this way,
  As fast as he could gang O,
He entered into this wee house
  Where unco weel kent he O,
That there, there lived a virtuous lass,
  And fair as fair could be, O.

    For he had vow'd to ha'e O,
      To ha'e, O, to ha'e, O,
    For he had vow'd to ha'e O,
      A wifie o' his ain, O.

He tell't the auld gudewife he'd come
  Her dochter Jean to woo, O,
And gin she would but come wi' him,
  She never would it rue, O;
For he had oxen, horse, and kye,
  And sheep upon the hill, O,
And monie a cannie thing forbye,
  That should be at her will, O.
      For he had vow'd, &c.

The auld gudewife replied in turn,
  Up rising frae her stool, O,
The lass that would your proffer spurn,
  Would surely be a fool, O,
She to the door made anxious haste,
  And ca'd young Jeanie in, O,
And when aroun' the fire they're placed,
  The courtin' did begin, O,
      For he had vow'd, &c.

The wee auld man tauld ower his tale
  Wi' croose and cantie glee, O;
But Jeanie's heart was hard and cauld,
  Nae love for him had she, O.
Said she, Auld gouk! you've act a part
  That I can ne'er be thine, O;
You come to woo my mither's heart,
  You come nae here for mine, O.

    For this is no the way, O,
      The way, O, the way, O,
    For this is no the way, O,
      A lassie's heart to win, O.

And soon a rap came to the door,
  And out young Jeanie ran, O,
Said she, You may count ower your store,
  Wi them that you began, O.
The wee auld man rose up in wrath,
And loud and lang he swore, O,
Syne hirsled up his shouthers baith,
And hastened to the door, O.
      Still vowin' he would ha'e, &c.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Written for this Work by JAMES KENNEDY.

How dear to ev'ry Scottish heart are Scotland's melodies!
They sweeten life's dull atmosphere like perfume in the breeze,
Blythe as the wild bird's artless notes the greenwood groves among:
Earth's sweetest, noblest thoughts are those that warble into song.

Their mellow music circles round the glad earth far and free,
Like light they leap from land to land and flash from sea to sea,
Till waken'd echoes gladly ring in ev'ry vale and hill:
And earth and air exultant catch the quick electric thrill.

How bright to fancy's eye they bring fair Scotland's classic land!
Her hills in purple splendour clad, rise cloud-like high and grand:
Her rustling wealth of golden fields wave 'neath the gladd'ning ray;
Her silv'ry waters flash among her valleys green and gay.

Fair flow'rets bloom in tints that mock the rainbow's dazzling dyes;
And daisies ope with modest grace their myriad starry eyes;
And all the glow of social life comes group'd in living throngs,
Transfigured by the magic grace and beauty of her songs.

And where have Love's impassioned throes e'er found so sweet a tongue?
No mimic frenzy mocks the heart when Scotland's songs are sung,
Their artless words, their liquid notes in perfect tones express
The matchless might of manly grace and woman's tenderness.

And buoyant on the tide of time what glorious tales they tell
Of freemen battling for the right, of gallant foes that fell;
Of heroes who tempestuous rose the tyrant's touch to spurn;
The glowing pride of Stirling Bridge! The joy of Bannockburn!

O, Scotland! raise thy crested head above the azure sea;
Thou art the home of worth and truth, the cradle of the free,
Where e'er the eye of Time shall see bold Freedom's flag unfurled,
Thy songs shall stamp thy sons among the freemen of the world.

Thine eye of pity ever melts at tales of human wrongs;
Thy seal is set, thy fame is fixed eternal as thy songs
Whose clarion blasts shall bravely ring in freedom's battle van
Until triumphant they shall hail the unity of Man!

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GLOSSARY.

A', all.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above.
Abreed, in breath.
Addle, putrid water.
Ae, one.
Aff, off.
Aft, oft.
Agret, off the right line.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Airn, iron.
Aith, an oath,
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Akwart, Awkward.
Amaist, almost.
An', and, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Anent, over, against.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, asquint.
Asteer, abroad; stirring.
Auld lang syne, olden times.
Auld, old.
Auldfarran, sagacious, cunning.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful,
Ayont, beyond,

Ban, to swear.
Bauld, bold.
Bawbee, halfpenny.
Bawks, the cross-beams of a roof.
Beild, shelter,
Bein, good.
Beltane, the first of May, old style.
Ben, the spence or parlor.
Beuk, book.
Bicker, a drinking vessel.
Bink, a bank of earth.
Birk, birch.
Blethers, nonsensical talk.
Blinket, looked kindly.
Bobbin, a weaver's quill or pirn.
Boggie, a marsh.
Bonnie, beautiful.
Bourtree, the elder tree or shrub.
Brag, vaunt.
Braggin, boasting.
Braken, the fern.
Braw, gaily dressed.
Bree, the eyebrow.
Brochin, oatmeal boiled in water.
Brogues, shoes made of sheepskin.
Bught, a pen for sheep.
Busk, to attire one-self.
Buskit, dressed tidily.
Byke, a bee-hive.

Ca', to call.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh.
Cam, come.
Cannie, gentle, mild.
Cantie, or Canty, merry.
Carle, an old man.
Cauld, cold.
Chanter, part of a bagpipe.
Chield, a young man.
Clachan, village.
Claise, or Claes, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Cleed, clothe.
Clout, to mend.
Cluds, clouds.
Cockernonie, dress cap worn by females.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Cogie, a small sized wooden dish.
Coost, did cast.
Corrie, a hollow in a hill.
Courin, shivering.
Couthie, kind.
Cowt, colt.

Cozie, snug.
Crack, to converse.
Cragie, a crag.
Creel, a fishwife's basket.
Creepie, a low stool.
Crony, comrade.
Croodle, to coo as a dove
Crouse, proud.
Crummie, cow.
Cuif, a blockhead.
Cuist, cast.

Dab, to peck as a bird,
Daffing, making sport.
Daft, merry; foolish.
Dauner, walk slowly.
Daur, dare.
Daurna, dare not.
Dawtie, a pet, a darling
Deave, to make a noise
Dee, die.
Dibbled, planted.
Ding, knock, to push.
Dinna, do not.
Dochter, daughter.
Doited, stupid.
Dool, sorrow.
Doon, down.
Douce, gentle; wise.
Doucely, quietly.
Douff, pithless.
Dour, stubborn.
Dow, or Doo, a dove,
Dowie, worn with grief; sleepy.
Dree, suffer.
Dreepin', drooping or wet.
Drimlie, muddy.
Drookit, drenched.
Drouth, thirst.
Dunt, knock.
Dunted, beat.

E'e, the eye.
E'en, the eyes.
Eerie, frighted.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly.
Eneugh, enough.
Ettle, to try; to attempt.
Eydent, diligent.

Fa', fall.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown.
Farl, a cake of oaten bread.
Fash, trouble; care.
Fasteren-e'en, Fasters Even.
Fauld, a fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Faute, want; lack.
Feal, a field.
Fearfu', frightful.
Feart, frighted.
Fecht, to fight.
Feck, many; plenty.
Feckfu', large; brawny.
Feckless, puny; weak.
Feckly, weakly.
Feide, feud; enmity.
Feirrie, stout; vigorous.
Fell, keen; biting.
Fen, successful struggle.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferlie, or Ferley, to wander.
Fetch, to pull by fits; to bring.
Fient, fiend; a petty oath.
Fier, sound; a brother.
Fit, a foot.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin', supplicating.
Fleg, a kick; a random stroke.
Fley, to scare.
Flisked, fretted.
Flittering, fluttering; vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Fodgel, squat and plump.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed; worn out.
Forgather, to meet; to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full; intoxicated.
Foughten, troubled; harassed.
Fouth, plenty; enough.
Frien', friend.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Fyke, trifling cares.
Fyle, to soil; to dirty.

Gab, the mouth; incessant talk.
Gaberlunzie, a beggar.
Gae, to go.
Gang, to go; to walk.
Gar, to make; to force to.
Gar't, forced to.
Gaucy, jolly; large.
Gaud, a plough.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Gentles, great folks; gentry.

Gawky, half-wited; foolish.
Geordie, a guinea.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give.
Gin, if; against.
Girn, to grin; to cry.
Glaiket, inattentive; foolish.
Glaum, to snatch greedily.
Glaum'd, aimed; snatched.
Gleck, sharp; ready.
Gleg, sharp; ready.
Gley, a squint; to squint.
Glint, to peep.
Gloamin', the twilight.
Glowr, to stare; to look.
Gowd, gold.
Gowk, a cuckoo; a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
Grade, to grope.
Graipit, groped.
Grane, a groan.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grat, wept.
Gree, to agree.
Greet, to shed tears.
Greetin, crying; weeping.
Grippet, catched; seized.
Grousome, loathsomely grim.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunzie, mouth.
Gude, the Supreme Being, good.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house.

Ha', hall.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had.
Hafflins, nearly half; partly.
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses or moors.
Hain, to spare; to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a pretty oath.
Haivers, nonsense.
Hale, whole.
Haly, holy.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st October.
Hamely, homely; affable.
Han', or Haun', hand.
Hap, an outer garment.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, low lying rich lands.
Haurl, to drag.
Haverel, a half-witted person.
Havins, good manners.
Healsome, healthful.
Heapit, heaped.
Hech, oh; strange.
Heeze, to elevate; to raise.
Herd, to tend flocks.
Herry, to plunder.
Het, hot.
Hiney, honey.
Hirple, to walk lazily.
Hitch, a loop; a knot.
Hizzie, a young girl.
Hoolie, slowly; leisurely.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Host, or hoast, to cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hove, to heave; to swell.
Howe, hollow; a hollow or dell.
Howkit, digged.

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ilk, or ilka; each; every.

Jaupit, bespattered.
Jeel, jelly.
Jimp, neat; slender.

Kail, cabbages; broth.
Kaim, comb.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Ken, know.
Keust, threw off.
Kimmer, a young woman.
Kith, acquaintance.
Kittle, difficult, uncertain.
Knowe, a hillock.
Kye, cows.

Laigh, low.
Laith, loth.
Leal, faithful; loyal.
Lear, learning.
Leeze me, a term of congratulatory endearment.
Lift, the sky.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Losh, an exclamation of surprise.
Loupin', leaping.
Lowe, flame.
Lowin', burning.
Lucky, an old woman.
Lugs, ears.
Lum, a chimney.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, grey-haired.

Mae, more.
Mak', make.
Mailin, farm.
Mair, more.
Maist, most.
Marrow, equal; like.
Mat, may.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Mavis, the thrush.
Merk, a Scottish coin.
Mess John, the minister.
Micht, might.
Minnie, mother.
Mirk, dark.
Mischanter, misfortune.
Monnie, or Mony, many.
Mou', mouth.
Moudiwart, a mole.
Muckle, or Mickle, big; much.
Mun, must.
Murlain, a basket.
Mutch, cap worn by female.

Na, no; not.
Nae, no; not any.
Naething, or Naithing, nothing.
Nane, none.
Neist, next.
Neivefu', handful.
Neuk, corner.
Nicht, night.
Nippit, pinched.
Nocht, nought.
Noo, now.

O', of.
O'ercome, burden, as of a song.
Onie, any.
O't, of it.
Owk, week.
Owre, often; to.
Owsen, oxen.

Pairtin', parting.
Parochin, parish.
Pawky, sly or cunning.
Perlins, jewels.
Philabeg, the kilt.
Plack, an old Scottish coin.
Pleuch, plough.
Pow, head.
Pree, to taste.
Pree'd, tasted.
Pu'd, pulled.
Puir, poor.
Puirtith, poverty.

Quo, said.

Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden; to inflame.
Raught, reached.
Rax, to stretch.
Reaming, brimful; frothing.
Rede, counsel.
Ree, partly intoxicated.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked; smoky.
Reif, reef; plenty.
Restit, stood restive; stunted; withered.
Rew, to repent.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run; to melt.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Rockin, sprinning on the rock, or distaff.
Roon, a shred; a border; or selvage.
Roupet, hoarse; as with a cold.
Row, to wrap.
Rowtin, lowing.

Sae, so.
Sair, sore.
Sairly, sorely.
Sark, shirt.
Sel', self.
Shauchled, ill or loosely shaped.
Shaw, a wood in a hollow place.
Shearing, reaping.
Sheiling, cot; a cottage.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such.
Sin', since.
Skaith, to damage; to injure; injury.
Skeigh, proud, nice, high mettled.
Slaw, slow, dull.
Slee, sly.
Sleekit, sly.
Slogan cry, war cry.
Sma', small.
Smack, kiss.
Soger, soldier.
Sonsy, stout; good looking.
Sough, the sighing of the wind.
Spak', spake.
Speel'd, clamb.
Speir, ask.
Stappit, stepped.
Starn, a star.
Steek, shut.
Stended, strided or walked.
Stoun, pang.
Stoups, measures for holding liquids.
Stour, dust.
Stown, stolen.
Sumph, fool.

Sunkets, left meat.
Sweirt, not caring.
Syne, then.

Taen, taken.
Tak', to take.
Takin', taking.
Tak' tent, take heed.
Tane, tother; the one; the other.
Tapsalteerie, upside down.
Tent, caution; to take heed.
Thae, these.
Thegither, together.
Thowless, cold; broken-hearted.
Till't, to it.
Tine, to lose.
Tint, lost.
Tither, the other.
Titterin', gigling.
Tittie, sister.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.
Trig, spruce; neat.
Trow, believe; know.
Tryst, a meeting by appointment.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
Tyke, dog.
Tyne, lose,

Unco, strange; uncouth; prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure; unsteady.
Unskaith'd, undamaged; unhurt.
Upo', upon.

Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a column.

Wa', wall.
Wab, web.
Wad, would.
Waddin', wedding.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, sorrowful.
Waefu', wailing; woeful.
Waes, woes.
Wair, to lay out; to expend.
Warlock, wizard.
Warst, worst.
Warstle, wrestle.
Wat-ye know ye.
Waukin', waking.
Waukrife, sleepless.
Waur, worse,
Wean, child.
Wee, little.
Weel waled, well chosen.
Ween, a vow—I ween; I wot.
Weet, rain; wetness.
Weir, war.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Wha'll, who will.
Wha wadna, who would not.
Whare, where.
Whigmigmorum, political ranting.
Whilk, which.
Whussilt, whistled.
Wile, choice.
Wist, wished.
Wow, vow.

Yearn, earn.
Yearns, longs much.
Yerkit, jerked; lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate.
Yird, earth.
Yont, beyond.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowie, diminutive of yowe.

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